

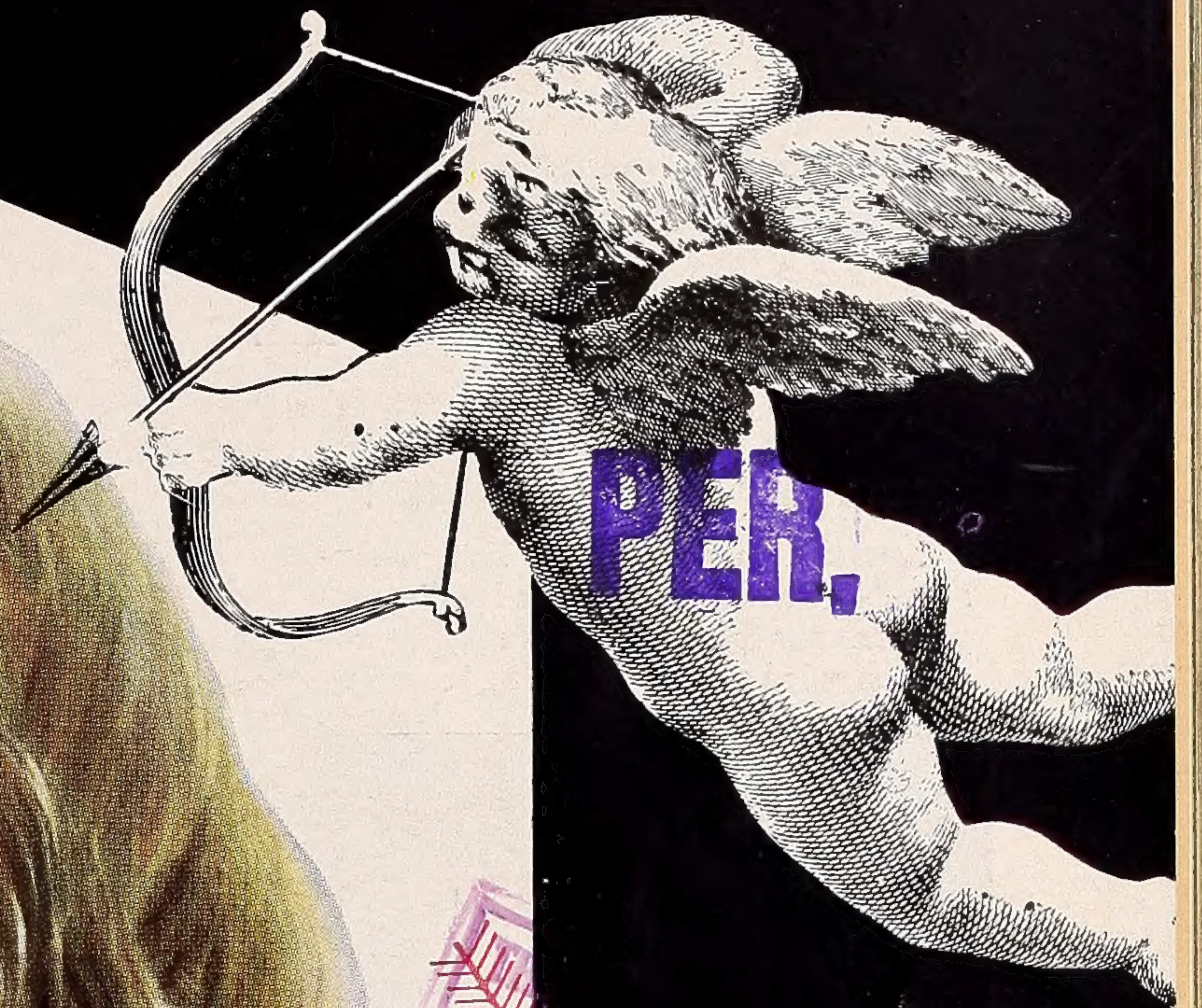
november 15^c

modern screen

OCT 25 1948

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MAGAZINE •
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LANA TURNER:
She Didn't Have a Chance
page 30

A Lovelier Skin is yours with your First Cake of Camay!

You're as lovely as your complexion!
And your skin can grow in loveliness with
your *first cake* of Camay. Do this!
Give up careless cleansing—go on the
Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay
care on scores of women—found most
complexions grew softer and smoother with
just *one cake* of Camay! Follow the directions
on the wrapper for a really lovelier skin!

MEET MR. AND MRS. GAVERT!

Paul proposed in a tiny New York restaurant. No wonder! Christine's lovely complexion calls for love! "My very *first cake* of Camay led to a lovelier skin," says she.



The Gaverts have lots of mutual interests besides music. And Paul takes a special interest in Christine's complexion. She'll stay on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



MRS. PAUL A. GAVERT
the former Christine Lindseth of Grand Rapids, Mich.
bridal portrait painted by *Samuel*

"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

Junior Model Babs March shows how it can work for you, too



Just 17 and stepping out to success, cover girl Babs March of Roselle, N. J. has a smile that gets her modelling dates—and dance dates!

"I follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth," explains Babs, "*because dentists say it works!*" Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



Here's the Ipana way that dentists say *works*! "And it's a pleasure!" adds Babs. Easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all teeth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
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Just do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your mouth fresher, your breath cleaner, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY...

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth

*Latest national poll



P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

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Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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IF YOU VALUE
YOUR CHARM!**



NOVEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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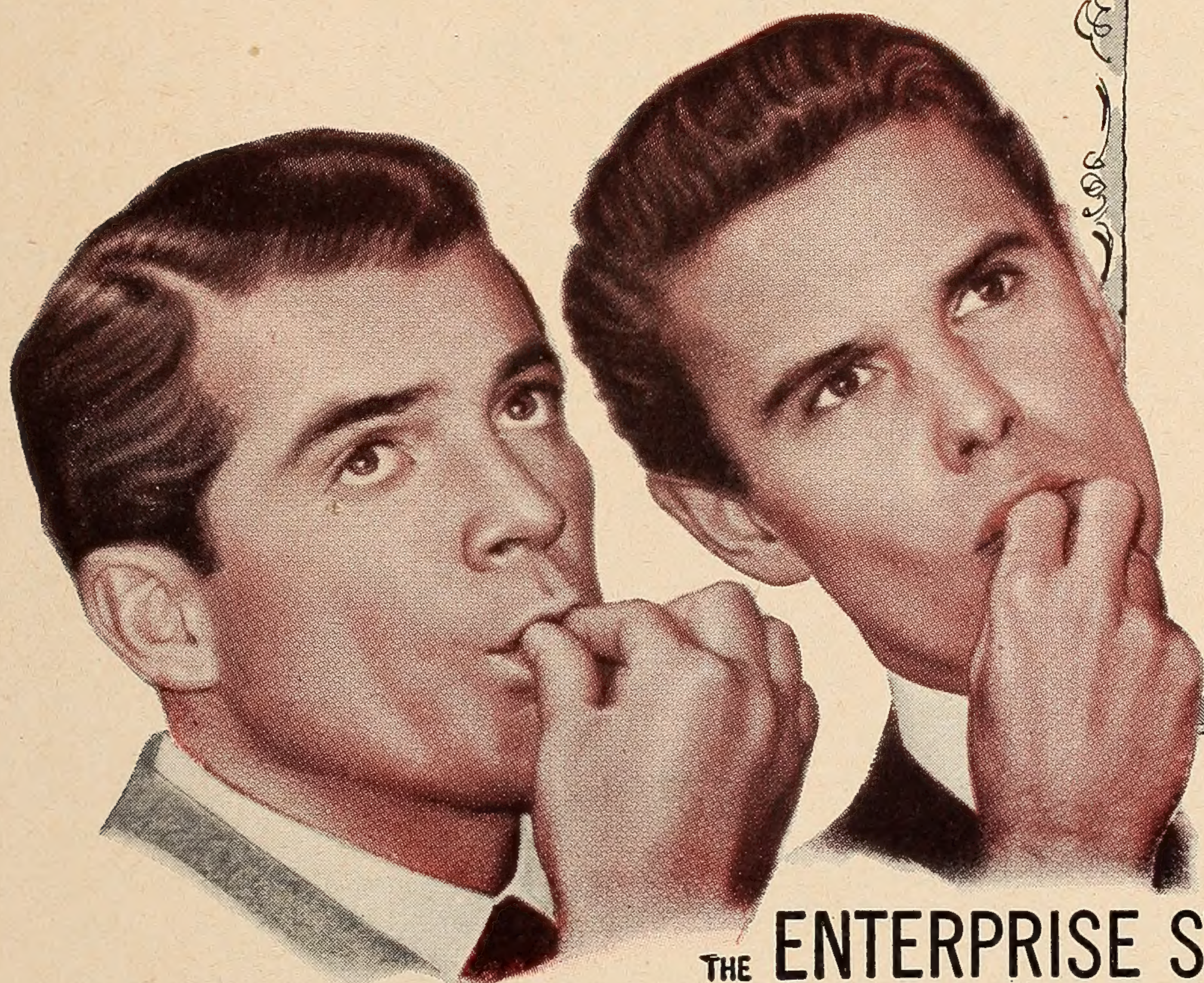
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LEO, The MGM LION

writes a poem
about his new hit!

"No Minor Vices is full of Life's Spices"



THE ENTERPRISE STUDIOS PRESENT

DANA ANDREWS • LILLI PALMER

Best role of his life!

and

The "Body And Soul" girl!

LOUIS JOURDAN

Screen's newest big star!



She
may be
your
model
BUT
She's
my
WIFE!

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JANE WYATT and NORMAN LLOYD • Screenplay by ARNOLD MANOFF

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



To our Readers

THE WAY Ava Gardner used to scoot around to night clubs you'd have thought she owned half of them and was protecting her investments. Pretty hectic, that life—and if Ava couldn't crawl out of bed in the morning it was because she didn't try. Fun—that's what she liked—men, music. And no work. All the secrets of Ava's past are on page 40. But if you're considering blackmail, stop now—the lady wrote the story herself...

PETER LAWFORD'S a better prospect. Lately, Pete's been gazing into more feminine eyes than any optometrist. And the eyes always peer right back. Even babies love Peter. Beautiful babies. We have the names of a few on page 36...

THE GREEKS never had a word for H. D. Hover's parties, so how can we? It takes nineteen days just to carve the turkey, and with all his gorgeous guests around, who wants to eat? H. D. (Herman to his friends) keeps a little list in the backroom of Ciro's. After dark, he unrolls it (the list). If you can rhumba like Carmen Miranda, or look like Diana Lynn, or attract like Rory Calhoun—you're in. Otherwise, you might as well trot down to the corner drug store, because as you will learn on page 48, the people adrift in Herman Hover's pool are there "By Invitation Only"...

GIVE US A MINUTE and we'll usually talk about ourselves. We have a fascinating staff we'd like you to meet one by one. This month it's an expectant father (for the third time)—our photographer Bob Beerman. (Bert Parry is our photographer, too—but more about him later.) Bob's a happy sort of guy, maybe because he's been with us for eight years (minus three in the 9th Air Force). Needless to say, he's an excellent cameraman. Once, a while back, he went out to Vera-Allen's house to shoot her new wardrobe. Vera was detained so Bob sauntered over to his car to check the equipment. When he opened the trunk he discovered that his equipment was in the garage at home. But that was a while ago. In this issue there are some terrific pictures of Joan Crawford's luxurious home. Bob did them. They're on pages 32-35...

They're Mr. and Mrs.
Show Business in
the Flamboyant
Story of Show People
As They Really Are!

Love and laughter...
on stage, back
stage and off stage!

The cavalcade
of entertainment
from Burlesque
to Broadway!

BETTY
GRABLE

DAN
DAILEY

Together again!
Mother and Dad.
of that wonderful
"Mother Wore Tights"

When My Baby Smiles At Me

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

Songs your lips
will sing!
"By the Way"
"What Did I Do?"

Songs your
heart remembers!

"When My Baby Smiles At Me"
"Oui Oui Marie" • "Birth of the Blues"
"Don't Bring Lulu" • "Sweet Georgia
Brown" • "In Spain We Say Si Si"

with JACK OAKIE • JUNE HAVOC
RICHARD ARLEN • JAMES GLEASON
Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by GEORGE JESSEL

Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI • Adaptation by Elizabeth Reinhardt • From a Play by George Manker Watters and Arthur Hopkins

20th
CENTURY-FOX



Judy (at Mocambo's with Vince Minelli) has had to stop work temporarily.

Special: Luella's inside story of Judy's troubles

■ What is really the matter with Judy Garland? That is the question hurled at me everywhere I go.

All right—let's get at it.

Judy is a nervous and frail little girl who suffers from a sensitiveness almost bordering on neurosis. It is her particular temperament to be either walking on the clouds with excitement or way down in the dumps with worry. The least thing to go wrong leaves her sleepless and shattered.

She has never learned the philosophy of "taking it easy." Last year, when she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, she got in the habit of taking sleeping pills—too many of them—to get the rest she had to have.

I'm not revealing any secrets in telling you that. It was printed at the time. But for a highly emotional and highly strung girl to completely abandon sedatives, as Judy attempted to do when she realized she was taking too many, puts a terrific strain on the nervous system.

The trouble is, Judy does not take enough time to rest. The minute she starts feeling better she wants to get back to work. She cried like a baby when she learned she was not strong enough to make *The Barkleys of Broadway* with Fred Astaire so soon following *The Pirate* and *Easter Parade*.

"I'm missing the greatest role of my career," she sobbed. With Judy—each role is always the greatest.

Sometimes I believe Judy's frail little form is packed with too much talent for her own good. She is an artist, and I mean ARTIST, at too many things.

She sings wonderfully and dances almost as well. And as for her acting—well, listen to what Joseph Schenck, one of the really big men of our industry and head of 20th Century-Fox (not Judy's studio) has to say.

I sat next to Joe the night we saw *Easter Parade*. He told me, "Judy Garland is one of the great artists of the screen. She can do anything. I consider her as fine an actress as she is a musical comedy star. There is no drama I wouldn't trust her with. She could play such drama as *Seventh Heaven* as sensitively as a Janet Gaynor or a Helen Mencken." And I agree with every word Joe said.

I am happy to tell you as I report the Hollywood news this month that Judy is coming along wonderfully, resting and getting back the bloom of health.

Soon we will have her back on the screen—her long battle with old Devil Nerves behind her and forgotten.

■ The Robert Walker-Barbara Ford marriage was short and sad.

They were married in a whirl of excitement, as reported last month in MODERN SCREEN, and then exactly six weeks later Barbara packed up and went home to her parents, director John Ford and his lovely wife, Mary.

The marriage seemed ill-fated from the start. John Ford is a devoutly religious man and he was none too happy, despite earlier reports to the contrary, at having his adored only daughter marrying a boy who had been divorced. But he was far from being the irate father. He advised Barbara wisely; beyond that he could not go.

When Barbara and Bob were married it was a sad note that her mother and father were not present. The marriage took place in helter-skelter fashion in a Beverly Hills Club with Bob arrayed in a lumberman's shirt and the bride in a sports dress.

It all happened so quickly—the wedding



On Aug. 5th, Ida Lupino married film executive Collier Young at a La Jolla church. They left afterward for honeymoon on Catalina Island.

LOVELLA PARSONS'

Good news

cake wasn't ready in time to be cut by the "happy" couple.

There was no time for a honeymoon because Walker was working on *One Touch of Venus*.

Bob's two boys by his marriage to Jennifer Jones were visiting their father at the time.

There were rumors of trouble before the end of the first week.

Let's face it—Walker is a moody, temperamental fellow who seems to make a point of being "difficult." He is completely unpredictable. He believes that the press has no right to comment on his personal life—yet he is continually doing outlandish things (marrying in a lumberman's shirt, for instance) that call for comment.

Ever since his divorce from Jennifer Jones he has been "mixed up." But, good heavens, he isn't the only person in the world to be faced with heartaches. It is the test of maturity and growth to overcome unhappiness,

not to wallow in it, or brood forever.

Barbara Ford is a young girl, a non-professional, who has never been married before. She fell madly in love with Bob. But she had neither the experience nor the years to cope with Walker's moodiness.

When she called to tell me their marriage was over she said, "I took all I could."

There is the same old moral back of this break-up. But how can parents make youngsters realize that congenial temperaments, understanding, and sympathy of interests are far more important in making a marriage work than moonlight-and-roses infatuation?

* * *

Marriages may be made in heaven—but romances most certainly can be plotted over a dinner table.

When I was in Europe, my friend Elsa Maxwell told me she was arranging a party for the express purpose of bringing together Rita Hayworth and 37-year-old Ali Khan, son of Aga Khan, one of the world's richest men.

Elsa said, "Rita is just his type and I know he will fall in love with her." The point was, had Rita sufficiently forgotten awesome Orson Welles to fall in love with anyone else?

Apparently she has. At least, news from abroad that Rita was in Madrid, Spain, with Ali made an exclusive newspaper scoop for me.

These splashy romances between beautiful movie stars and international millionaires with chests full of diamonds, rubies and stuff always make interesting reading.

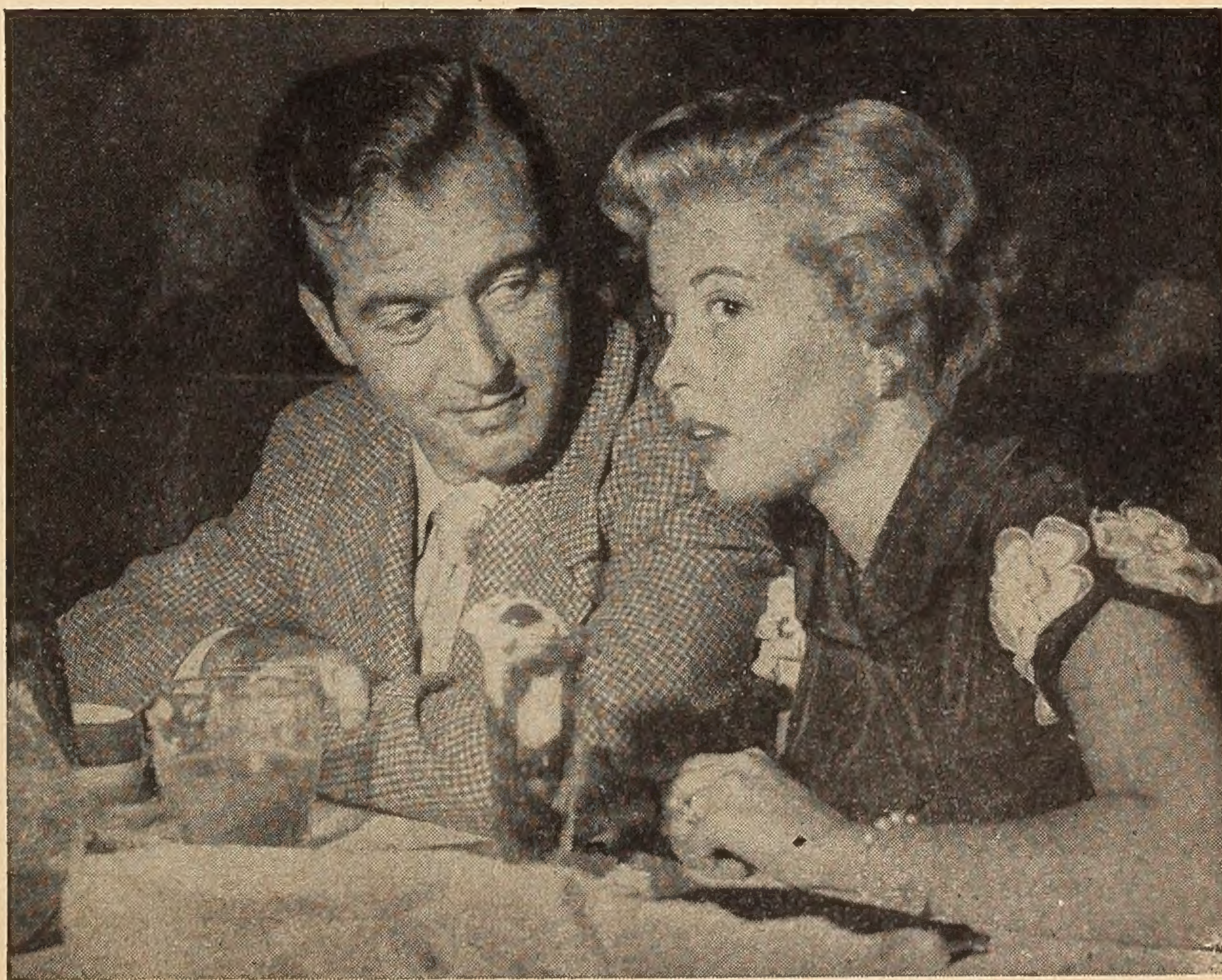
But I'm betting a cookie that this isn't the real thing with Rita. When she returns to Hollywood, Ali—with all his wealth—will probably be just a flattering memory.

* * *

Many, many pretty little girls in Hollywood nursed a bruised heart when Rory Calhoun and Isabelita (who recently changed her name to Lita Baron) were married the other day (Continued on page 8)



Ty Power and Linda Christian posed for a street photographer in Rome—and the photographer posed for us! Ty's in Italy to make a movie about the Borgia family. He was noncommittal about wedding plans.

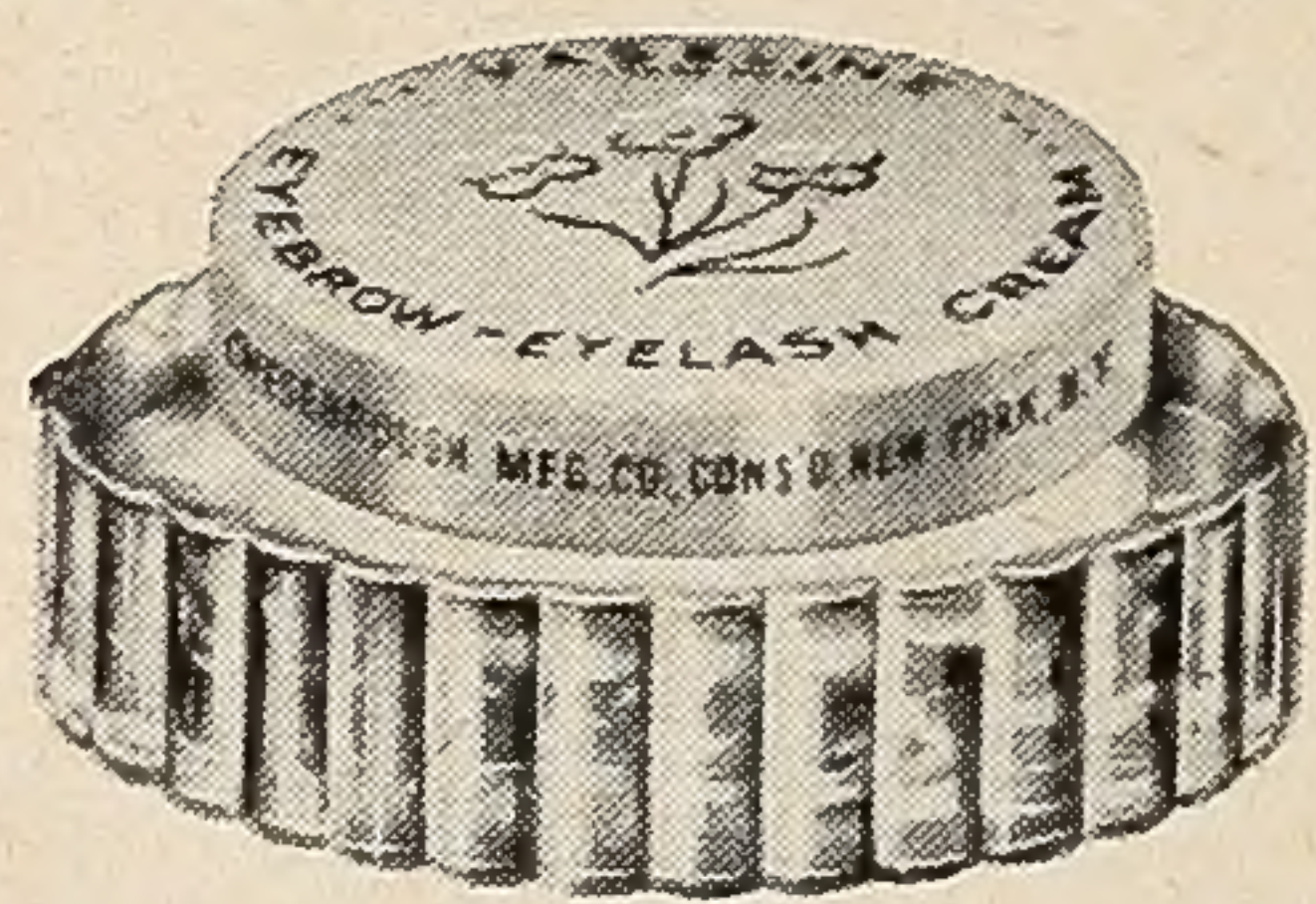


After two separations and two reconciliations Gloria De Haven and John Payne (here at *Ciro's*) are calling it quits. John will be charged with mental cruelty—Gloria wants the screen career he always opposed.

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a new
quick way
to
lovelier-looking
eyes!



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TRADE MARK ®
Eyebrow-Eyelash
Cream



for a dewy look!

Wonderful new 'Vaseline'
Eyebrow-Eyelash Cream brushes
your lashes with a silken gloss—
makes them look lavishly lovely.

a dreamy look!

This fragrant new cream is non-
coloring—helps you shape your
brows to a prettier, cleaner, trimmer
line without an artificial look.

a look that's nice
to look at!

A touch of 'Vaseline' Eyebrow-
Eyelash Cream on your eyelids
adds a subtle, satiny touch...
makes eyes look romantically
deep and dreamy.

GOOD NEWS



Première of *Julia Misbehaves* at Grauman's Egyptian brought out two members of the cast who were main attractions: Sandi, the trained seal, and Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's new beauty has Hollywood—and Marsh Thompson—astir. On her right is theater manager L. R. Whittemore.

(Continued from page 7)

That boy makes hearts thump on and off the screen.

And don't believe for a minute that David Selznick, who holds Rory's contract, tried to break up this romance because it might hurt Calhoun with the debutante fans.

David said, "Why should I try to play Jupiter in the affairs of those kids?"

Good luck, kids.

* * *

Parties in Hollywood these days always have some surprises, but I think the Danny Kayes' party in honor of the William Goetzes topped them all with the old-fashioned square dance. If you think Ginger Rogers, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne and other glamor belles didn't get into the spirit of the thing—you don't know the irrepressible host.

At the end of the square dance, Danny went into the same routine of songs and patter that made him the idol of London.

The party went on until 4 A.M.—but not for this gal. I had to come home and get ready for a radio show. But I did stay long enough to meet Miss Kaye, the debutante of the house.

Her mother brought the two-year-old down about one A.M. and she looks so like Danny with her mop of red hair and the way she uses her hands, it was really funny. I've never seen such a happy baby. No tears for her, even though you will admit the hour was late for a young lady of two to be receiving guests.

I am very happy that Sylvia and Danny have ironed out their troubles. Once a marriage has broken up, as theirs did, it is seldom possible to take up the threads again. But I believe both Sylvia and Danny have learned a valuable lesson.

Danny is high-strung. He is very nervous when he works because he drives himself so hard. Sylvia is also under nervous pressure because she writes his material. Perhaps they worked too closely—but whatever the cause of the rift last year, they couldn't seem happier than they are now.

* * *

June Allyson and Dick Powell adopted a baby girl right in the teeth of the rumors that all was not well between them. The "trouble" talk started when the Powells announced they were putting up their new home for sale and that Dick was going on a cruise for six months and Junie was staying behind.

But Dick did not sound like they were at the breaking point when he telephoned me about the new "arrival," almost too excited to talk.

"She's two months old, we are naming her Leslie Allyson and she's a dream boat," the new pappy told me. "I can't tell you how happy we are, Louella."

I said, "How come you and Junie decided to sell your brand-new home just after you completed decorating it?"

"We never really liked the place," Dick explained. "It was an emergency buy caused

There was temptation
in her helpless silence



... and then torment

WHEREVER motion pictures are shown "Johnny Belinda" will be the most discussed drama this year . . .

Never has the screen been more fearlessly outspoken. Rarely, if ever, has there been a story of a young girl's betrayal to touch you as will this one. You certainly will want to see it—we urge you to watch for the opening date.

WARNER BROS.

present a daring and courageous new dramatic achievement

JANE WYMAN · LEW AYRES

With this performance Jane Wyman unquestionably establishes her talent as among the very foremost on the screen.

The doctor first to find her secret, first to share her shame.



"Johnny Belinda"

WITH
CHARLES BICKFORD

AGNES MOOREHEAD · STEPHEN McNALLY · JEAN NEGULESCO · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by IRMGARD VON CUBE and ALLEN VINCENT · From the Stage Play by Elmer Harris · Produced by Harry Wagstaff Gribble · Music by MAX STEINER



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GOOD NEWS



Joe E. Brown was M.C., Bob Hope was captain of the Comics team, and Lorna Elliott "bat boy" at Sawtelle's Soldiers' Home charity ball-game. Bob's boys beat the screen writers' team.



Peter Lawford and two of his current dates, Gloria McLean and Jane Wyman, at Slapsie Maxie's Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin opening. Gossips insist that Jane's really interested in Lew Ayres, while Liz Taylor's peeved with Pete for bringing another girl to her birthday party.

by the housing shortage. Now we've bought a new lot and will build just the place we really want—complete with nursery."

I can't quite believe that the Powells didn't have their marital difficulties for a moment or two. Still, don't all married couples?

But I am happy to get it straight from him that they are not divorcing and that they are happy now. I know Dick is a good father because he has two children by his former marriage to Joan Blondell, and they love their father very much.

* * *

Personal Opinions: I like Peter Lawford, but I wish he would sit up and not lounge on the end of his spine at café tables and cocktail parties. . . . Shirley Temple has cut her hair very short and it is cute. But I bet she lets it grow back to shoulder length because John Agar likes it better that way, and so do I. . . . Rita Hayworth should stay a redhead. She is so gorgeous in *Loves of Carmen*, she takes your breath away. When I saw her with her brown hair in Europe, she was not nearly so glamorous. . . . Cornel Wilde is irritating his studio co-workers again. He always becomes a little "difficult" when he begins to feel sorry for himself

because he's working too hard. . . . Scandal publications printing horrible stories about Hollywood should be run out of business. Don't believe any stories you read referring to stars only by initials or innuendo. If a story won't hold up to using the real names of the people—believe me, the editors are very unsure of their facts! . . . The best-dressed "expectant mother" I have ever seen is Joan Fontaine. Her maternity clothes are chic plus concealing—which, you must admit, takes a bit of doing. I saw her at a dinner party in a champagne satin gown with a matching coat embroidered with small sunflowers in topaz stones on the lapels and pockets. I've never understood why many women feel they should dress drably during one of the happiest times of their lives.

* * *

The tearin', ravin' beauty of Hollywood these days is Elizabeth Taylor. No juvenile actress ever bridged the span between childhood and exciting, full-blown glamor as easily as she. In her case, there just wasn't an awkward age—and I wondered why?

Elizabeth was becomingly modest when I called her a "beauty" right to her face but she did not simper as many 'teen-agers might

Sometimes a man has to double-cross
the woman he loves...



DICK POWELL
JANE GREER

in

Station West

with **AGNES MOOREHEAD · BURL IVES**
TOM POWERS · GORDON OLIVER · STEVE BRODIE

DORE SCHARY in Charge of Production

Produced by **ROBERT SPARKS** · Directed by **SIDNEY LANFIELD**

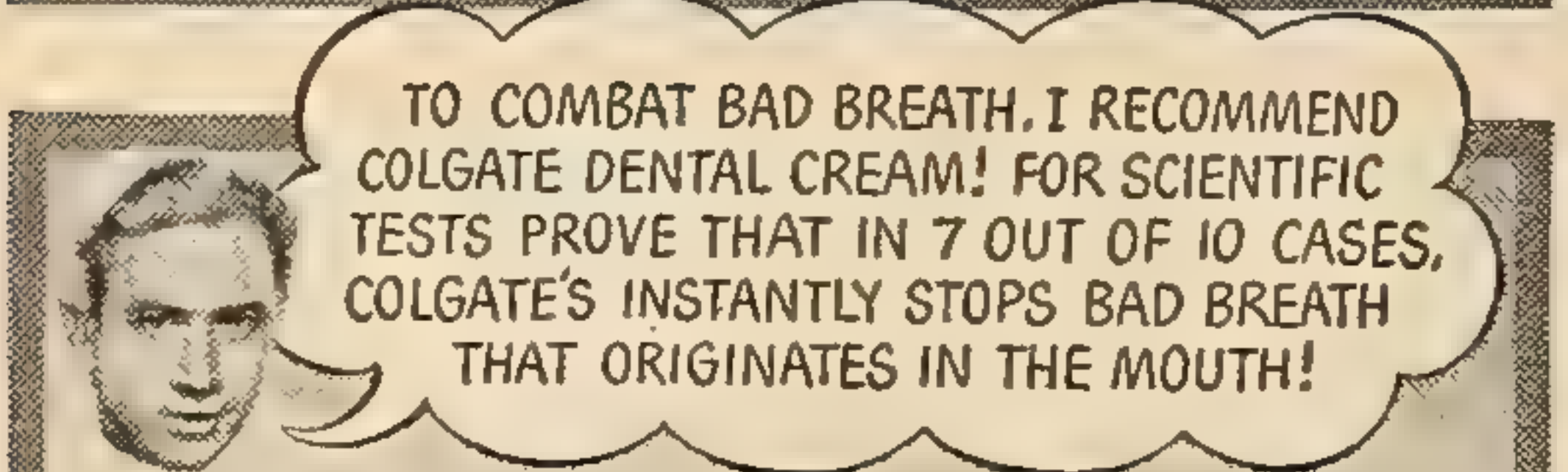
Screen Play by **FRANK FENTON** and **WINSTON MILLER**

FROM THE ACTION-PACKED
PAGES OF THAT FAMOUS
SATURDAY EVENING POST
SERIAL STORY!

Hear Burl Ives
as the troubadour
of Rock Pass!



She Only Loves My Dog!



GOSH, LINDA! FOR HALF THE ATTENTION YOU'RE GIVING MY DOG I'LL JUMP THROUGH HOOPS FOR YOU!

WILL YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST FOR ME, JIM? BECAUSE THAT'S THE TROUBLE. AND I JUST CAN'T MANAGE A SUBJECT LIKE—LIKE BAD BREATH!

TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



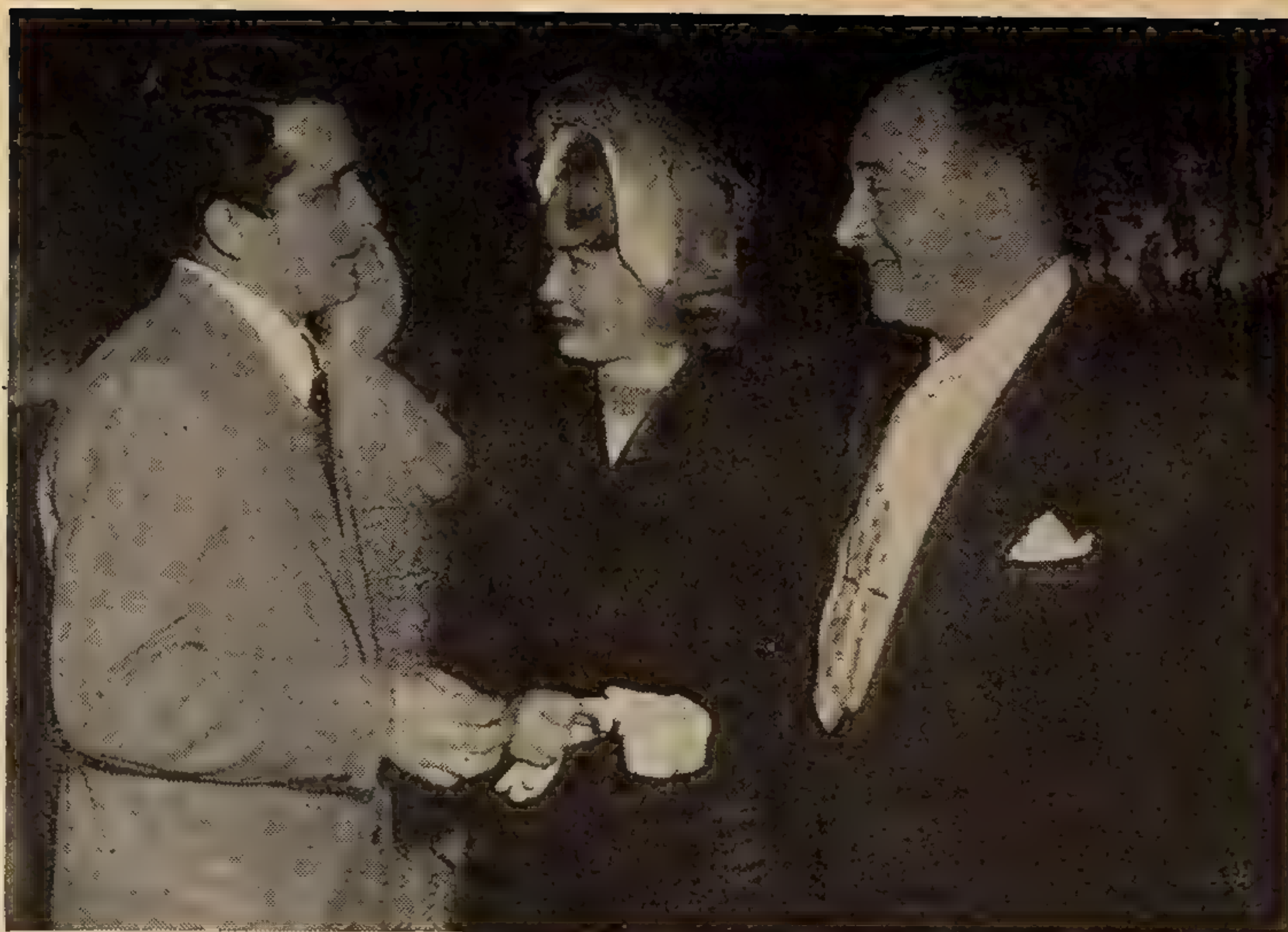
NOW EVERYTHING'S OKAY WITH JIM AND I LOVE BOTH HIS DOG AND HIM!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath
While It Cleans
Your Teeth!



Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
after you eat and before every date

GOOD NEWS



Audrey Totter and producer Arthur Freed welcome Perry Como to the M-G-M lot at a party in his honor. Perry's working for Leo in *Words and Music*, movie based on career of Rodgers and Hart.



Before her concert in Hollywood Bowl, Jeanette MacDonald was given a good-luck send-off by Robert Stack in his home. (L. to r.) Bob, Jeanette, Wyn Roccamora, Pat Morrison, Gene Raymond.

have done. If you are looking for tips—poise is a great part of her charm.

I asked her for her advice to girls who might not be as fortunate as she and who suffer agonies of self-consciousness in the transition from childhood to young womanhood.

"I believe the greatest way to avoid self-consciousness," she told me in her beautifully-modulated voice, "is not to think about yourself or fuss with your appearance. Once you have groomed yourself as well as possible for a social engagement—forget yourself. Leave your compact and lipstick in your bag. If an unexpected breeze ruffles your hair—leave it alone. Don't dive for a comb.

"Think about other people in the room—boys and girls who may feel as timid as you do—inside. It helps any girl to be the first to speak and try to put others at ease. Don't worry about what you should be saying. Listen to what others have to talk about."

Her beautiful violet-colored eyes, deeply fringed with naturally long black lashes, were serious when she added, "Just simple kindness is the most charming quality a girl can develop."

This girl, I can tell you, is as wise as she is lovely.

* * *

Last Minute Flashes: John Payne and

Gloria De Haven have called it off for the third and final time. Gloria admits it's "career trouble"—she just can't be happy staying home and being Mrs. Payne, which is what Johnny wanted. Too bad—with their two lovely children the victims of the divorce. . . . Keep your eye on the Greer Garson-millionaire Buddy Fogelson romance. That's really serious. . . . The Bob Mitchums just can't make up their minds whether to try marriage again or call it off. I can't forget what Bob told me when I interviewed him several months ago. He said, "All the time I was broke and struggling, Dorothy was wonderful and stood by me. I couldn't have made the grade without her." Why don't they both remember those days now? How bitter it is that oftentimes when success comes in the window—understanding flies out.

* * *

That's all this month—but I want to say again that I want you readers to keep writing me. When I was traveling in Europe I was very impressed with the popularity of *MODERN SCREEN* in many foreign countries. Everywhere I went, it seems, people told me they read my monthly column in this magazine and enjoyed it.

Tips on whom you like to hear about help me keep the interest going, I hope—and I sincerely appreciate your letters. Keep sending them.

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with **RON RANDELL** • **VICTOR JORY** • **LUTHER ADLER**

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Screenplay by **Helen Deutsch** • Based upon the story "Carmen" by **Prosper Merimee**

Directed and Produced by **CHARLES VIDOR**

NOT THE OPERA

... but a dramatic version
of the story of Carmen





Carmen (Rita Hayworth), a gypsy girl, captivates dozens of men, including Don Jose (Glenn Ford), an aristocratic Spanish soldier, who marries her despite his better judgment. Because of Carmen, he is an outlaw.



Don Jose soon learns that the willful and impetuous Carmen has little morality and less fidelity. He loses her to another man and, wild with jealousy, finds revenge in what turns out to be a tragic but fitting end.

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jean kinhead

and christopher kane

THE LOVES OF CARMEN

The story of the movie *Carmen* has been taken from the novel, not the opera, and comes to the screen minus a single line of Bizet's famous music. But the portrait of its hot-blooded lawless gypsy heroine remains intact. Rita Hayworth succeeds such torrid dishes as Theda Bara and Dolores Del Rio as a film Carmen and according to some of the experts she's the best yet. To our way of thinking she is flawless. Beautiful and uninhibited, she plays her part with a joyous abandon all too seldom on the screen.

This is the story of an ill-starred love. Carmen, a luscious gypsy girl with a way

with a castanet but no social status at all, meets and captivates Don Jose (Glenn Ford), an aristocratic young Spanish soldier. From the onset he knows she's not for him, this vixen with uncivilized ways, but he can't stay away. That she already has a husband languishing in prison doesn't stop Carmen from making eyes at poor Don Jose.

Eventually, Carmen and Don Jose—who by this time has a price on his head for murder—are married and the harried bridegroom discovers that life with Carmen is no idyll. Impetuous and willful, fidelity just isn't part of her creed and if Don Jose had had his wits about him he'd have known that from

the start. His wife's complete lack of morality hits him suddenly like a ton of bricks and he copes with it the only way he knows how.

You may know the story as well as you know the back of your own hand, but until you've seen Hayworth fighting, loving, dancing—well, you've never seen Carmen. Glenn Ford shows surprising fire in his role of the hunted murderer. A diffident and appealing lad in the early scenes, he makes the change of personality extremely capably, doesn't ham up one or two quite corny scenes.

This is a well acted, well-directed movie—more than usually diverting. People will talk about it. Go see what they mean.—Col.

It started as An Innocent Affair...



and winds up

as the surprise



romantic comedy

hit of the year!



James Nasser Presents

Fred Madeleine
MacMurray • Carroll

in

“AN INNOCENT AFFAIR”

with

CHARLES ‘BUDDY’ ROGERS • RITA JOHNSON • LOUISE ALLBRITTON • ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by LLOYD BACON • A JAMES NASSER Production • Original Screenplay by LOU BRESLOW and JOSEPH HOFFMAN • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

The Delicious story of
America's most beautiful
model... and 3 men
who led a model life!



The Saxon Charm: Theatrical producer Bob Montgomery influences novelist John Payne and his wife Susan Hayward. Audrey Totter warns of his evil charm.

THE SAXON CHARM

Novelist Frederic Wakeman scored a resounding hit with his crude but hard-hitting satire, "The Hucksters." He followed this with "The Saxon Charm," a dud.

Now turned into a fast-paced movie, *The Saxon Charm* is still a dud. It deals unconvincingly with that stock figure, an ego-maniac theatrical producer. Here he's Matt Saxon (Robert Montgomery) whose brilliant professional successes and hypnotic personal charm—when he wants to turn it on—have taken him to the top despite wild excesses of self-centered behavior.

A young novelist, Eric Busch (John Payne), brings Saxon his first play. Saxon overjoys him by agreeing to produce it if extensively rewritten according to the producer's ideas. Eventually, however, Busch sees the truth in an early warning given by Saxon's girl (Audrey Totter)—that the Saxon charm, an evilly potent influence, will do him much harm. But long before Busch breaks with him, Saxon has given enough spectacular evidence of being a bad thing to have lost the allegiance of anybody but a fascinated halfwit.

The Saxon Charm holds your interest—but never really rewards it. It starts out with great promise of being a searching study of a curious personality. There's a scene at the beginning in which Saxon gives Busch hints of his early life to illuminate what he has become, and a superficial analysis of his overwhelming urge to dominate others is batted back and forth for a few lines. There the explanation stops. You're told how hypnotic Saxon is. The charm is never believably shown in action. You're told of his great theatrical talent. All that's demonstrated is his knowledge of a few text-book clichés. (At one point he teaches his girl how to dramatize the delivery of a song in a night club, and what a corny routine that is!) And no real person could get away with the dis-

honesty, boorish bad manners and painfully grandiose gestures his presumed charm and talent are supposed to make people tolerate.

Robert Montgomery works intelligently at the incredible major role, using a mad gleam left over from his performance years ago as the daft killer in *Night Must Fall*. Susan Hayward is adequate as the novelist's wife—whom Saxon tries to separate from her husband. Audrey Totter is smooth enough as Saxon's girl—whose career he tries to wreck. An outstanding performance is given by that under-rated actor, John Payne—as usual, he delivers his lines with rare naturalness.—*Univ.-Int.*

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR

If you'll just relax your standards of logical human behavior, you'll find *An Innocent Affair* a wonderful comedy of its type. It's one of those puffball farces in which the complications could be whiffed away by a moment's sensible explanation by any of the characters involved. But the element of common sense is happily kept out of the frantic doings until we've had a large and useful assortment of solid laughs.

Fred MacMurray is a New York advertising executive who has been wining and dining a cosmetic manufacturer (Louise Albritton) till all hours in an effort to win her advertising account for his firm. However, fearing that his wife (Madeleine Carroll) will misunderstand this strictly-business operation, he has kept from her the fact that his prospect is a female and, what's more, an old flame of his. Madeleine nonetheless suspects his hours away from her are being spent in lurid dalliance. So through an agent she hires an actor, sight unseen, to make advances to her when Fred takes her to a night club. This, she figures, will arouse Fred's jealousy and rekindle his supposedly dimming ardor.

Well, Fred learns of this and decides to

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amuse himself by secretly going along with the scheme—but not in the way Madeleine expects. When he and Madeleine mistake for the actor a visiting Southern cigarette tycoon (Buddy Rogers) and bring him into the middle of the muddle, things really begin to scintillate. . . . From here on in, the neat twists and complexities of *An Innocent Affair* are too elaborate to describe, even if we wanted to spoil your fun by so doing.

Scenarists Lou Breslow and Joseph Hoffman have written with a festive ingenuity that, most of the time, keeps the basic absurdity and age of the material well concealed under sparkling embroidery. And Lloyd Bacon has directed with a sure and resourceful hand, aided vastly by the pleasant if impossible elegance of the sets and by a brightly accomplished cast. Fred MacMurray, desperately cocking that eyebrow, talking fast, and tripping over luggage, is expert as usual. Madeleine Carroll, we were happy to note, has retained both beauty and skill in her long absence from the screen. Buddy Rogers is exactly right as the gallant Southerner and Louise Allbritton and Rita Johnson contribute deftly.

An Innocent Affair contains no more nourishment than a glass of champagne. But if you're looking for bubbly entertainment, this is for you.—U. A.

JULIA MISBEHAVES

To those of us who still think of Greer Garson as Mrs. Miniver, *Julia Misbehaves* will come as a surprise. The studio has gone all out to show that Greer can get right in there with Marlene Dietrich if she wants to. In this hilarious movie they have cast her as a not-too-successful English music hall singer who, in the course of numerous events, appears with a tumbling act, picks up an elderly gent in a bar, gets herself covered with mud, etc. Greer, running the gamut of comedy, is a howl.

Aside from these noteworthy things, the film concerns itself with Julia Packett (that's Greer) who is going to her estranged husband's family home in France for her daughter's wedding. On the channel boat Julia meets a troupe of tumblers, one of whom, Alfredo (Cesar Romero), asks her to marry him and join the act. She does join the act temporarily—which makes an excruciatingly

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What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|
| <i>Double or Nothing</i> (Shirley Temple) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>She Fooled Us All</i> (Jeanne Crain) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>She Didn't Have A Chance</i> (Lana Turner) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>My Love Affair With Ann Sheridan</i> by Leo McCarey | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Life Can Be Beautiful</i> (Joan Crawford) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>By Invitation Only</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Passing Loves Of Peter Lawford</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Notorious Gentleman</i> (Rex Harrison) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>To Mary With Love</i> (Dana Andrews) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Why Stars Fight Their Bosses</i> by Hedda Hopper | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Confessions Of An Ex-Playgirl</i> by Ava Gardner | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Return Engagement</i> (Tom Drake) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Fear I've Hidden</i> by Alan Ladd | <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Still In There Crying</i> (Bette Davis) | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Rosalind, I Love You</i> (Rosalind Russell) by Fred Brisson | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| | | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?

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Julia Misbehaves: Gaiety with Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Liz Taylor and Peter Lawford.

funny scene. When she finally gets to the Packetts' home Bill Packett, her husband (Walter Pidgeon) is properly cool and old Mrs. Packett (Lucille Watson) is downright cold. Only daughter Susan (Elizabeth Taylor) seems glad to see Julia. Julia doesn't know that Susan sent the wedding invitation secretly—she wanted to see her mother whom she'd missed all these umpteen years.

From there we take off to some wonderful scenes at the wedding rehearsal and at the Packetts' country place where Julia and Bill honeymooned. Julia tries to make a match between Susan and Ritchie (Peter Lawford)—not the intended bridegroom, as feverishly as Susan tries to bring Bill and Julia together again. Needless to say, both succeed—and succeed, too, in making this an uproarious comedy.—M-G-M

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER

In the good old days when the West was young, and men were men, women weren't so fortunate. Take the case of Loretta Young, whose pappy, a pleasant, respectable, music-lovin' old pardner, died in debt. Due to this sad state of affairs, Loretta was forced into bondage. Being a "bond-woman" back then meant literally being a slave. Loretta could be bought and sold like a used car, and it wasn't a state of affairs to induce any feeling of security in a girl. She—her name in this picture is Rachel—is a pretty miserable kid, until Bill Holden comes along. Bill Holden's cleared himself a patch of land in the wilderness, he's built himself a cabin, he's sown a crop. (He also has a mean little son named Davey, and he himself is still in love with his dead wife.) He buys—and marries—Rachel, takes her home to live with him. Too late, she discovers she was simply boughten to give Davey a fittin' home and proper schoolin'. Not only that, but the little weasel keeps talking about how good his mother was at various things, and how inferior bond-women are as a breed, anyhow. Rachel's life is a cold one until Bob Mitchum shows up. Mitchum's been a friend of Holden's, but he has the perception to fall in love with Rachel, and treat her like



Rachel And The Stranger: Bill Holden weds Loretta Young, but Robert Mitchum loves her.

a human being, which has a remarkable effect on everyone. Just when you wonder where it's all going to end, the Shawnee Indians decide to set fire to all our friends, and they carry on for a long time something terrible. If Holden hadn't built a real basement in his cabin—a regular foundation, you understand—goodness only knows what terrible fate might have struck. Mitchum is amazingly like Bing Crosby, believe it or not—he has that same effortless grace, that same almost carefully casual delivery. Holden's attractive, so's Loretta, and somebody should have taken a hairbrush to that wicked child star.—RKO

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS

Well, first of all there's this man named Savory (Tom Conway) and his reputation is anything but. He owns a big department store, and he collects *objets d'art* and women. He gives some of one to some of the other. One day he buys a rare old statue of Venus for \$200,000, and plans a grand unveiling. Before he ever gets a chance to carry out the plan, Venus disappears. What really happens is that Robert Walker, a clerk in Mr. Savory's store, kisses the marble statue, and she comes to life. But try telling the cops a story like that! All they know is that a valuable property has been spirited away, and marble statues don't walk. Oh, yes, they do, Walker cries. They walk, they talk, they take bubble baths in your room, and get you in dutch with your landlady, they act like lunatics, and you have to control them or they turn passers-by into owls. By this time, Eve Arden, Mr. Savory's secretary, is feeling some sympathy for Walker. Torturing that poor fool isn't going to get the police anywhere, as far as she can see. "Why don't you go pull the wings off some flies?" she says nastily. Which still leaves everybody up in the air. Then the once-statue, now-girl, Ava Gardner, complicates everything still further by causing Mr. Savory to fall in love with her. He doesn't know she's really the goddess, Venus, and he offers her the world with all its goods. She says she loves

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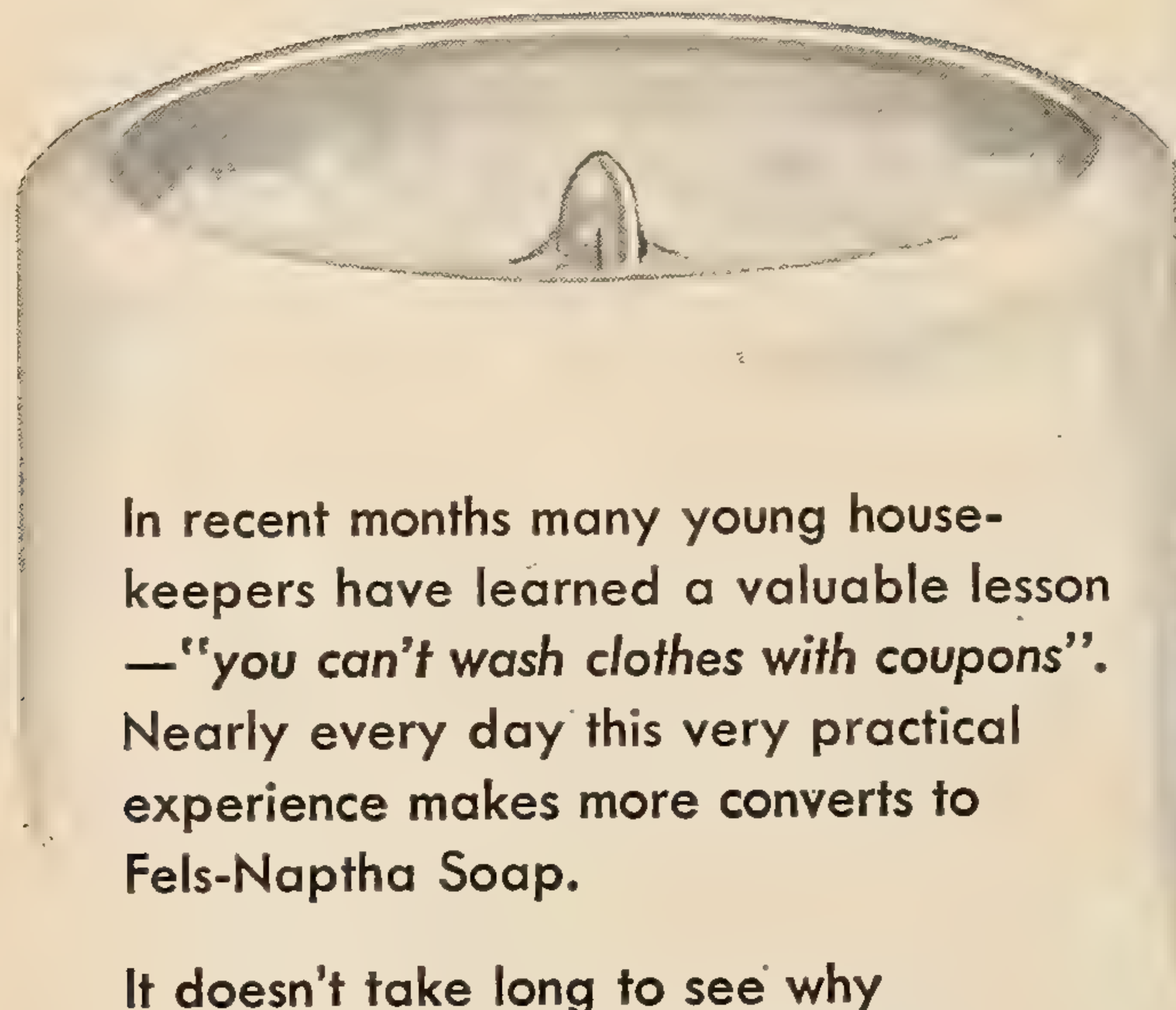
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BY FELS & CO.



One Touch Of Venus: Bob Walker kisses a statue and it comes to life in the form of Ava Gardner!

Robert Walker. He has Robert Walker put in jail. After all the statue still hasn't been returned, and that dope must know more than he's saying. It works out in the end. Venus breaks the news to Savory that he really loves Eve Arden, his faithful old hoss of a co-worker; and Venus also manages it so that when Jupiter turns her back into a statue (she was only granted mortality for a while) a girl who looks just like her comes to work in Savory's Department store, and gladdens Robert Walker.

Dick Haymes has a small part as Walker's buddy, and Olga San Juan plays Walker's girl before Venus. Fortunately, Dick and Olga decide they love each other, so nobody's left out in the cold. Haymes gets less stylized and more charming all the time, Walker makes a pleasant village idiot, and Ava Gardner is a strange mixture of kittenishness and really extravagant beauty. "Speak Low" is still one of the loveliest songs you'll ever hear.—Univ.-Int.

GOOD SAM

Good Sam, though hours long (I'm told it used to be years long, but they cut it) nevertheless manages to please. There'll be scenes you could do without; there'll be scenes that'll give you hysterics. The chief character is a man named Sam Clayton (Gary Cooper) who's so good that with him, it's a positive vice. He'd not only give his shirt to any shiftless bum—he'd put his wife, Lu (Ann Sheridan) out of her bed to give that bum a place to sleep. This sort of thing lands him in all kinds of hot water.

The most awful catastrophe of all, though, occurs after Sam's collected all the money for an annual benefit fund for the needy. He's on his way home with five thousand dollars, when some lady who's noticed his wad (that was no lady) pulls a faint. Sam, always gallant, takes her home. When he wakes up, he has a lump on his head, and that's all he has. He's pretty desperate, as you can imagine. He rushes to the bank to see if he can get a loan, to replace the money. The banker says no. You get the idea he knows a ninny like Sam can't be trusted with money. But this is the movies, folks. Soon the young gas-station folks come

rushing over to repay (with interest) the money Sam's let 'em have, and there's Lu's new house taken care of. Then the banker comes over to make Sam the loan he'd asked for, after all, and there's the needy's benefit fund. Says the banker, in effect, "He's got such a good heart." So the Claytons come through, and for the next ten years, if you've got the energy, you can picture good Sam paying off his debt with a smile on his lips and a song in his heart. There's a scene with the Salvation Army that's the funniest thing in years, Clinton Sundberg as a garage man named Nelson is the next funniest thing in years (he imitates his wife's asthma) and Ann Sheridan has a really delicious laugh. —RKO.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

Here (based on a story by Cornel Woolrich) is a poignant movie about a man who had the strange and terrible gift of foresight, or clairvoyance. If you can accept on faith the idea that some people are permitted to see into the future, you will be disturbed and touched by *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*. But even if you're skeptical as a man from Missouri, you'll still admit it's an extra-good show. To start with, there's a man named Triton (Edward G. Robinson) who has a little magic act, with which he tours the country. His two aides are the girl he loves, Jenny (Virginia Bruce), and a pianist, Court-



Good Sam: The man who'd give the shirt off his back, Gary Cooper, and his wife, Ann Sheridan.

land (Jerome Cowan). The trio is hoping to hit the big time; they've been living hand-to-mouth for a long while, and Triton and Jenny are tired of postponing their marriage. Then the strangeness begins. In the middle of a show one night, Triton stops short, tells a woman her little boy is in trouble. The woman goes home, comes back later to thank Triton. Her little boy had got hold of some matches; she'd just got to him in time. Triton laughs the whole thing off as a fluke, but his visions become more frequent. Courtland starts to use him as a sort of ouija board,

asks him about horse race results, bets the horses Triton chooses. The money begins to roll in. By now, Triton's scared. He's afraid it's some sort of hypnotism he's exercising. Maybe if he doesn't give voice to any of his visions, the whole nightmare structure will crumble. With this in mind, he stops himself from warning a little newsboy not to cross a certain street, one day. The newsboy is killed. The nightmare grows, until the day Triton has a vision of Jenny dying in childbirth. He says nothing to Jenny or Courtland, but packs his things, and disappears. How the picture resolves itself, it wouldn't be fair to say. The suspense is enormous, and the performances are mostly adequate (including that of John Lund, as Jeanne's fiance) but the picture is Robinson's from beginning to end. There are moments when his ugly face seems positively beautiful; there are moments when he breaks your heart in half.—Para.

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC?

This whole business may have started with *Meet Me in St. Louis*; at any rate, here's another period piece. Instead of Judy Garland, Lucille Bremer and Margaret O'Brien, we have Veronica Lake, Mary Hatcher and Mona Freeman, but give or take a sister, the action still stops every time there's a good spot for a song and dance. Not that you'll miss the action; it's too silly. The idea

(Continued on page 115)

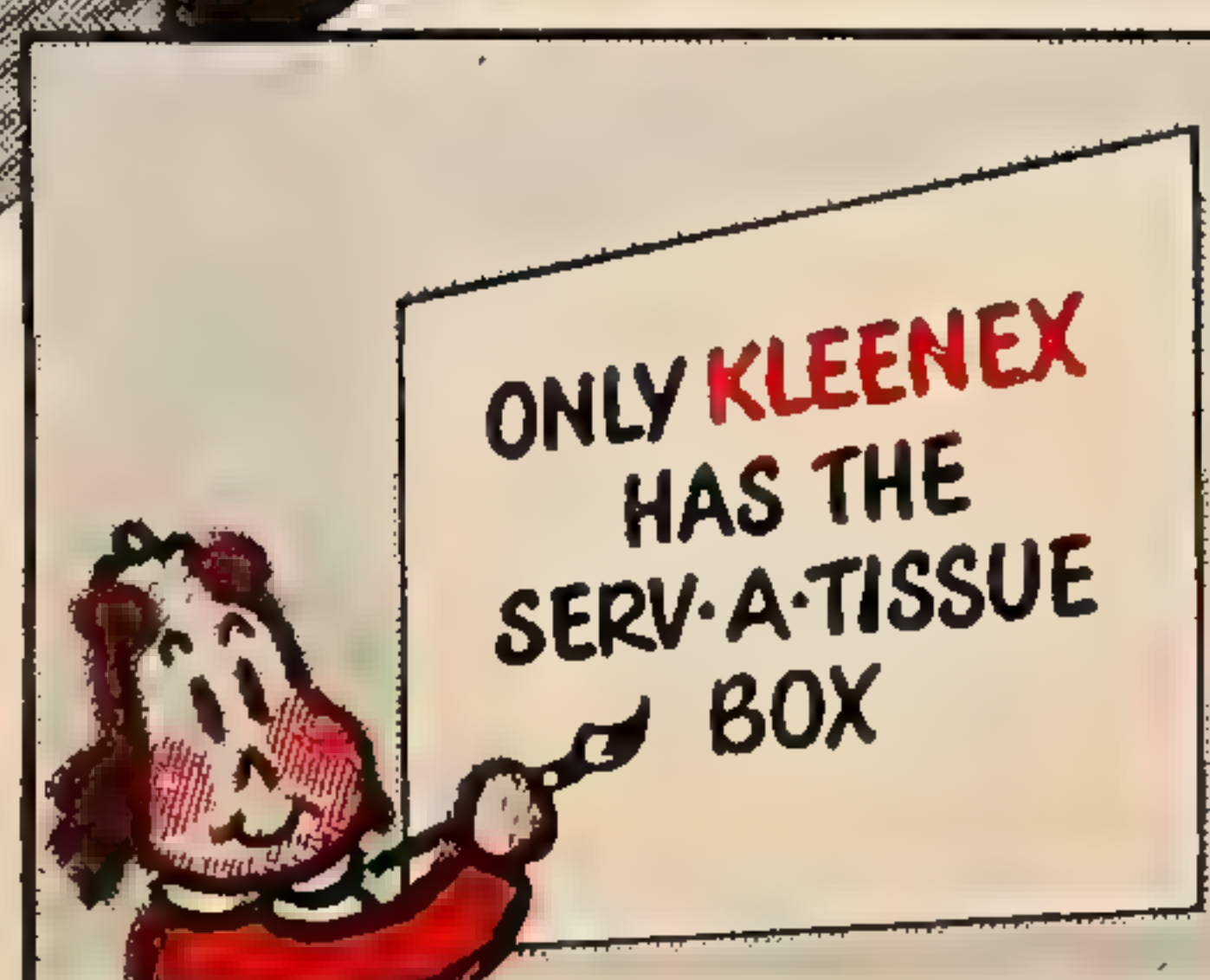
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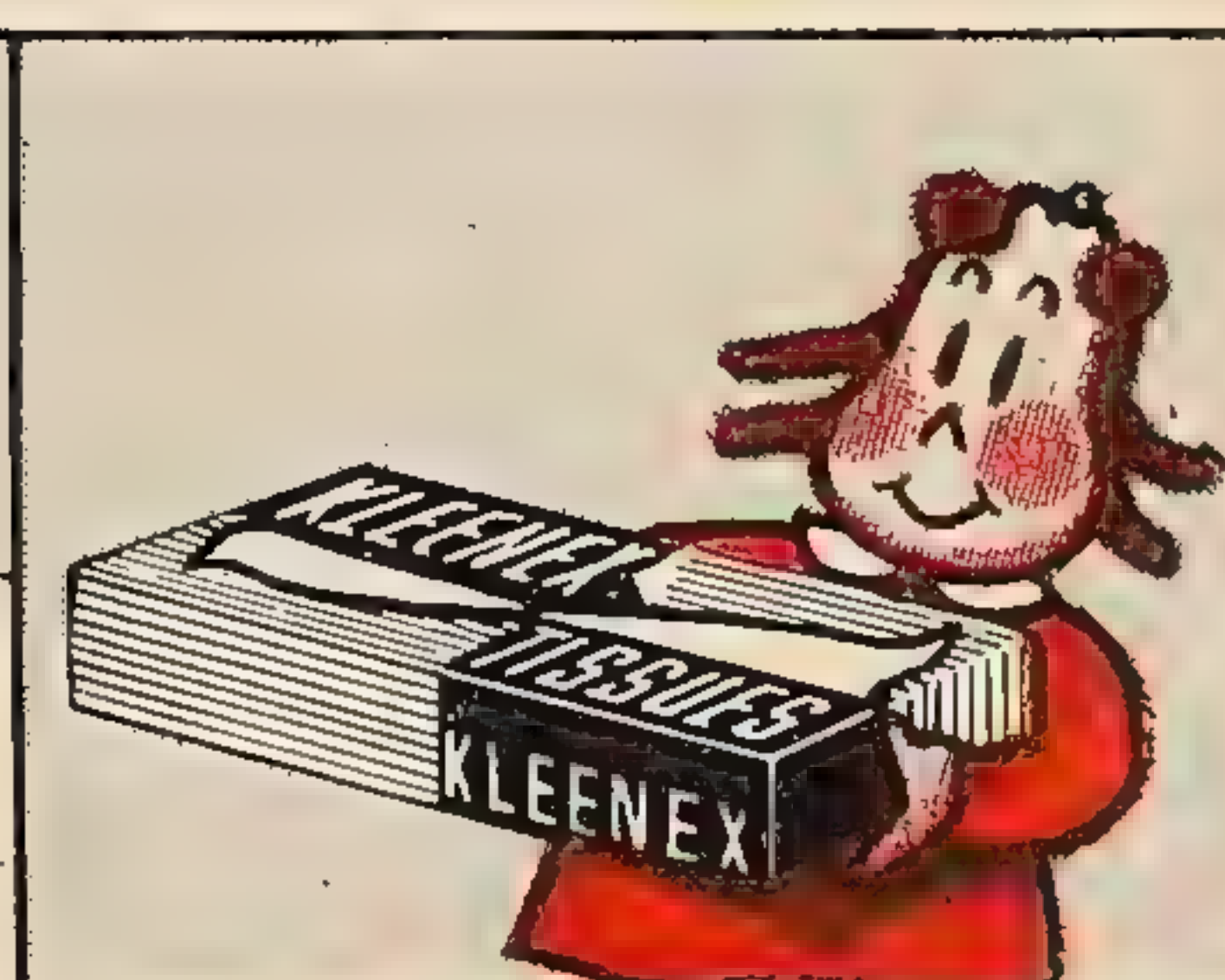
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dorothy kilgallen

selects "a song is born"



Danny Kaye and "the greatest collection of jazz musicians ever tied together in one big package."

■ Samuel Goldwyn is a Hollywood producer whose prodigality with a dollar is legendary and whose good taste has been unquestioned for as far back as most filmgoers can remember. But in a season when the noisiest critics of the cinema form are shrieking that the trouble with the movies is their everlasting fidelity to formula, Mr. Goldwyn's daring in concocting *A Song Is Born* belongs in the remarkable class.

A Song Is Born is a Goldwyn musical with music but without Goldwynisms. For instance, there are no Goldwyn Girls, although these are a group of luscious lassies widely admired and generally regarded in the trade as box-office insurance. Regardless of their market value, the girls have been ruthlessly eliminated, and the whole picture contains not one extraneous knee, not a single superfluous calf. No chorus lines, no dances, no pailletted production numbers.

It is, furthermore, a Danny Kaye musical without Danny Kaye specialties. Absent are the reet-deet-daddy-skit-skat-skeet

songs. And the standard Kaye mannerisms are nowhere to be seen.

Beyond these surprising departures from the accepted money-making musical picture recipe, it dares to assemble the greatest collection of jazz musicians ever tied together in one entertainment package and let them play the way they might conceivably decide to play if left to their own devices in a room without benefit (or handicap) of camera—at four in the morning.

The result is unquestionably the finest and most authentic jazz music ever translated into the incongruous medium of a million-dollar Technicolor picture, with Benny Goodman, Lionel Hampton, Louis Armstrong, Charlie Barnet, Tommy Dorsey and a revered handful of others ad libbing for a series of jam sessions as exciting to the *aficionado* as a Garbo-Gilbert love scene to the silent celluloid fan.

If the public is looking for something different, this is it. Mr. Goldwyn has not shrunk from making Virginia Mayo, his

monument to peaches and cream, more than slightly unsympathetic, although the boy-meets-girl department of his studio must have frowned darkly on it; and he has allowed Danny Kaye, hitherto celebrated for a strictly night club technique, to play the gentle, wistful, yearning Professor Hobart Frisbee, to whom a beautiful woman is as mysterious as be-bop.

The experiment is, in this observer's opinion, an admirable success. Danny Kaye is perfectly capable of playing someone other than Danny Kaye, Virginia Mayo is completely convincing as a girl no better than she should be, and Benny Goodman emerges as a diffident but enchanting thespian with a rather noticeable talent for the clarinet.

More power to Mr. Goldwyn. The hep-cats will burn incense to him for this one; and the average ticket-buyer—judging from the group of delighted customers that surrounded me at one sneak preview—is going to embrace it with, if not as much reverence, at least a comparable enthusiasm.

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an open
letter to
frank sinatra

they can't smear you this time

Dear Frank Sinatra:

Not long ago a campaign to smear you was in full cry. It was being shouted that you were the admiring associate of mobsters, that your activities in behalf of youth were insincere grandstand plays for publicity, that you were knowingly involved with a number of so-called subversive organizations.

The facts, of course, showed how preposterous were those vague and slimy charges. Yet the facts also showed that, in some cases, dishonest but convincing persons had taken advantage of the well-known warmth of the Sinatra heart.

You've always believed—and our hat is off to you for this—that if ideals are worth having, they're worth fighting for. Yet sometimes, to your sorrow and ours, you didn't stop to investigate when someone invited you to pitch in to help what seemed to be a good cause. And that impulsiveness gave excellent ammunition to the smear-Sinatra crowd.

But recently something happened to prove you're being careful nowadays. A pair of smooth promoters persuaded about 70 entertainment-world headliners to fly to Honolulu to perform at a huge benefit show to raise funds for the hungry people of China. Among the well-intentioned folk who fell for the plausible scheme were Robert Alda, John Carroll, Jerry Lester, Jackie Coogan, Evelyn Knight, Andy Russell, The Pied Pipers, and Jack Smith. You were asked to join in. Instead of jumping at the chance to do a "good turn" as once you might have, you referred the promoters to your radio sponsors. The sponsors looked into the matter—and detected something fishy. So you refused.

Thus you saved yourself from becoming part of a very dim operation. For the promoters had arranged things so that they were to keep 70 percent of the money raised!

Many stars don't seem to realize the enormous influence their behavior can have on the public. They can be a powerful force for good—as you have been in fighting intolerance and juvenile delinquency. Or they can do great harm by carelessly misleading the public into supporting doubtful undertakings.

It's the responsibility of Hollywood idols to look before they leap. You're setting them a darned good example, Frank Sinatra.

And—incidentally—you're making the anti-Sinatra people downright unhappy. They can't smear you this time!



Wade H. Nichols
EDITOR.

For every
young bride, for
every girl who hopes to
be one . . . in this
picture of the Agars'
marriage, there's a
magic rule for happiness.

BY ROBERT PEER

double or nothing



Shirley Temple Agar got the "new look" haircut after she finished *Baltimore Escapade*. Husband Jack co-starred. (Below) He trims hedge around their swimming pool.



■ The moonlit air was clear and soft and the sea glittering and the surf blue and white as it came to kneel on the Santa Monica beach. Jack stopped the car and turned to Shirley. "This is the place, darling," he murmured. A little breeze touched her hair. "Yes, Jack," she whispered. "This is the place. . . ."

His hand stole over hers. "Darling," he said, "did you pack the mustard?"

"And the pickles," said she, "and the marshmallows. I did."

"Splendid wife," said Jack. "Let's go!"

Yes, this was the place, the ideal place, for a weenie roast. After only three false starts, Jack had a fire crackling. Shirley spread the blankets, cut the rolls, and lined up all the other necessities in a row. Jack speared two weenies on the long fork and thrust them over the flames. "Ready in two minutes, Red," he announced.

"Fine, fine," said Shirley, who really has no overpowering yen for weenies but likes to keep her old man happy. She popped an unroasted marshmallow into her mouth and leaned back dreamily. "What an elegant life. What a—"

"WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YA DOIN' DOWN THERE?" a voice roared from the highway above. "DON'T YA KNOW FIRES ARE PROHIBITED ON THIS BEACH? PUT IT OUT AND GET MOVIN'!"

They got movin'. They drove two miles up the coast.

The moonlit air was clear and soft and the sea glittering, etc. A dozen scattered fires were flaming briskly on the beach below. Picnicking here was obviously the height of legality. The Agars descended.

"As I was saying when so thoroughly interrupted," said Shirley, leaning back on her elbows on the blanket, "what—" (Continued on page 87)



she didn't have a

by
jimmy
cross

Ever since her marriage to Bob Topping, Lana Turner has been bitterly criticized in the world's press. It has been said that she accepted bad advice regarding her wedding plans, that she snubbed newspaper reporters in England. In two earlier stories MODERN SCREEN has reported this phase of Lana's recent experiences.

*Now, in the words of a man currently close to Lana, MODERN SCREEN presents Lana's side of the story. Jimmy Cross, a young Hollywood actor, was with Lana and Bob in London, and accompanied them on their visit to Army camps in Germany. His story is the first complete eye-witness account of what happened during the controversial honeymoon tour.—
The Editors:*

■ What Lana Turner got from the press on her overseas trip was the back of its hand and none of its heart.

I know because I was with her from London to American-Occupied Germany where we both made appearances before GI audiences at our Army posts and camps there. And now that I'm back in the States I'm still burned up about the snide criticisms of her that filled the papers.

How is it that none of the nice things I remember about Lana and her trip were mentioned in the dispatches?

What things, you ask?

Listen:

Lana freezing at Heidelberg—her skin, at close range, resembling blue marble. She is standing on a temporary parade grounds platform before hundreds of American soldiers. She is wearing a thin linen dress, with sleeves cut so short as to stick out only a few inches past the shoulder-line. The officers with her are warmly clad. So is her husband, Bob Topping. So am I. Yet even so, we are cold. But Lana . . .

Bob begs her either to throw on a wrap or come off the platform (*Continued on page 80*)

The press was against
her from the start—which
is why no one heard the whole
story—the inside story of
Lana in Europe . . .



Sgt. Dominic Zito greets Lana and Jimmy Cross at the Stardust Club in Heidelberg where they entertained G.I.'s (Opp. pg.) Lana in *The Three Musketeers*.

chance



life can be eautiful

Joan and Chris in the drawing room. Modern and traditional furniture, oil paintings, Chinese porcelain lend sophistication.



You can't tell a
book by its cover, but
you can tell a woman
by her home. This place
is vivid and elegant—
it belongs to Joan . . .

■ I am a modest man by nature, but truth compels me to tell you that there is something irresistible about Romanoff which attracts women, particularly beautiful women.

For example, a few days ago, Joan Crawford, that beautiful stalk of loveliness, walked into my magnificently operated restaurant. She took a front booth, and I, as is my wont, sat down beside her.

Excitement was dancing in her eyes, and a smile was waltzing on her lips. "Happy today?" I inquired with quiet charm.

Joan clasped her hands. "Mike," she said, "you know I recently adopted two more children and my house was a shambles for a while but I've finally got it fixed and you simply must come out and see it!"

I listened carefully as Joan Crawford described what she'd done to this wing and that room, and as she spoke, my mind pictured her home, and I resolved to visit it the very next afternoon.

I am glad to report to you that Joan Crawford's home is built in the grand or Romanoff manner. It has stature, elegance, size.

It's the kind of home you imagine a movie star should live in. It has tradition, memories; it reflects years of loving care, thoughtful collecting, and pleasurable living. It reflects Joan Crawford, an actress who has grown with her fame, who has developed a taste and refinement for cultural beauty and the verities of life.

This Crawford life is lived in part in a white English Regency—an early 19th Century style—house which is built in the shape of an H. The front of the H forms a courtyard into which guests like Romanoff, Gable, Tracy and other great actors may drive their cars. It's a tree-shaded court from where you call out, "Joan, Joan!" and determine whether the beauty is working in the kitchen to the left, resting (Continued on page 35)

photos by bob beerman



In her private, usually flower-filled sitting room on the second floor, Joan answers her personal mail, keeps her favorite books and photographs. The Queen Anne desk contains a collection of Chinese porcelain.



Most of Joan's entertaining is done in this playroom. The wall covering is leather, the built-in couches are sturdy, the lamps out of elbow reach. Joan's gold Oscar and Jean Negulesco's sketch of her are here.

by
prince
michael
Romanoff



life can be Beautiful



Joan Crawford's private theater is in a small building alongside the pool. It's as well-equipped as any full-sized theater, and movies are shown here almost every night. The stage is at the far end of the beautifully-furnished room.

The pool is lined with blue tile, and the fence around it keeps the children out. Building on the left has a shower and dressing rooms that can serve as guest quarters.

China figurines line this pine-panelled hall which leads to the dining room. A series of Chinese murals in the dining room beyond are so delicate they're kept under glass.



(Continued from page 33) in the bedroom upstairs, or playing with the babies in the children's wing to the right.

The house is large, of course, but being planned around two courtyards makes it seem compact.

If Joan is giving a party or expecting friends to drop by, she usually answers the front door bell herself. Otherwise, her butler lets you in to the mauve and white entrance hall.

Joan knows that Romanoff is a stickler for formality; and that is why on the afternoon I visited, the butler did his duty. I stepped into the entrance and immediately was impressed by the subtle colors and the exquisite accessories which greeted my royal eyes. That Crawford girl has a great feeling for color; she knows how well it may create mood and drama. The entrance hall is in grey with a wine-colored carpet, and the drawing room is painted in a faint mauve. The furniture is upholstered in purple, green, and white hand-painted chintz, and the carpeting is white.

To step into Joan's drawing room from the bright California sun is like walking into a cool, shaded wood. At night the purple tones seem to change and dance with the firelight. And Romanoff gives you his solemn word, as a dramatic setting for an actress, that drawing room cannot be beat. It shows Crawford at her best, and Joan at her best, as any man can tell you, is unbeatable.

All her rooms are furnished with richly quilted chairs, leather-covered coffee tables, out-sized hassocks, and numerous indoor plants. But the finest decorative

beauty in the house lies in its paintings, the odd bits of china, the unforgettable lamps.

These are the accessories which speak eloquently of the owner; these are the possessions which she chose herself; these are the signs of her soul.

In the front hall and drawing room, for example, Joan has a series of paintings by the French artist, Gagni. The oils are Parisian scenes—the Paris I love so well—the flower stalls, the Left Bank, La Place d' Opéra.

Two built-in niches in the drawing room display her collection of miniature furniture, Dresden figurines and ivory chessmen. An upright harpsichord in the hall is one of the rarest and oldest musical pieces in existence anywhere.

As a matter of fact, the Crawford drawing room is filled with so many valuable and delicate *objets d'art* that Joan has almost decided that it's too delicate, too beautiful, too fragile a room in which her guests can have a good time. "I'm thinking," she told me, "of changing the color scheme, of making it green and white with dashes of red." In the meanwhile, she loves the room, loves to relax in it, loves to close the white-panelled doors and read and knit by the hour.

Romanoff, however, prefers the playroom, for this is the comfortable little spot which contains the bar; and it's also the room in which Joan entertains intimate parties of four and six. The place is vitalized by a lot of daily traffic, a great deal of it supplied by Joan's adopted youngsters—Christina practices her piano lessons here, Christopher pores through his (Continued on page 64)

Joan's dressing room is a perfect setting for a star. It has an all-over carpet of thick white wool; quilted chintz covers the walls, and the closets are as big as rooms.

Separated from the rest of the bedroom suite is Joan's sleeping porch. The Dorothy Liebes draperies, heavily lined with black, conceal a wall entirely composed of windows.



He dates, but he
doesn't dote; he wows, but he
doesn't woo. What does a
girl have to have to capture Pete?

By WINSTON STALLINGS



*The
passing loves
of*

peter lawford



Although Peter described Lana Turner (now Mrs. Bob Topping) as a "magnetic force," he remained immovable.



He discovered Gardner long before the general public did; snapped endless candids of Ava—then left her with perfect camera record of their short-lived romance.



A date with Lawford puts a starlet in the spotlight. She's Susan Perry, formerly Candy Toxin.

■ Peter Lawford put his arms around Elizabeth Taylor and drew her to him. He kissed her. And then—

And then he blew his lines.

They tried again. He kissed her.

And then he blew his lines.

They tried again. This time—yep, he blew his lines.

Finally, on the twelfth attempt, the scene was shot. As they left the set of *Julia Misbehaves*, Director Jack Conway gently asked the flustered Peter, who usually is sharp on his script work, what the trouble had been.

"I—I just couldn't concentrate," Peter blurted. "Elizabeth's so beautiful—I forgot everything else!"

"This is not like you, Peter," said Conway.

Peter admitted it. He had to. In his five years or so around Hollywood, he has won for himself the title of Public Escort Number 1 because no girl has ever been able to make him forget one thing—that there are always other girls.

Elizabeth Taylor is not Peter's latest romance—not yet, anyway. But there are any number of girls who at one time or another have been able to claim that distinction. Among them are some of the most beautiful women on earth. When the average man considers the allure of some of those from whom Peter has gone on, he has to ask, "How can he do it?" Well, Peter seems not only able to do it, he does it blithely and apparently completely without pain.

Just to pick one at random, take Ava Gardner. Long

before the public felt the true impact of her beauty in *The Hucksters*, Peter had exposed himself to it at parties and in many an evening around the night spots.

For weeks they were an intimate little twosome, branching off by themselves at gatherings to indulge in long, murmuring *tête-à-têtes*. Peter would take her to the beach, where he delighted in snapping her picture with his imported camera. As a result of this, Ava has one thing few of Peter's other brief romantic attachments can boast about—a photographic record of their romance.

A number of snapshots show her surrounded by such odd companions as zebras and parakeets. It seems that under the distraction of Ava's bewitching presence, Peter had loaded the camera with some film his father, Sir Sidney Lawford, had previously exposed at the San Francisco Zoo!

Well, Peter went on from Ava, as he has gone on from so many . . . even from Lana Turner. On Lana's schedule, Peter fitted in somewhere between her divorce from Steve Crane and her near-betrothal to Ty Power.

Lana and Peter were a bright pair. Lana is said never to have looked more beautiful than in the days when she was turning up regularly at Ciro's or the Mocambo with Peter. People said that this time Peter was really getting serious.

There was an evening when he and Lana danced together for something like (Continued on page 89)

To Mary



with Love

■ The blonde girl named Mary executed a perfect swan-dive. She took off from the bedroom door, sailed gracefully across the room and landed on the dilapidated studio couch.

"Love," she sighed, aiming her remark breathlessly at the ceiling, "is a wonderful thing!"

Thereupon, the studio couch collapsed. The legs folded inward, the mattress upward, trapping its occupant.

"Huh," the roommate exclaimed. "Love is like second-hand furniture—you never can tell how it's going to hold up."

The blonde girl named Mary relaxed serenely in the ruins of her bed.

"Dorothy," she retorted, "you are nothing but a bitter old crone of 19 summers. Here I lie trapped, with an inner spring jabbing at my ribs and an arrow through my heart. Do you give me any sympathy? Any understanding? No. You don't even ask me who the man is."

Dorothy's withering look could have crippled the cockroach scurrying across the floor. "The man! The man! Okay, Mary tell me—who is the man? No, don't! Let me guess. I don't suppose it *could* be the fellow whose reflection has been in your eyes for the last two months. The same handsome rascal who's been making love to you on stage, off stage, up and down El Molino Street on the way to the Playhouse and from the Playhouse—not to speak of the front porch?"

Mary raised herself painfully on one elbow. She viewed her roommate with vast astonishment.

"Gosh," she exclaimed, "don't tell me it's been that obvious!"

"Obvious? Why, honey, even a girl with my withered I.Q. can tell in an instant that you're in love with either Clark Gable or Dana Andrews—and you don't know Gable."

"Even if I did, I'd prefer Andrews."

"Has Dana proposed?" (Continued on page 92)

It started nine
years, four contracts
and three kids
ago . . . a guy with
a dream and a
girl named Mary, who—
with a loving heart
—shared that dream . . .

BY CARL SCHROEDER






My only regrets are the years I wasted content to be atmosphere—pure luck snapped me out of it.



I don't remember how many swim suits I wore for glamor stills—without getting near the water.




I went to Ciro's, Mocambo or somewhere almost every night. I fell in love and married twice—to Mickey Rooney, Artie Shaw.



Fun came first, and
if work didn't follow—that
was good. I was the
laziest starlet on the lot—the good-time
kid, the night club trotter . . .

Confessions of an ex-playgirl

by Ava Gardner



■ I wondered why Clark Gable kept staring at me, why every scene we played was wrong. It was our first day on *The Hucksters* and with every take it was, "Cut—let's try it again." We were re-shooting them all.

For once, I had started a picture eager and anxious about the part. For once, I was dying to make good. "Something must be awfully wrong with me," I thought dismally. When we broke at noon, Clark strolled inside my dressing room and cleared that up.

"I'm sorry I loused up the morning," he said. "I wasn't paying attention to my lines. Too busy watching you."

If my heart jumped at that, his next words dropped it right back again. "Frankly, Ava," said Clark, "I've been worrying about you in this part. I didn't think you had the ability to handle it."

I blinked.

Then he stuck out his hand and grinned. "But kid," he said, "you're okay!"

I have a record at home—a transcription of some things Clark Gable said on a broadcast after *The Hucksters* was done. He paid me some very flossy compliments—"a coming new star . . . an actress with a great future" . . . and such. Whenever I get just a shade blue, I twirl that platter and heave a grateful sigh of relief—and remember how Gable's first expression of doubt about me rocked me (*Continued on page 96*)

I had to do some cramming
for *Venus*, because I'd been too
lazy to learn before.



Just a kid raised
around Hollywood I was,
always busy, always
broke. And then
the lightning struck and
I was famous—
and suddenly afraid. . . .

the

FEAR

I've hidden

by Alan Ladd

— One day six years ago in Manhattan, I stood on Times Square and gawked like a country boy at a sight I'd never really thought I'd see. On the Paramount Theater above me towered lighted letters—taller than I was, it seemed—reading, "*This Gun For Hire*, With Alan Ladd."

I squeezed my wife's hand excitedly and pointed up. "Look, Sue!" I said. "Look at that!"

I'd barely got those awed words out of my mouth when someone yelled, "There he is!" and a crowd rolled up around us, quick and threatening as a summer thundercloud.

I didn't know what to do. Nothing like that had ever happened to me. I was terrified. Then I ran through the only door I could see—right into the theater where my first big picture was playing. I chased through the lobby—the crowd, I imagined, right after me—out a side door and back onto the sidewalk.

There, thank goodness, was Sue with a cab waiting. We dove inside. The driver crawled off at five miles an hour. On all sides people were yelling my name and hammering at the windows. I said, "Faster, can't you?" and he said, "Okay, it's faster," and stepped on it. Then, "You're Alan Ladd, ain't you?" I mumbled, "Yeah."

After a moment, he said, "I liked the way you plugged them two guys. You're plenty handy with a rod. And brother!" he went on, snaking through Times Square traffic, "You sure did slap that dame in the puss like you meant it! That's what I liked." He grinned admiringly over his shoulder, just nicking a news truck. "Yep, you're all right, mister."

That was when I first realized (1) that I wasn't just myself, but a public personality, and (2) that what I did on the screen people believed.

I can't tell you which seems the most fantastic to me still. But taking that last one first: never in my wildest dreams would I ever have guessed that I'd be typed as a tough guy. And what do I do but wind up a killer! Even in *This Gun For Hire*, I never figured the character I played to be a simple vicious criminal. I thought of Phil Raven as the kind of guy I'd often been in my life: pretty mixed up, an introvert—outside looking cool as a cucumber, inside churning like a cement mixer. That's the way I played Phil Raven—and he made me a star.

A star . . . I've never quite believed that either—even after those six long years and with 15 pictures under my belt. I'm still waiting to hit the floor—boom!—and wake up. Believe me, no one understands less than A. Ladd why it happened to him.

It's easy to understand how it happened to Bing Crosby, with his nonpareil pipes; or to Gable, with all (Continued on page 82)

*I was the tomboy,
and she the bookworm—
my sister Jeanne,
a little girl reading in
the corner—princess, gypsy,
beautiful dreamer . . .*

she fooled us all



by rita crain

A year and a half younger than her sister Jeanne, Rita has just been graduated from UCLA. She majored in psychology and has no movie ambitions.



Jeanne and Paul Brinkman at home. Finished with *Apartment For Peggy*, Jeanne's been traveling around Conn. and N. Y. doing scenes for *Letter To Three Wives*.

■ On her tenth birthday my sister Jeanne blew out the candles on her cake with a mighty gust. Then she sighed deeply and made a speech.

"This occasion marks the end of the first decade of my life," she said, using her best library English. "It's taken so long. I wonder what the next ten years will bring. . . ."

I always remembered that speech. Not because I knew I was going to study psychology when I got older, but because it delayed the cutting of the cake and I was young enough at the time—a year and a half younger than Jeanne—to have a healthy sweet tooth.

Just the same, that speech should be a great aid to me in analyzing Jeanne's character and personality now that I'm finishing four years of college psychology.

But it isn't.

Of any other girl who spoke like that, a psychologist might say that she was the practical type who knew instinctively that childhood is only the get-ready period of life—a girl who was impatient to get into the real business of adult living. But the trouble is that Jeanne wasn't—and isn't—the practical kind.

It's true that she wanted to grow up quickly. At three and a half, she started to read. When she was five, Mother and Father gave up spelling out what they didn't want her to understand. She understood every word and repeated to me by code what was being said. At six, she openly declared to her parents that Santa Claus was a myth—but agreed to keep her discovery from me. At eight, she tired of children's books and got permission to borrow from the adult section of the library, starting in on a volume of Greek mythology.

But overshadowing all this were her dreamer ways. During most of her childhood Jeanne was a little girl sitting in a corner lost. (Continued on page 85)





She's gay and alive and full
of the devil; she's got a heart you'd
like to frame; she's happy Annie, my dream
girl, my Texas baby . . .

My
love affair
with

ANN SHERIDAN

■ My love affair with Ann Sheridan
was inspired, in the first place, by a horse. I
will explain that.

Late in the spring of 1947 I made some arrangements with a sportsman named Hal Roach to meet him in New York and go from there to Kentucky to give the people the benefit of our skill and experience in improving the breed known as the Thoroughbred American race horse. It was our intention to accomplish this with an object lesson. We would lay out certain large sums of cash on the winner of the Kentucky Derby, collect our bets, and then deliver to our friends, to the sportswriters, and to the world at large, a lecture consisting of the following: "Yah! We told you so!"

Just before leaving for Louisville we were at the St. Regis Hotel, and there we fell into conversation with Miss Elizabeth Arden (the lady whose fortune is your face) and became her messenger boys.

Miss Arden owned a horse which would run in the Derby, and she wished her jockey to ride it under new colors. She had the silks with her. Would we be kind enough to deliver them to her jockey? Two experts on their way to fetch enlightenment at Churchill Downs would like nothing better, although we assured Miss Arden that our advanced researches and psychic powers indicated clearly that her pony was running out of his class.

At Churchill Downs, in spite of our fame as horse experts, we had (Continued on page 104)



Me, McCarey, with Annie after we made *Good Sam*.

by Leo McCarey

by INVITATION ONLY

■ Roy Rogers and Dale Evans got there early that Sunday afternoon. They'd been to three parties the day before—"But," said Dale, "who'd want to miss a Hover party!"

"That pool looks mighty fine," said Roy, looking at one of the largest in Beverly Hills.

"Sure wish we'd brought our bathing suits..."

"Totally unnecessary," said H. D. Hover.

"Now look," said Dale. "I'm an old-fashioned girl."

"I am horrified, H. D.," said Roy.

"You are leaping," said H. D., "to conclusions. My facilities include a supply of bathing suits for just such unequipped characters as you."

H. D. Hover's famed party facilities also include: a bachelor home ideally arranged for festive gatherings, with the cocktail room, dining room, sun room, patio and rumpus room all flowing into one another, thus keeping gatherings from breaking up into separate groups; marvelous food, drinks and service supplied by Ciro's, which he happens to own and operate; one of the most extensive knowledges extant of who's who in Hollywood; and an unrivalled party-giving know-how. The last, of course, is the most important of all.

The basic ingredient of a successful party is, obviously, a well-chosen guest list. H. D. Hover keeps a card index of the names of people he invites to his affairs. Several weeks before he gives a party, he gets out this index and broods over it. He selects the cards of those he thinks most suitable for the *fête*. These he studies thoughtfully. If two of the individuals are currently at odds, one is eliminated. However, he has occasionally invited a separated husband and wife. For instance, Cornel Wilde and Patricia Knight, when they were apart. "They're both my friends and (Continued on page 50)

Everyone is welcome

at Ciro's, H. D. Hover's
glittering night club.

But to attend one of those
celebrated revels at his
bachelor home, you've got
to be somebody special!



Even in the pool Roy Rogers held on to his cowboy hat! It's at Herman Hover's recent party in his bachelor home. The owner of Ciro's, Hover used it's catering service. Champagne—or milk, if you preferred—flowed freely.



Guests were invited to come from 2 to 4. First ones arrived at 4, others came all evening. Swimming started the party. (Above) Harry Lewis with Mrs. Alan Curtis. Johnny Sands and Corinne Calvet in raft. Deanie Best on board.



Although he usually doesn't approve of games at parties—he likes the guests themselves to be amusing—Hover tossed quoits. Deanie Best acted as retriever while Ava Gardner and Harry Lewis formed the cheering section.



There were about a dozen waiters at this party, walking around with trays of *hors d'oeuvres*. Here, Johnny Sands helps Audrey Totter choose. Ham, turkey and roast beef were served buffet style.

by INVITATION ONLY

(Continued from page 48) they're both sensible," he says. "I knew they'd have the good taste not to quarrel at the party. Well, delightfully enough, my party became, as I hoped, the scene of their reconciliation."

He's careful not to ask too many personalities with life-of-the-party tendencies. A few, of course, are peachy. But get a superabundance of sparklers trying to out-sparkle each other, and the party is liable to get somewhat out of hand.

After a number of unhappy experiences, Hover has weeded from his list those with an uncontrollable urge to toss clothed people into the swimming pool. One time, Peggy Maley became the moist victim of such jocularly. To keep afloat, the story goes, the unfortunate woman was forced to begin abandoning her jewels. So loaded was she with costly baubles that afterward it took 24 hours to fish them from the bottom. Another time, Xavier Cugat was wittily pushed in. No mention is made of his throwing off jewelry, though it's said his cuff-links that day were ponderous. Evidently a strong swimmer.

As a precaution against his current guest-list developing sudden dangerous yens (stripped of pool-pushers though it be), Hover has now constructed a low but restraining fence around his tank.

Hover thinks it's a sound idea for most of the people present to know each other. Makes for a more relaxed atmosphere. But naturally it's always pleasantly stimulating to have a few "outsiders" in the group. If there's a visiting celebrity or dignitary in town, Hover will try to get him. Among the dignitaries at the Sunday party pictured on these pages were Prince Mohammed Aly Ibrahim and Princess Hanrade Ibrahim of Egypt. They came with Yvonne de Carlo.

Among the other movie figures there were Ava Gardner, Ann Miller, Richard Ney, Bruce Cabot, Bob Hutton, Cleatus Caldwell, Mary Hatcher, Arlene Dahl, Coleen Townsend—and many more.

Hover likes to blend in a few socialites. "Most of the café society people I ask," he says, "are handsome, congenial, often have incomes on a par with the movie star incomes, and above all are witty and good company." Performing their lively function were such illustrious café habitués as Johnny Meyer, equally at home in salon and Congressional committee-room; Harry Jameson, the steel magnate, and his wife Dorothy, held to be one of the ten best-dressed women in America (she wore a black chiffon dress over a taf-feta petticoat and carried a muff of pale pink rose-buds); and Stephen Crane, former husband of Lana Turner.

"It is the mixture of movie people and café society that makes a party jump," says Hover.

This one jumped.

Roy and Dale wore matching grey cord outfits trimmed with red, then changed into borrowed bathing togs and joined Deanie Best. Dale tried out the raft, but Alan Curtis laughingly tossed her overboard.



In the swim—but not in the pool—were Martha Vickers, her husband A. C. Lyles (back to camera) and Douglas Dick. Martha set a style note with her parasol made of the same silk material as her dress.

Hover chooses his guests carefully. He likes a varied but congenial crew. One of his favorite people is Carmen Miranda—she's usually the life of the party. Genial Host Hover greets Carmen and her husband, David Sebastian.



The inside of Hover's house was open to those who tired of the sun. Abe Burroughs (at piano) sang some of his clever parodies for the host's date, Lyn Thomas (left), John Payne, Glo De Haven and Hover.



Way up on Hover's preferred list is Diana Lynn. A new hair-do and a stunning creation out of Vogue is one of her party-going rules. Here, she chats on the patio with Jack Sasson whom she dates occasionally.



All the way from India came the Rajah Paul Satypal. (Above with Ann Sterling.) A young fellow came up to him and asked, "Is that Ciro's combat uniform?" "No," said the Rajah, "it's Mocambo's."

In real life Rex Harrison finds himself recast in an old role as the

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

by Florela Muir



The late Carole Landis. Her suicide in July involved Rex in a scandal that would have wrecked most marriages.



Rex (of *Unfaithfully Yours*) and Lilli at home. This fall they'll come to N. Y. where Rex will star in a Broadway play.

■ The first time I saw Rex Harrison on the screen he was playing the role of a guy who couldn't keep his feet on the straight and narrow path or his thoughts from straying off to greener fields. He couldn't stick to his domestic knitting and devote his time to making his little wife happy.

The picture was made in England and released there under the title, *The Rake's Progress*; but over here they called it *The Notorious Gentleman*. The film's notorious fellow was Rex—and oddly enough, Lilli Palmer, who is now Mrs. Harrison, portrayed the neglected wife. Even more remarkably, these two have now been cast in real-life roles which people see as startling parallels to those early screen assignments.

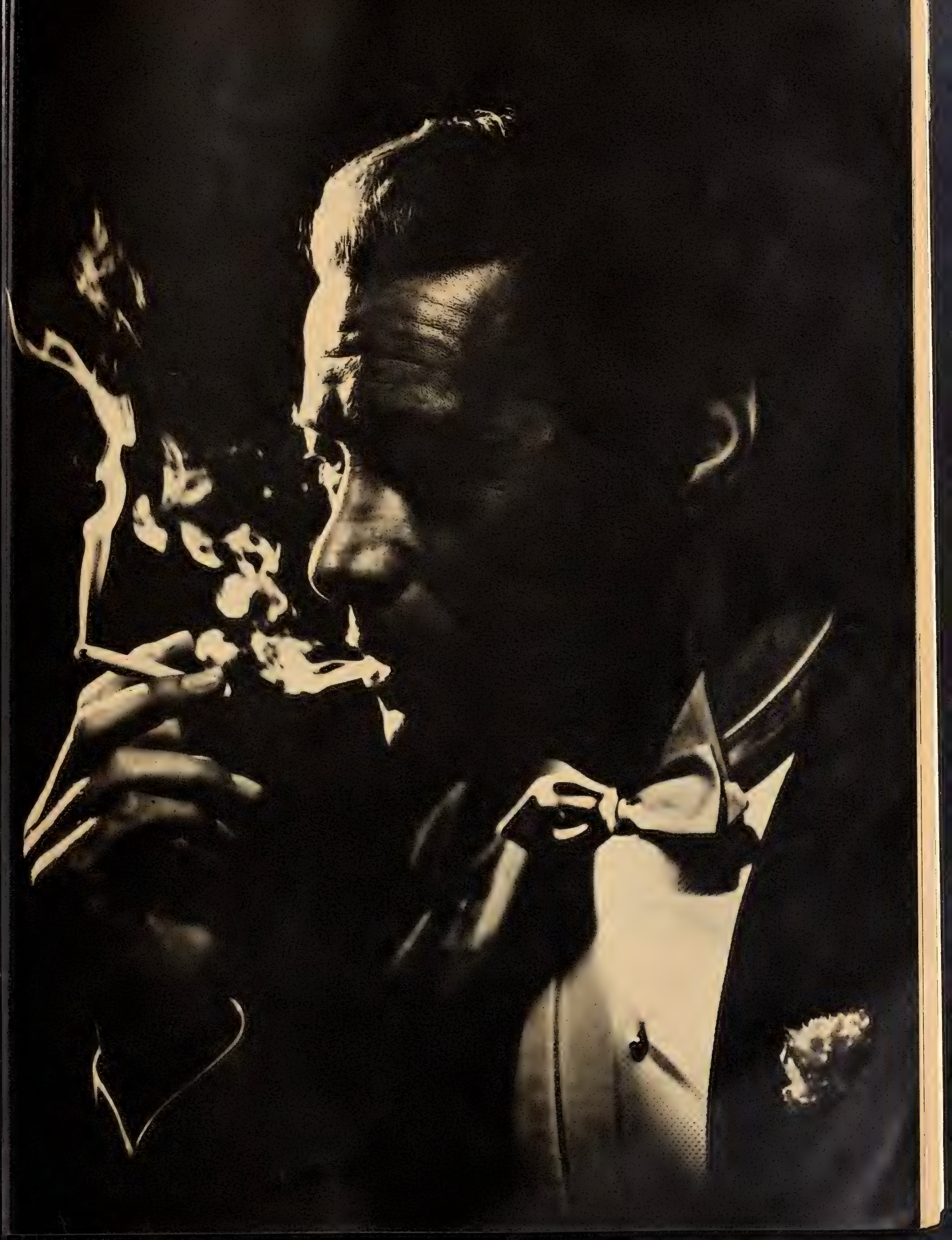
As far as the world can tell, they've ridden out the recent storm which swirled around them when lovely Carole Landis killed herself in a fit of despondency because, as gossip had it, Rex wouldn't desert Lilli so she could have him.

Why does the story end this way? What were the motives, the needs, the hopes of the three people involved?

These are the facts, as I have learned them.

Lilli Palmer is an amazing girl, a lovely, tawny-haired, green-eyed beauty whose screen career promises to be just as big and important as her fabulous husband's. Every woman must be ready to vote her "the most understanding wife of the year." No doubt many of them can't comprehend why she sticks; why she takes it.

On the other hand, ever since the Carole Landis story broke, I have been flooded with letters from women of all ages singing the praise of the man they now call "Sexy Remy." These women are ready to forgive him anything. He has that sort of charm for my sex. So perhaps it isn't so hard after all to figure out why Lilli wants to go on (*Continued on page 106*)



why stars fight

Milland's suffering from Oscar-itis, Hopper says—he protests every job that's offered. (Below) Hedda, Ray and Hedda's hat at CBS.



their bosses

■ "It seems that you've been a very naughty girl," scolded the British judge. "Now you'd better go home and get back to work."

One day, twelve years ago, Bette Davis heard those chastening words aimed her way in a London courtroom, right after losing the grimmest gamest battle any star ever fought with a Hollywood studio. Bette staked everything she owned on it—and she lost. It cost her every penny she had in the world. It kept her off the screen for over a year. It made her choke down humble pie again at Warner Brothers, the studio she'd sworn to leave forever. She came home to Hollywood from England, where the battle had ended, beaten and broke. She had to start her career all over again—behind a mammoth eight-ball.

So Bette made five straight hit pictures, including the best acting job she's ever done, *Jezebel*. She did it the hard way—against odds. From her set-back she emerged the greatest actress on the American screen.

Did that experience cure Bette Davis of being "naughty," make her a "good girl," make her see the light—studio-wise? Did the almost-fatal narrow escape which Bette's career suffered make her swear, "Never again"? It did not.

Came up another picture two years later that she didn't think was right for Bette Davis—*Comet Over Broadway*, it was called—and pronto she said "No." Her bosses said "Yes." So out she walked, on suspension, risking it all over again.

Bette Davis had plenty of company. Every star does who strikes, walks off a set, rebels, and finds that registered special-delivery message delivered at her door: "This is to notify you that as of today you are on suspension and off-salary for the following reasons constituting breach of contract . . ." There'd been a steady stream of those unique *billets doux* in Hollywood before Bette's battle—and there has ever since. I'm afraid there always will be.

Right now you can use all your fingers and toes counting up Hollywood stars a-feudin', a-fussin' and a-fightin' (Continued on page 57)



Cornel Wilde (above with wife Pat on set of *The Lovers*) turned down the school-teacher part in *Margie*, but he's still top man at 20th-Fox—even more popular than Tyrone Power.

Are stars acting
up—or are studio bosses
cracking down?
Hedda sizes up the sides in
Hollywood's crazy war
of nerves.

by hedda hopper



Hutton finished *Perils of Pauline* (above), then had her baby, and skipped suspension. Usually, layettes mean layoffs for stars.



Gene Tierney sat for eight long months after she refused roles in *Chicken Every Sunday* and *The Walls of Jericho*. Finally, Gene asked friends to intercede with Zanuck—and then took a smaller part.



Olivia De Havilland fought for a principle—claimed studio had illegally prolonged her contract. Court upheld her. During two-and-a-half-years sit-down, Liv met husband (above).

why stars fight their bosses



Lauren Bacall has a good adviser—husband Bogart is a wise and seasoned studio diplomat. Both Lauren and Bogie walked out rather than do *Stallion Road*, a picture they thought would harm them.



Columbia won its battle with Larry Parks—court said Larry'd waited too long to protest. But even while he fought, Parks made *The Galant Blade*. Now he'll do the *Jolson Story* sequel on his own terms.

(Continued from page 55) with the studios who pay them fabulous salary checks every Saturday night. As I write, Lauren Bacall is excommunicated at Warners; Betty Hutton has been making suspension faces at Paramount, and Paramount's been making them right back; Ray Milland has just stomped out of the same place, on strike; Janet Blair has spent her last contract month at Columbia off salary and on her mettle; Cornel Wilde has just escaped suspension by a whisker by insisting on a vacation at Columbia, and Eleanor Parker's complaining that *Into The Night* is beneath her talents, so Warners are lopping her off the payroll.

The list is too long to scribble here, but every day you can look in any direction around Movietown and find more suspensions than hold up the Brooklyn Bridge, enough strikes and walks to make Bobby Feller feel right at home. Everybody seems sore as boiled owls at everybody else.

How come? Is World War III starting out here in Hollywood? Are the stars acting up—or are the studios cracking down? What are the reasons behind all this crazy war of nerves that's snatched Hollywood by its Max Factor wig?

Well, the reasons are strictly business reasons. But they have more angles to them than a Picasso painting, believe me. The trouble usually stems, though, from what makes a horse race—just plain old difference of opinion, about parts, privileges, prerogatives and—that's right—pay checks.

I talked to Betty (Lauren) Bacall the other day—Mrs. Humphrey Bogart. She was suspended at that point because she didn't like the script of *Blowing Wild*.

"My second offense, you know," cracked Lauren. "Next time it's Alcatraz for me!"

Both Lauren and Bogie walked out before, rather than do *Stallion Road*, which they unanimously voted bad business for their careers—but this time Lauren is going it alone. Yet perhaps by the time you read this, Lauren will be making the very picture that stopped her salary check. Oddly enough, that's exactly what she wants to do—and in a hurry! Does that make sense? No? Well—here is what actually happened, in Lauren's own words to me:

"I read the script of *Blowing Wild* and I thought it was bad. I said I wouldn't make it and Mr. Warner said I must. Why? 'Because,' he told me, 'it's a great story.' I shook my little head again and—ouch!—I'm on suspension.

"Now, after I'm off the team, Mr. Warner reads the script himself. He (Continued on page 111)

It seems they laughed
and loved like this before—
years ago. And what
Tom and Glo once meant to
each other, they
could mean again . . .

By JACK WADE

R eturn engagement

After Tom's divorce from Chris Dünne in 1946, he and Beverly Tyler dated constantly—between tiffs.





Last summer Tom (in *Command Decision*) gave Gloria Haley (Jack's daughter) the ring. They may be wed by the time you see this.

■ When Tom Drake ran into Gloria Haley last February he could have asked, "Say, haven't I seen you before somewhere?"

And Gloria might have answered, "Yes, we were engaged once. Remember?" And she could have added, "But something happened. You married Christopher Dunne and I married Louis Porchia."

She didn't have to add, as they stood there looking at each other, "But we're both divorced now. We're both free again . . ."

Because that's the story of these two: engaged, after a wonderful romance in New York, where they first met; parted, after Tom's first surge of success in Hollywood was reported to have done things to his sense of values (as it has to many a star before him); married, but each to another in what have been called unconscious gestures of defiance spurred by the heartbreak of their split-up; and

then divorces for both of them when those marriages failed to take.

That's the story, stretching over nine tumultuous years; years in which they were often together—but more often apart.

That's the story . . . except for the new ending. As they stood there after they met, something must have happened to both of them . . . a re-awakening . . . a conviction that what they had once meant to each other they could mean again . . .

And the new ending . . .

They are together once more. Gloria has a beautiful ruby ring (she doesn't call it an engagement ring, but everyone else does). Tom is saving his money. Gloria is embarked on her new career as a journalist. The word is out that they are going to be married—may *be* married even as you read this. They have (*Continued on page 101*)

still in there crying



Tragedies aren't the only films in Bette's life. (Above) A still from her newest comedy, *June Bride*, co-starring Robert Montgomery.

by
bette
davis



In 1940, Bette made *All This And Heaven Too*. She was governess in home of a duchess. The duke (Boyer), unhappily, fell in love with her.

■ I have an advantage over a lot of people. I am continually being given the opportunity to laugh at myself.

I turn on the radio. There's Fred Allen's Mrs. Nussbaum saying she's just come from the movies. She tells Fred she's seen one of my pictures.

"And how was it?" Fred asks. "Good?"

"Wonderful," Mrs. N. sobs. "I cried and cried. It was a four-handkerchief picture."

"Yep," Fred says. "That's the way it is. Laugh and the world laughs with you. Cry and it's a Bette Davis movie."

I don't know how they laughed at this in other homes, but I'm sure there were no louder laughs anywhere than in mine.

Or the time Henry Morgan introduced a crying doll on his program. "Listen to it," Morgan told his audience. "Mama," it squeaked. And then it got progressively louder. "Mama! Mama! MAMA! MAMA!"

"A Bette Davis doll," Morgan explained simply.

About once a month I will find myself sailing right back at me in the hands of some expert parodist. I've even been in the animated cartoons—now *that's* something to see yourself in, believe me.

When parodies are good, I don't mind them the least bit.

First of all, as I said, they give me a chance to laugh at myself. And that's a healthy thing. The psychiatrists have a long and involved explanation of why it's good for all of us now and then to laugh at ourselves. Has to do with balance, keeping our sense of proportion, they say. I confirm them here.

I don't mind being spoofed. The fact is, I'm flattered.

Think of all the actors and actresses who've been the targets of mimics and

Comedians call
her cry-baby, but
Bette doesn't
mind. She loves to
get up on the
screen—and have a
wail of a time!

parodists. There was George Arliss, whose monocle and tight-lipped smile were standard equipment for every imitator act. Remove the monocle, push forward the lower lip, grin and *presto*, Maurice Chevalier. Muss the hair, scowl and mumble: Lionel Barrymore. Raise the nose and say, "Do you rally?"—Katharine Hepburn, who hasn't said, "Do you rally?" for ages, if she ever did say it. And there's Greta Garbo, who was supposed to vaunt to be ablone. And Eddie Robinson, who's been playing kindly, sweet gentlemen for a long time, but is still Little Caesar to the imitators. And Charles Boyer ("of kerse")—who, incidentally, never did speak that famous line, "Come weeth me to the Casbah." And John Barrymore. And Bing Crosby. All of them performers who've made a clear-cut, solid impression. Pretty good company to be in.

Of course, it's not really true at all that I don't do anything but "four-handkerchief" pictures. Right now I'm making a modern comedy with Robert Montgomery called *June Bride*, and there isn't a hankie on the whole Warner Brothers lot.

And this isn't the first comedy I've made. I've been in screwball comedies like *The Bride Came C.O.D.*, *It's Love I'm After*, and *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. As a matter of fact, in *Cabin in the Cotton*, one of the very first parts I had in pictures, I played not an ill-starred heroine doomed to blindness, death or despair, but a very lively and amusing girl.

But I'll still always prefer to do pictures about real women who love and are hurt and who want things life keeps from them, and who cry—a little more convincingly, I hope, than Henry Morgan's doll.

I have a feeling for that kind of part. I guess that's why (Continued on page 100)

Peaches and Carnation in a Velvet Blend



Pretty Enough for a Party— And Wonderful Eating Any Time

Here's the dessert of the year! Add golden cling peaches to fresh lemon gelatin, and *velvet-blend* both with fluffy billows of whipped Carnation Evaporated Milk! That's Peach Velvet Cream... smooth, rich, delicious! Keep a supply of Carnation on your kitchen shelf! It improves so many dishes. No other form of milk gives foods such extra rich flavor, such super smooth texture.

PEACH VELVET CREAM

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 No. 2½ can cling peaches,
drained | 1 tablespoon unflavored
gelatin |
| ¾ cup syrup from peaches | 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind |
| ½ cup sugar | 1 tall can Carnation Milk,
chilled to ice-crystal stage |
| ⅛ teaspoon salt | 16 vanilla wafers |
| ⅓ cup lemon juice | |
- Dice 1½ cups peaches; save rest for garnish. Heat syrup, sugar, salt, together. Soften gelatin in lemon juice and dissolve in hot syrup. Add rind. Cool until slightly thick. Whip Carnation until stiff; fold in gelatin mixture and diced peaches. Pour ⅓ of mixture into oiled 2-qt. mold; top with 8 wafers; then alternate mixture and wafers. Chill until firm. Unmold; garnish. Serves 8.
- In Coffee, Too.* Coffee 'n' Carnation means a "velvet blend" for coffee lovers... extra rich and mellow... economical and convenient!

WRITE for the beautiful "Velvet Blend Book" giving other milk-rich recipes using Carnation. Carnation Company, Dept. X-11, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, or Los Angeles 36, Calif. Listen to Carnation's "Contented Hour" every Monday evening.





■ By now I guess everyone knows that one of the by-products of producing pictures in Hollywood is shattered health. You get that old stand-by, ulcers, and that affliction known as the hop, skip and head twitch (not as common as ulcers but quite spectacular to see) and a few other miseries including late afternoon palsy and the crying fidgets.

That I completed the shooting of *The Velvet Touch* without acquiring any of those tradé maladies can be laid only to my star. Probably, this has happened before—a producer so crazy about his star that he wants to marry her.

That's the way I felt about Rosalind Russell when we finished our picture. Then, when I realized that I *was* married to her, it was almost a disappointment.

There is only one thing left to do—marry her again.

But in case she doesn't want to accept me, I'm pretty sure she can get offers from others connected with the picture—from the actors and the creative personnel and the technicians. She eased the difficulties of all of us and was loved by all of us.

Take John Gage, who directed *The Velvet Touch*. It was his first picture; formerly he'd been a dialogue director. Rosalind induced me to give him the chance and I agreed, because *The Velvet Touch* was to be the third of our independent series of films. But suddenly that British tax thing hit and we had to rule out the first two pictures. Gage himself came to us and said he would easily understand our reluctance to entrust our first production to a green director.

"I guess I'll just have to wait longer for my chance," he said.

"Why?" asked Ros. "What happened in England doesn't make you any the less competent. Stuff and stuff! You will direct!"

Gage looked at me. Personally I had reservations. It was a tough picture to handle. But I had had evidence before (*Continued on page 109*)



Ros and her mother on *The Velvet Touch* set. Opp. page: Fred returns from Europe.

Ah, Russell! he
sighs. She may surprise
you, but she never
disappoints. He'd like
to marry the girl,
but he can't—she hap-
pens to be his wife!

ROSALIND,

I

LOVE

YOU

by
freddie brisson

Which Twin has the Toni?

(see answer below)



One Permanent Cost \$15...the TONI only \$2

Such deep luxurious waves. So soft, so natural-looking. You'll say your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as an expensive salon wave. But before trying Toni, you'll want the answers to these questions:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Can I do it myself?

Sure. Every day thousands of women give themselves Toni Home Permanents. It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The Toni wave puts a half-day back in your life. You don't have to spend hours away from home. While your Toni wave is "taking" you can go about your housework or do whatever you like.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent—or your money back.

Tune in "Give and Take" 2 p. m., Eastern Time, Saturday, CBS Network

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1... yet there's no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONI?

Lovely Jewel Bubnick of Miami Beach, says, "My sister, Ann, had an expensive beauty shop wave. I gave myself a Toni permanent—at home. And even our dates couldn't tell our permanents apart." Jewel, the twin with the Toni, is on the left.



LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 35)

comic magazines, and even the two babies, Cathy and Cynthia, like to practice walking bare-footed on the thick green carpet.

Because it sees so much use, the playroom was decorated to stand hard wear. The wall covering is leathered with a suede trim. The ash trays are made of heavy brass. (Romanoff was tempted to lift a few for the restaurant). Two built-in couches are comfortable but sturdy, and even the plants in this practical room are of a hardier nature.

Observant devil that he is, Romanoff was quick to recognize the Oscar which Joan had won in 1945 for *Mildred Pierce*. It was standing on the bar. Nearby on the wall was a fine pastel drawing of Joan by the director of *Humoresque*—Jean Negulesco. Jean signed the picture with this legend, "Avec tant d'admiration." ("With so much admiration.") I feel the same way about Joan.

I also reserve a good deal of Romanoff admiration for her dining room. It's a truly magnificent sight. It's large and well-furnished. The table can seat twenty guests easily. There was a time, before the war, when Joan used to give large dinner parties. Now, she gives merely one a year, but when she does, it's incomparably done, and her invitations are sought after by the élite in Hollywood.

The dining room is French in style, the panelling and parquet floors being representative of the Napoleonic era. On either side of the room, however, there are a series of Chinese murals, so delicate that they must be covered with glass. At the far end of the room, in a bay window overlooking the swimming pool and the lavish beds of camellias, is a small round table which Joan uses more frequently than the large one.

She likes to arrange flower setups for the big table, however, and flanks the center spread with silver candelabra so that

joan caulfield dons the leopard's spots

● Joan Caulfield, currently starring in Universal's *Larceny*, proves that for sheer showmanship, the leopard knows what he's doing.

The coat Joan models is our choice for your big moments this fall. You can wear it dressed up or tailored—either way you're bound to make an impression.

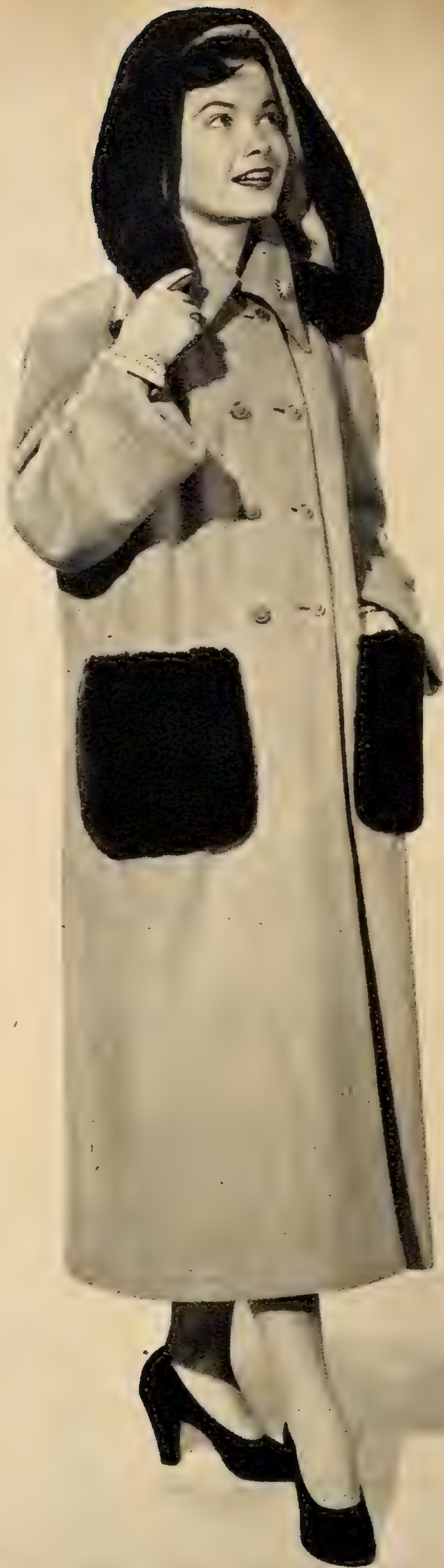
The printed fabric has a deep soft fur-like pile—the fake fur idea is very high fashion this season. The collar is flat and round, the back has a full swing.

It comes in sizes 10-16, and junior 9-15. By Judy Nell. About \$24.95. Saks-34th, N. Y.; Crowley, Milner, Detroit; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia; Famous-Barr, St. Louis. Other store information page 77.

Madcaps hat. Kislav gloves. Baar & Beards scarf.



modern screen fashions



HOOD DROPS TO MAKE GRACEFUL COWL



WITHOUT HOOD, YOKED BACK FULLNESS



WITHOUT HOOD—HANDSOME, CASUAL



hood with fur The coat that can look any way you want, for any occasion you choose. It's smooth all-wool, with rich soft velvety *real* mouton fur pockets and hood lining. The hood frames your face prettily or can be worn as a cowl in back. Hood is detachable. Grey, green, wine, brown or black. Sizes 10-18. By Colleen Coats. \$39.95. At Gimbels, New York and Philadelphia.



*For additional store
information on these
Modern Screen fashions
turn to page 77.*



hood with plaid Grey flannel and bright plaid—what more could a teen-ager ask? 100% yarn-dyed wool, with full plaid lining, detachable hood. Junior sizes 7-15. A wonderful buy at the price, about \$29.98. By Kay McDowell. At Franklin Simon, New York; Lansburgh's, Washington, D.C.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia. Other stores, page 77.

For where to buy these Modern Screen fashions, turn to page 77.



modern screen fashions go on **television**

■ Did you see us on television? Were we proud to be invited to bring the fashion pages of Modern Screen to life on the T. V. screen! The station was New York's newest—WPIX. The program was the teenager's own favorite weekly at 7:05 P.M.—“Edgar's School of Charm.” Edgar is the popular beauty and fashion expert who knows all there is to know about what makes a girl smooth—makeup, hairdo, posture, speech, clothes! Teenagers are his special pets. He has a special understanding of teenagers' pocketbooks, too, that's why he chose Modern Screen fashions—high style, low price! So we donned roughly a pound of dark brown television makeup, dressed Edgar's teen models in clothes straight from our pages—and faced the lights and cameras. Exciting! Even more fun, it was completely ad-lib, everybody chattering gaily about looks and clothes and stuff. Hi-de-ho, video, it's wonderful! And everyone loved the clothes!



■ Opposite and above: a standout for television—snug striped jacket, full taffeta skirt. The jacket buttons with jet to the little collar, has saucy bustle in back. The full skirt has graceful new “look backward” interest. Striped taffeta jacket in black, red or green with white, \$8.95. Skirt in matching solids, \$7.95. Jr. sizes 9-15. By Juniorite.

■ Right: a natural for the camera—bold black and white checked blouse—slim skirt with flippant apron bustle. The taffeta blouse has a flattering ruffled standup clown collar decked with a black ribbon; ruffled cuffs. Blouse about \$5.95. The slim faille skirt comes in black, brown, green or grey, about \$5.95. Teen sizes 10-16. By Derby.





SATIN CUFFED GLOVES
BY ARIS, \$3.50.
SATIN BARREL BAG
BY GARAY, \$5.
CORO PIN, \$2 PLUS TAX



look backward, angel . . .

for the fashion news in the fall silhouette: slim as a shaft—with a sudden sophisticated jut to the back. Other excitement, texture contrast: the dress, crepe—the double peplum, rayon faille. Dull and shiny is the idea—here picked up with satin cuffed gloves and little satin handbag. Glamorous! Dress in sizes 9-17. By M. Factor, \$14.95. At Saks-34th, New York; Lit Brothers, Philadelphia; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; other stores, page 77.

LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 64)

by candlelight, the dining room becomes a symphony of polished wood, gleaming silver, and fresh flowers.

From my description of her home thus far, what sort of woman would you say Joan Crawford was? Frilly, ornate, flamboyant, gracious, modern, sharp, rough, delicate, careless, or what?

If you haven't yet made up your mind, let Romanoff present some further clues. Let him present Crawford in her kitchen. This is always an excellent place in which a woman may reveal her true character.

Joan is as much at ease in the kitchen as she is on the screen. An early riser, she always breakfasts with her four children. She also insists upon preparing her own eggs, and when it comes to cleaning up, she never leaves the kitchen anything but spotless.

She likes to know what's going on in the culinary department so that there's a glass door in her dressing room which looks directly down into the kitchen. The children call this passageway, "Alice Through The Looking Glass."

mama romanoff . . .

Peek in on the nursery. It's to the left of Joan's bedroom, upstairs. Each baby girl has her own crib, her own chest of drawers, her own toy boxes, her own wardrobe closet. Glance into the closet, and even Romanoff becomes maternal. The closets are filled with the cutest pinafores, bonnets, sun suits and dresses, all starched and hung like peppermint sticks in a candy shop.

Provide your children with the best, but don't spoil them. That's Joan's motto. And it's worked out beautifully with Christina and Christopher. These two make their own beds, keep their wardrobes neat and orderly and take some responsibility in caring for their little sisters.

Joan is also training them to appreciate fine art and to be at ease with people of every sort. She says that she herself lacked both these qualities when she first came to Hollywood and she's determined to see that the children do not.

To this end, Joan has given Christina a beautiful old 18th Century desk, also a collection of miniature furniture which a movie fan sent her. Christina is justifiably proud of her desk and she's old enough to appreciate the fine workmanship which went into the small chairs and tables.

It's long been a practice with Joan to let the children invite a guest to the house each Saturday for luncheon. At these weekly parties Christina and Christopher understand that they must act as hostess and host and make their friends feel at home. This helps the children develop poise and confidence so that one day they will be able to entertain at Romanoff's. That day can't come soon enough for me.

Romanoff likes children but he likes their mothers so much more; so let's continue with Joan. Joan's sleeping quarters might be termed a suite. Her bed, for example, is located on an enclosed sleeping porch away from all noise. The porch can be flooded with sunlight because it's lined with windows, and by the same token, it can afford total darkness because these same windows are covered with draperies, heavily lined with black.

The sleeping porch is simply furnished. It contains a three-quarters sized bed, a night table loaded with books, a reading lamp, and a chest. It's almost ascetic in its simplicity.

The bedspread and draperies, however,



Lace-Lovely
Can-Can

by

Du Benay

"for intimacy
with beauty"

Trés chi-chi with
saucy flounces of exquisite lace
for new back interest. Cut with
Du Benay's exclusive feature . . .
the perfect-fitting V-midriff. In finest
Bur-Mil* crepe-back rayon satin
... pink, white or blue. Sizes 32 to 40 ... \$6

Other styles by Du Benay also
available in junior sizes. From \$4



At fine stores everywhere,
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Du BENAY Undergarment, Inc., 102 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please have store nearest me send the following slip(s)
by Du Benay at \$6 each.

Money Order ☐

Check ☐

Size	Color	2nd Color Choice	Quantity

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Heavenly
half-size



For additional store information on this Modern Screen fashion, turn to page 77.

in sheer black and gold If you wear half sizes, you know how hard it is to find really sophisticated dress-up fashions that fit. So here's a beauty to solve your date problem for fall and the coming holidays. It's sheer crepe, very slimming. The neckline has transparent marquisette and twists of gold, very flattering to the face. The total effect is pure glamour, proportioned especially for you in sizes 12½ to 22½. Mallinson's crepe, in black, copper, royal blue, wine, green. By Mynette. \$14.95. At Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago; Wanamaker's, Philadelphia. Garay satin bag, \$5.

(Continued from page 71)
are white and turquoise and shot with silver. They were woven and designed by Dorothy Liebes, the San Francisco artist, and they're really good enough for a Romanoff.

So too, is Joan's sitting room, which boasts all the individual pieces of furniture she personally likes. There's her 18th Century desk, a large oval Sheraton coffee table, and a French Empire couch. The wallpaper is a delicate turquoise with large white, hand-painted chrysanthemums.

Adjoining the sitting room and almost a part of it because the same heavy white carpeting covers both rooms, is the dressing room with bath. The wall covering here is a yellow glazed chintz with sprigs of flowers as a pattern. Even the doors to the wardrobe closets (which are the size of ordinary rooms) are covered with the same material, and the effect is one of lolling in a sunny garden.

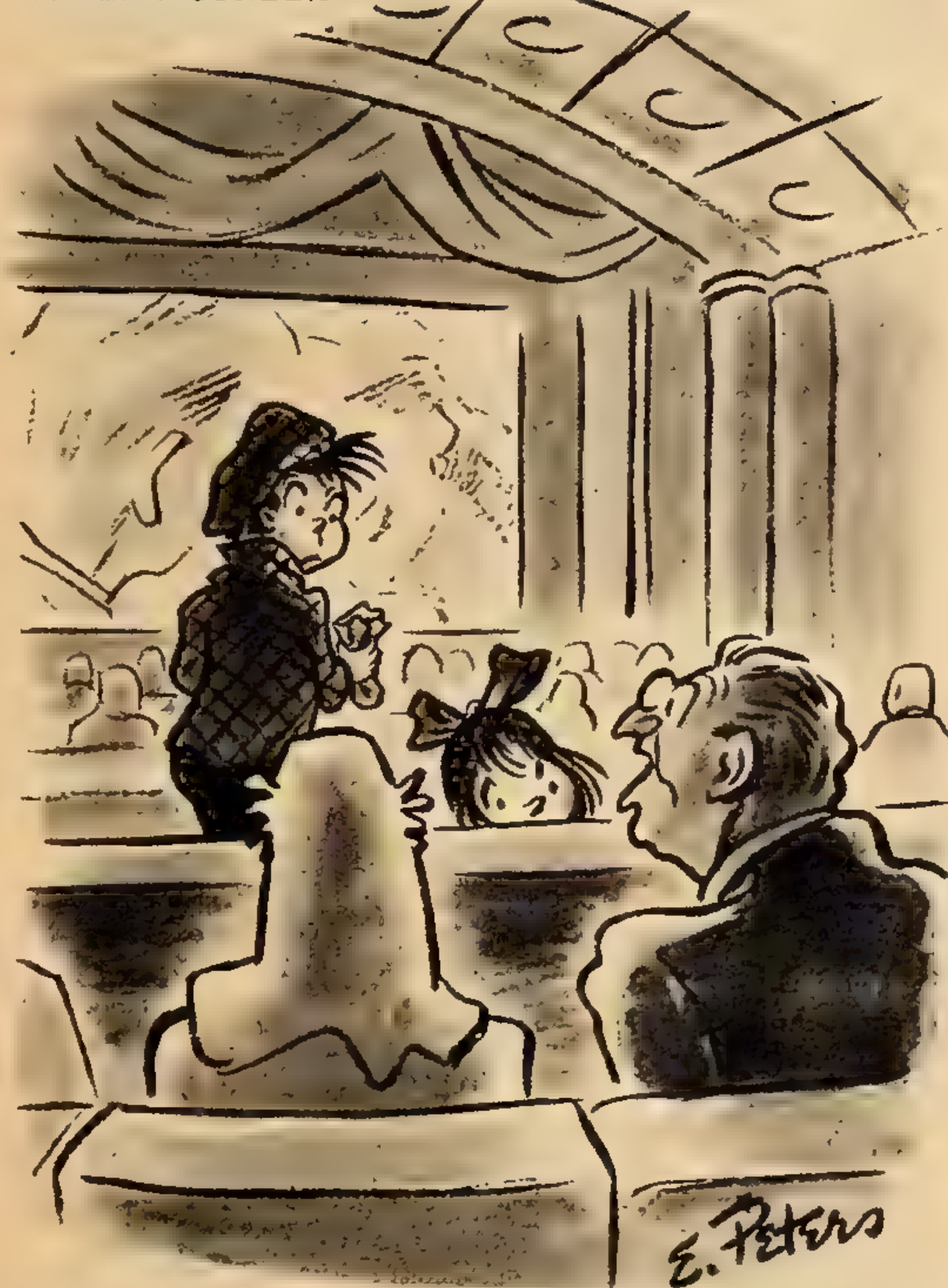
Joan's dressing table is mirrored and a masterpiece of organization. She can sit in front of her makeup mirror and reach her jewelry, stockings, combs—in fact, everything but her dresses.

During the time she's dressing to go out in the evening, the two babies, Cathy and Cynthia, have their gayest fun. Joan puts each one of them in a drawer on either side of her dressing table. Then, while she's applying her lipstick or powdering her nose, the two bundles of mischief have a great time playing with her jewelry, cosmetics, and so forth.

That takes care of Joan Crawford and her indoor life. As you probably know, however, she's long been famous for her beautifully proportioned figure. She maintains her curves by swimming, riding, and playing tennis. She has a large pool, and on either side of the pool, a small building. One of these is a dressing room for the swimmers. The other is a miniature theater in which she shows movies two or three times a week.

On the night I visited, the gracious beauty was kind enough to show *Arch of Triumph*, a production featuring the histrionic talents of one Michael Romanoff.
THE END

MODERN SCREEN



"I wonder if you'd mind removing your cap, sitting down in your seat, not cracking those peanuts and rustling that paper bag, telling your friend to stop popping that bubble gum and bouncing around in her seat from side to side, then stop talking to her—so I can get some idea what this movie is about."



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CINDY LOU BAYES
chosen by famous
beauty judges
as Miss Stardust
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Harry Conover
Cover Girl.

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The slip that made Stardust famous for fit, quality and value . . . Life-Insured for an entire year's wear! Beautifully tailored of rich acetate rayon crepe, in your favorite 4 gore bias cut that bans sagging, twisting or riding up. Double bra top, adjustable straps and sturdy double-stitched flat seams; no raw edges. \$2.39.

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Favorita is perfect for
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midriff keeps your waist
tiny, makes the skirt bil-
low out. Fine quality
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teed colorfast. Get two
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or plaids, any colors, any
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stripes featuring blue,
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green. Sizes: 9, 11, 13, 15;
12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Any 2
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SIZES
9 to 15
12 to 20



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Please send....."Favoritas" on approval
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charges. If not delighted, I may return pur-
chase within ten days for refund. (You may
enclose purchase price plus 20¢ postage,
saving C.O.D. fee. Same refund privilege.)

SIZE	COLOR	2nd COLOR
STRIPE		
PLAID		

Name

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City & State

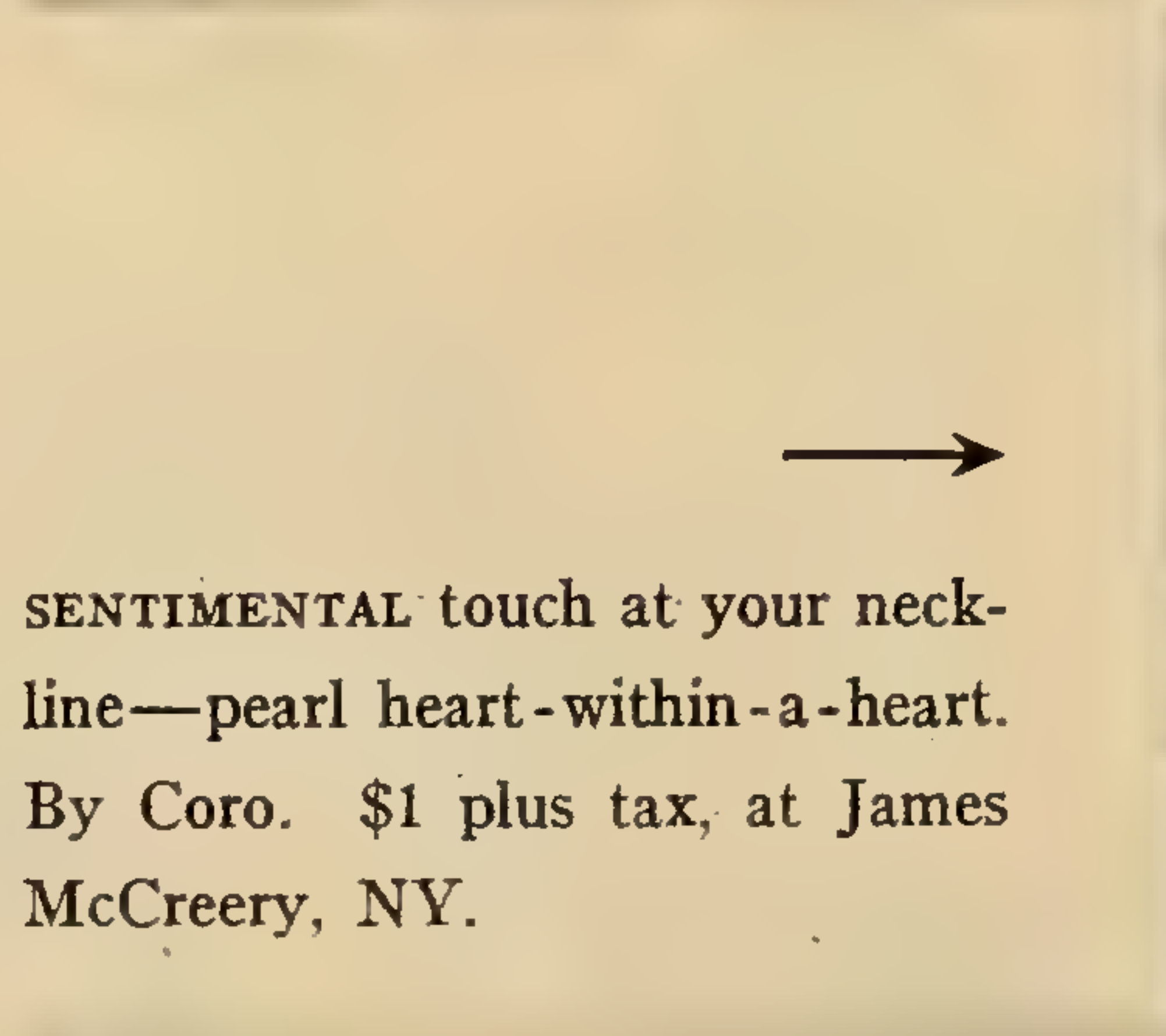
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pin, with gold stem. For your
scarf. By Coro. \$1 plus tax, at
James McCreery, NY.



Gleaming metallic brocade pouch
bag. Black or white with silver
or gold, colored flowers. By
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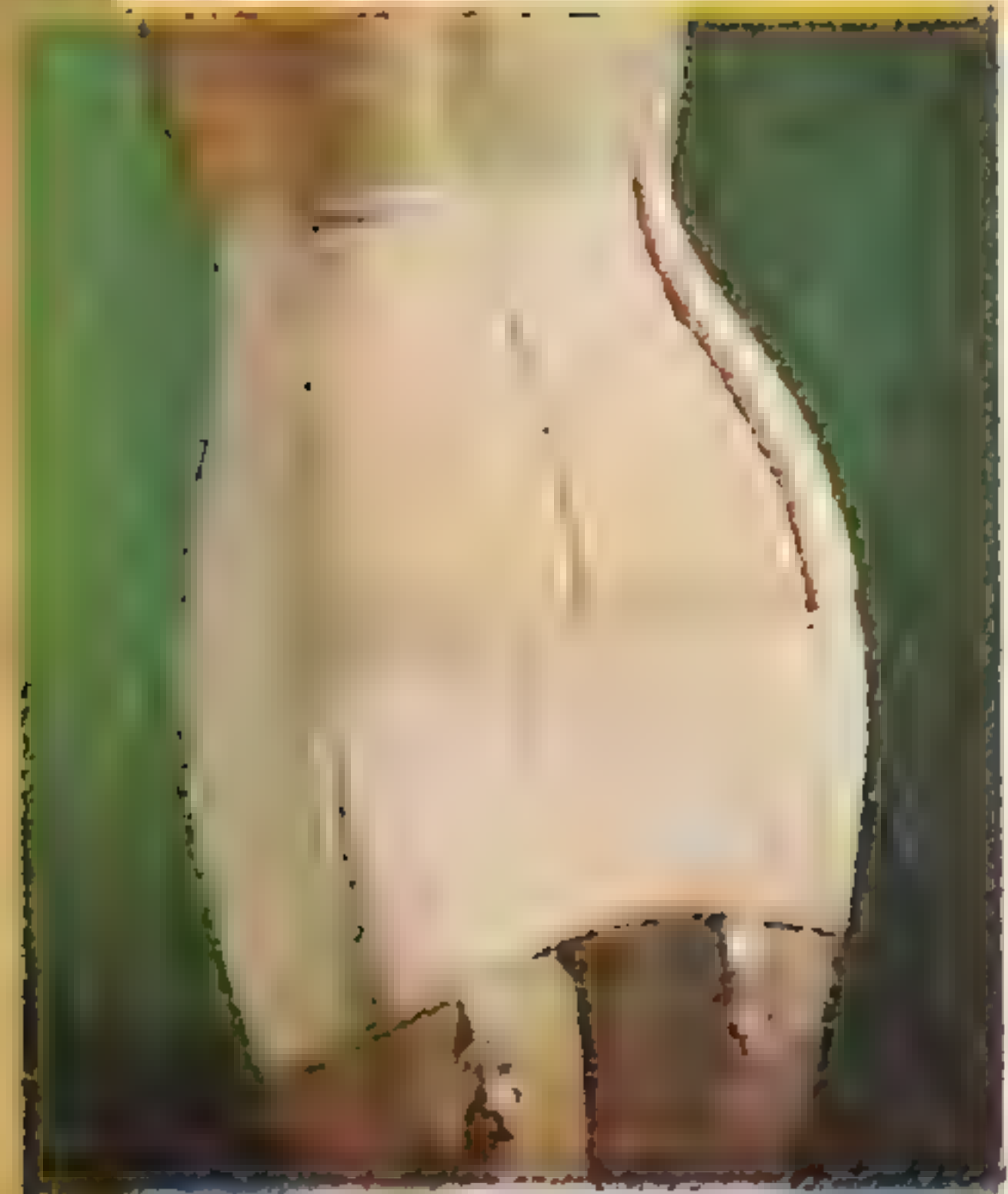
SENTIMENTAL touch at your neck-
line—pearl heart-within-a-heart.
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black velvet bag, red-lined, gilt-
clasped. By Garay. \$5, at James
McCreery, NY.



JEWEL OF a good-luck piece.
Slender gold horseshoe pin, set
with five tiny pearls. By Coro. \$1
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Can't ride up... Fortuna's contour-following "Fitted Crotch" in exclusive, snug-fitting *Elast A-Q* cloth!



Look how light... how soft and supple! You would hardly believe Flatums could be so control-some!

The all-elastic girdle with the secret inside panel for extra tummy control. We call it Flatums*... and it's available in roll-on or Talon closed girdles, and pantie girdles with Fortuna's exclusive *Elast A-Q* crotch.

Sizes: 26, 28, 30. Without zipper, \$3.00.

With Talon zipper \$5. Extra sizes 32-40, with Talon zipper \$5.95.

At leading stores throughout the country.

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Creators of Fortuna Girdles, Pantie Girdles, Garter Belts, Bras.

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GIRDLES PANTIE GIRDLES

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THEA *Tewi*

again demonstrates her matchless flair for intimate-fashion design with this exquisite hostess robe of flowered, petal-fresh organdy.

Washable? "Yes, indeed," says Mme. Tewi, "provided you starch it with LINIT." This finest of laundry starches restores original finish... helps all cottons stay fresh and unrumpled 'tween launderings.

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or a sturdier fabric such as a housedress, man's shirt, sheet or curtain—if it's cotton it needs starching with LINIT.* Easy-to-follow directions for using this penetrating starch on every package. Ask your grocer for LINIT.



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sweet and hot

by leonard feather

**Highly Recommended

*Recommended

No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

BORDERTOWN TRAILS —It's My Lazy Day: Vaughn Monroe (Victor).

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES —title song: Buddy Clark (Columbia).

PALEFACE —Buttons and Bows: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); Gene Autry (Columbia).

Is this a trend? Last month Vaughn Monroe teamed with the Sons of the Pioneers for a Western musical sandwich called *Cool Water*; now comes Dinah Shore with her Happy Valley Boys for a sagebrush serenade accompanied by Sonny Burke with boots, saddles and accordion. Bob Hope sings this one in the picture, longing for the good old East "where the cement grows." Maybe the Autry treatment is more authentic, but for novelty we'll take Dinah.

ROMANCE ON THE HIGH SEAS —It's You Or No One: *Doris Day (Columbia). I'm In Love: Doris Day and Buddy Clark (Columbia).

See also several previous listings for other songs. *I'm In Love* is the unhappiest "happy song" ever; Doris grapples with it adequately, as she did in the picture, with the aid here of the Bostonian.

THAT LADY IN ERMINE —This Is the Moment: *Tony Martin (Victor); *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia); Larry Clinton (Decca); George Paxton (M-G-M).

This Is The Moment was originally the title of the picture; it's still the name of the principal song involved. There's another very pleasant tune supposedly from the same film—*There's Something About Midnight*, sung by Margaret Whiting on Capitol—but I suspect it can be found on the cutting room floor.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS —Every Day I Love You and There's Music In The Land: Harry James (Columbia). (See last month's list.)

HOT JAZZ

COUNT BASIE —Seventh Avenue Express (Victor).

ARNETT COBB —Cobb's Boogie (Apollo).

DIZZY GILLESPIE —*... teca (Victor).

Bebop with a ... an beat—exciting.

BENNY GOODMAN SL —Cherokee (Capitol).

SY OLIVER —*Scotty (G-M).

An unusual instrumental—sounds like a mixture of Duke Ellington and Tommy Dorsey.

ALBUMS

BENNY GOODMAN-PEGGY LEE —*Eight tunes (Columbia).

Recorded around 1941-2 when Peggy was Benny's vocalist. For some odd reason most of Peggy's best vocals from that period (*How Long Has This Been Going On*, *The Lamp of Memory*, etc.) aren't included. It's still nicely nostalgic.

KING COLE FOR KIDS —*Six sides (Capitol).

The most delightful children's album I've heard—a perfect gift for the young.

ROY ROGERS —Souvenir Album (Victor).

Title songs from *Don't Fence Me In*, *San Fernando Valley*, *A Gay Ranchero* and five other Republic sagebrush specials.

WHERE YOU CAN BUY MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

(Prices on merchandise may vary
throughout country)

Leopard cloth coat worn by Joan Caulfield (page 65)

Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner & Co.,
Gratiot Ave.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. &
Broadway, Subway Fashion Floor
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros., Market & 8th
Sts., Subway Store
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Lo-
cust, Olive & 6th Sts., Downstairs

Hood coat with fur (page 66)

New York, N. Y.—Gimbels, 33rd St. &
Ave. of the Americas, Downstairs
Philadelphia, Pa.—Gimbels, Market &
9th Sts., Subway Store

Hood coat with plaid (page 67)

Boston, Mass.—Gilchrist Co., 417 Wash-
ington St., Teen Dept., 4th Fl.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam, Meldrum & An-
derson Co., 398 Main St., Hi-Teen
Dept., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Franklin Simon, 5th
Ave., Teen Age Dept., 6th Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros., Market &
8th Sts., Teen Shop, 3rd Fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Lo-
cust, Olive & 6th Sts., Downstairs
Washington, D. C.—Lansburgh's, 420 NW
7th St., Teen Shop, 4th Fl.

Striped jacket with back interest skirt (page 68 and 69)

Detroit, Mich.—Crowley, Milner & Co.,
Gratiot Ave., 3rd Fl., Main Bldg.
Milwaukee, Wis.—Gimbels, 101 W. Wis-
consin Ave., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Stern's, 41 W. 42nd
St., Junior Shop, 3rd Fl.

Checked blouse with apron back skirt (page 69)

Boston, Mass.—Filene's, Washington St.,
2nd Fl.
Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co.,
7th & Race Sts., 4th Fl.
Columbus, Ohio—F. & R. Lazarus & Co.,
High & Town Sts., 2nd Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. &
Broadway, Debuteen Shop, 2nd Fl.

"Look Backward, Angel" dress (page 70)

Boston, Mass.—Jordan Marsh Co., Wash-
ington & Avon Sts., Junior Bazaar
Dept., 3rd Fl.
Lynn, Mass.—Winter's, 121 Market St.,
Dress Salon, 1st Fl.
Memphis, Tenn.—B. Lowenstein Co.,
Main & Monroe Sts., 4th Fl.
New York, N. Y.—Saks-34th, 34th St. &
Broadway, Younger Set Shop, 2nd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Lit Bros., Market
& 8th Sts., Junior Miss Shop, 3rd Fl.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann's, 5th Ave. &
Smithfield St., Princess Shop, 4th Fl.
St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Lo-
cust, Olive & 6th Sts., Little New
Yorker Shop, 4th Fl.

Half size dress-up dress (page 72)

Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.,
State, Madison & Monroe Sts., 2nd Fl.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Wanamaker's, Market
& 13th Sts., 3rd Fl.

Satin bags (pages 70 and 72)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abraham & Straus,
420 Fulton St., 1st Fl.

HOW TO ORDER MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

1. Buy in person from stores listed.
2. Order by mail from stores listed.
3. Write Connie Bartel, MODERN
SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station,
New York 16, N. Y., for store in your
vicinity.



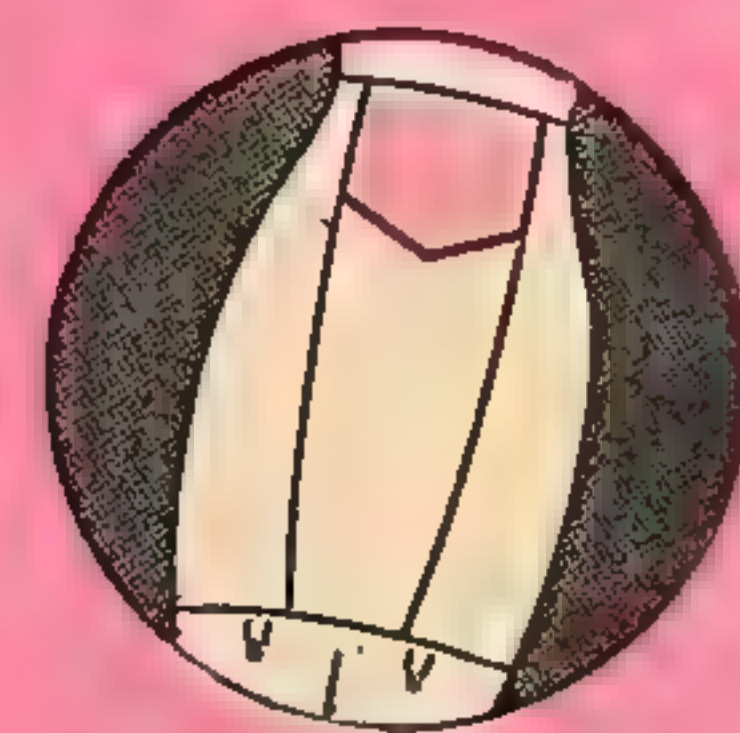
*For a Vibrant
Lovelier You*

NO BONES ABOUT IT

Stays up without stays

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
GIRDLES

NO BONES ABOUT IT
STAYS UP WITHOUT STAYS



Here's the girdle that guarantees you that smart New Look. Styled of lovely lightweight elastic and fabric, your miracle "Perma-lift" girdle is made entirely without bones, yet it won't wrinkle, won't roll over, won't bind — yes, it stays up without stays. Preferred by smart women everywhere, you too can instantly feel and enjoy the undreamed of comfort not found in ordinary garments. See the new styles at your own corsetiere. Buy a "Perma-lift" girdle today—\$5 to 12.50. Try a companion "Perma-lift" bra—America's favorite bra with "The Lift that never let's you down".

* "Perma-lift" and "Hickory" are trademarks of A. Stein & Company (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

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Circle Size: 12 14 16 18 20 40 42 44 46

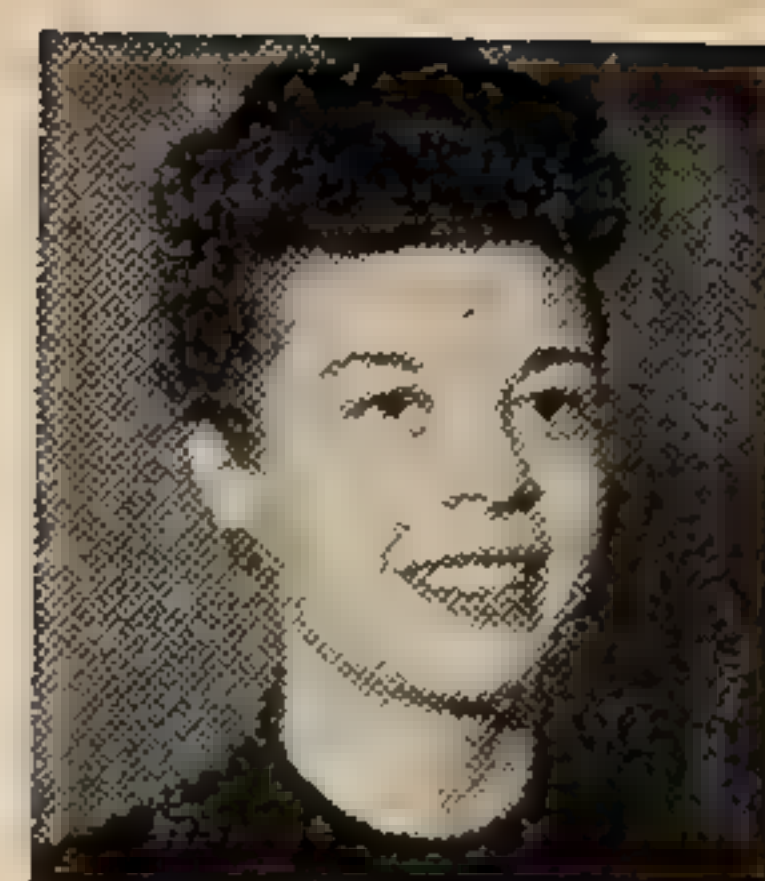
Name

Address

City & State

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH
director

GLORIA LAMPERT
associate

News: Gene Autry Friendship Club celebrates its tenth anniversary with a national convention in New York City October 8, 9 and 10th. . . Dick Haymes Club revolutionizes fancubdom by announcing a membership quota. No new members will be accepted after the current membership drive closes. . . Fans of radio stars Cathy and Elliot Lewis might be interested to know that they're "active honoraries" in Virginia Haywood's Official Radio Stars Club. . . the first ten fans to contact Maryon Jensen, P. O. Box 52, Waukesha, Wis., after reading this, will receive a free year's membership in her Gloria Jean Club. . . Frankly Impressed Club (Sinatra; Pacilio) noted its third anniversary by sending three CARE packages to Europe. . . Sinatra clubs of New York raised \$100 for United Nations Appeal.

To boost chapters in certain localities, Ron Randall Club (prexy, Ron DeArmond, Box 843, Chilliwick, B. C.) is offering: 10 free memberships to first 10 applicants from Los Angeles (or vicinity) and 5 half-priced memberships to first five in each of the following: Kansas (near Wichita), British Columbia (near Vancouver). . . Joan Cavaretta has taken over the highly successful Mel Tormé Club. Lee Garber, former prexy, remains as journal editor. . . Martha Vickers Club wants at least one member from each state and is offering free and reduced-rate memberships to residents of many states, as well as free memberships outside U. S. Address: Susan Sturies, prexy, Spirit Lake, Iowa. . . Garry Stevens Club has an unusual charity: the Navajo Relief Fund. The plight of the American Indian, says prexy Shirley Warren, is often neglected, but very urgent. . . First prize in the Larry Parks Club membership drive is an autographed copy of Jolson Story script. Incidentally, new prexy is Marlene Martin, 177 Hagan Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Trouble Clinic: Jerry Kee, Alan Ladd prexy, has a "beef" about phony exchanges: "What do you think of this situation, when you've agreed to 'exchange memberships' with another club: You've sent the other club two, three, and even four journals, and you've received none in return. You've agreed to exchange for a whole year, yet do you think it's fair to send your journals and not receive the same number in return? Since I like to join a lot of clubs, I usually say okay to a request for exchange. There are some clubs I don't want to join, but to avoid appearing prejudiced, I accept them all." Okay, prexies, we're sure many of you have the same problem. What do you think is the proper solution?

As of this date, the following clubs are no longer associated with the MSFCA, due to failure to meet with the rudimentary standards of an active club: Elizabeth Taylor C. (Barbara McAvoy, prexy). Johnny Coy C. (Lanzillo; disbanded). Sam Edwards (Nagai). Glenn Vernon C. (Komenda). Danny Kaye C. (Lehman).

8 SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Prizes: Remember, when you help your club to a batch of points in our Trophy Contest, you may also capture a personal prize for yourself. Frinstance, we've gotten nothing but rave letters from

the winners of our wonderful new HELENA RUBINSTEIN FOURCAST lipstick sets—4 RUBINSTEIN shades, individually packaged, to suit your own particular coloring! Also, TANGEE TRIP KITS just jam-packed with powder-base, astringent, rouge, and other good grooming essentials, all neatly packaged in a compact traveling kit. For you hard working editors, we have EBERHARD FABER HARMATONE DE LUXE pen and pencil sets in a variety of colors. They write under practically anything, and are absolutely guaranteed. And, of course, subscriptions to MODERN SCREEN, SCREEN ALBUM, and SCREEN STORIES to the lucky runners-up.

"This Is My Best" Contest Winners: (100 points) Louise Neuman, "Polyna Stoska," Whittemore and Lowe journal. Betty Fitzgerald, "Domestic vs. Foreign Films," Charles Korvin journal. Skippy Alvarez, "Sinatra and Tolerance," Sinatra (Notts) journal. Ruby Nemser, "Why I Want to Become a Doctor," Jane Wyman journal. Bonnie Baker, "South of the Border," Gene Autry journal. Jeanne Morgan, "Let's Meet Dave Willock," Janis Paige journal. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1. Jane's (Wyman) Journal. League 2. Metro-Lark (Rise Stevens). League 3. Ron Randall journal (Anna Hreha). **Best Editing:** (250 points) League 1. Dot Crouse, Gene Autry C. Leag. 2. Ruth Ness, Bing Crosby journal. League 3. Shirley Notts, Frank's Fanfare. **Best Covers:** (250 points) none qualified in Leagues 1 and 2. League 3 (tied) Dave Willock journal, Sinatra (McMullen) journal, Janis Paige journal. **Best Artist:** (150 points) Virginia Golz, Philip Reed journal. **Membership increases:** (100 points) League 1, Bill Boyd Club. League 2, Perry Como (Staley) Club. League 3, Dick Contino (Rosenthal) club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, Gene Autry Club (sent 2 CARE packages to needy European families). League 2, Alan Ladd (Pearl) Club (sent many friendship boxes to school-age European children). League 3, Ted Steele Club (collected \$15 for Damon Runyon Cancer Fund), and Harry Babbitt Club (sent a CARE package to a needy infant). **Best Correspondents:** (50 points) League 1, None qualified. League 2, Peggy Pearl, Alan Ladd Club. League 3, Helen Parker, Dan Duryea (Grant) Club. **Candid Camera Contest:** (100 points to first prize-winner, 50 points to others) Margie Hummel, Ginger Rogers Club. Mary Grootenboer, Nina Foch Club. Dorothea Abramovich, Bingites. Martha Kay, Shirley Temple Club. June Bancroft, Nelson Eddy Music Club. Beth Wolf, Rise Stevens Club. **Leading Clubs:** League 1, Nelson Eddy Music Club, 950 points. Gene Autry, 850 points. Jane Wyman, 700 points. League 2, Rise Stevens, 950 points, Ronald Reagan, 700 points, Musical Notes, 700 points. League 3, Dan Duryea (Grant) 750 points. Joseph Cotten, 700 points.



Dan Duryea plays a summer's day host to Pat Maben, his West Coast club president.

new faces

RHONDA FLEMING made her screen debut in *Spellbound* as the psychotic patient who threw a book at Ingrid Bergman. Los Angeles born, on Aug. 10, 1923, she wanted to be an actress even as a child, and studied ballet, toe and tap dancing and anything else she thought would help. Just to be on the safe side however, Rhonda took a few courses in business administration. She's 5' 8" and has red hair and green eyes. Likes to read and listen to music for relaxation. She's been in the *Spiral Staircase* and is Bing Crosby's leading lady in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.



RICHARD WEBB, a very honest fellow, once sold a quart of his blood for \$70 to pay off some debts. After a three-year hitch in the army, Dick arrived in Hollywood. He enrolled at the Bliss Hayden dramatic school and won his first role in *I Wanted Wings*. Dick was born in Bloomington, Illinois, September 9, 1915, weighs 180 lbs, and is 6' 2". He's divorced from Betsy Stearns and is currently being seen in *The Big Clock* and *Isn't It Romantic?*



JOAN CHANDLER, now appearing in *Rope*, graduated from Bennington College in 1942 where she specialized in drama and the dance. She came to New York at the tender age of 17, enrolled at the Neighborhood Playhouse and did various small parts until Warner Brothers signed her for *Humoresque*, after seeing her in the stage version of *The Late George Apley*. Born in Butler, Pa., on August 24, 1923, Joan has brown eyes and brown hair, weighs 115 lbs, and is married to David McKay of the theater.



DOUGLAS DICK, whom you recall as the Captain in *Saigon*, did some summer stock shows before getting into the Army. It wasn't until he was out of uniform and had several flops behind him that Hal Wallis realized Doug was just the man he wanted for the soldier-son role in *The Searching Wind*. Doug was born in West Virginia in 1920 and after *Saigon* he'll be seen in *Rope* with Farley Granger and Jimmy Stewart and in *The Accused* with Loretta Young. He's under personal contract to Hal Wallis.



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SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE

(Continued from page 30)

but she refuses. The program has been arranged as part of the graduation exercises for members of the post's bandsmen school and Lana knows she's there to be a decorative part of it; her job is to help make a pretty picture. Hiding under a wrap or throwing an Army coat over herself would detract from that picture and the ceremony.

She stays on that platform a full hour, until the last graduate has received his certificate and the proceedings have been completed.

. . . Or Lana, soaked to the skin, cheerfully performing in a driving rain in front of another audience.

. . . Or Lana dragging herself down to the lobby of an old German inn at dawn, peaked and dead tired after a bout with fever, but insisting on an early start so we won't be late for our next date.

. . . Or Lana in the lurching car, refusing to call off a wildly bumpy detour jaunt deep into Bavaria, despite the danger that it might bring on again the pain of her recently injured back, saying with a smile, "A million other Americans made this same trip, and they didn't just have the bumps to contend with."

the turner-topping blitz . . .

Yes, that and more is what I remember about Lana in Germany. And about Lana in London . . . London, where the journalists of Fleet Street figuratively formed a lane and made her run through it as they whacked at her mercilessly.

Writers have commented that she was ill-advised in her handling of the press while in London. Maybe she was. But she was just human. How would any bride, arriving in a strange country for a visit, feel about a press that is calling her husband "an invader"? That's how Bob was being labeled by the papers because he was attempting to launch his midget auto racing venture in London. They accused him of trying to get money out of the country, conveniently forgetting that he would have to turn back 48 percent of his profits (if any) in taxes, and that expenses, other than those deductible, were more than likely to eat up whatever else was left.

This is the situation that confronted Lana on the day she landed in England and before anyone had interviewed her. I know. I was there to greet her. I saw her reaction when she got to London and read the papers as she was being driven to the Savoy Hotel. It didn't take a wise man to figure what was going on in her mind. She could be smart and think of her own career. She could say, "Well, that's Bob's hard luck, getting the newspapers down on him. I've got my professional life to worry about. I'll be sweet to the press."

Believe me, had she done that, there would have been no sarcastic hooks dug into her or polite newsprint tittering at her oft-quoted remark that she loved the English countryside because the grass was so green. (They seized on this comment as an indication of shallowness. But it was a perfectly natural remark to toss off—especially for someone coming from Southern California where the landscape, except where artificially watered or irrigated, is always a drab, burned brown in color. Every Southern Californian arriving in a lush clime is always taken by the beautiful, fresh green of the land all around!)

But Lana wasn't smart. She was dumb

enough (if you want to look at it that way) or loyal enough (put yourself in her position and take your choice) *not to think of herself or her own career*. She thought of Bob. Yes, she was human enough to resent the unfair things being said about him. She didn't just resent it; she was darn sore about it! That's Lana. It is also you, or me, if someone close to us is being attacked unfairly.

The English newspapermen complained that they had to wait an hour to interview Lana. They should know that holding that mass meeting was not her idea. It was arranged before she could stop it. She was a girl on her honeymoon and she didn't feel at all like being interviewed by a mob of reporters.

But the truth is, of course, that while Lana had the Indian sign on her as far as the papers were concerned, and had no chance with them, they did not by any means reflect the sentiments of the man in the street. Wherever Lana went in England, large and friendly crowds were on hand to greet her and attest to her great popularity over there.

We went to Paris to prepare for our GI camp tour—and Paris and Lana proved an ideal combination. Bob, too, felt at home there. And when Bob wasn't with Lana he was either at the florists ordering fresh roses for her or at Cartier's selecting fresh jewelry! If he was going a little overboard it was easy to understand in the light of the way she had come through for him in London.

But it wasn't all play in Paris. Lana worked hard with me to get our little act smoothly routined. She had long decided that she wanted to do something for the boys, not just be looked at. Lana was the first feminine star the boys in Germany had seen for a year.

rainy season . . .

In Germany we hit rain; not one or two days of it, or three or four; but rain every day. Traveling was hectic and performances difficult, but we maintained our schedule steadily except where the unforeseen intervened—as it did in the case of the ball game at Erding that we never reached. How this foul-up was reported back home is one thing; what actually happened is another.

We were picked up at Garmisch for the 58-mile trip to Erding by an Army captain detailed to escort our party. It was raining. We started off anyway but, after a while, the captain announced that it was foolish to go on—the game would undoubtedly be called off. Instead, he would take us to visit a rest camp along the way known as the Starnberg Yacht Club. We could talk to the soldiers there. We did. Then the captain took us to another rest camp situated in what was known as the oldest house in Bavaria—just before you reach Erding.

Not until darkness fell did we get to Erding. And not until after the captain had taken us direct to our quarters did we find out that not only had the ball game gone on, but one of the biggest audiences ever assembled—including the colonel in charge of the area—had waited long and patiently for us! It was the captain who found out about all this and brought the news sheepishly.

"All my fault, of course," he said. "I should have known that rain or no rain, they wouldn't have called off the ball game when Lana Turner was due to appear."

I know the soldiers must have thought we had broken the date. I am certain the colonel blamed us, because throughout the period we were in his district he never once showed up to see us. Lana knew what was happening but she issued no explanations—since explanations would doubtless have thrown the captain into disfavor. She felt he meant well and that was good enough for her. So Lana took the rap.

Of some 15 camps we were slated to visit in Germany we played all but three—and those three, at the end of our schedule, we missed only on strict orders from an Army doctor that Lana must not go on. This happened after the freezing Heidelberg date which resulted in Lana's coming down with laryngitis. She should have stayed in bed that night but insisted on going on. We started, she got very ill, and we had to come back to the inn. The laryngitis developed into a week's siege of virus influenza.

An Army doctor was assigned to us immediately. He visited Lana daily, giving her penicillin shots. Bob refused to put on a nurse and took the job himself, attending Lana night and day. His only relaxation came when a delegation of GI's arrived at the inn and, instead of asking to see Lana, called for him. They had a spokesman from the Bronx and he very earnestly asked Bob if Bob had anything to do with the ownership of the New York Yankees.

pinch-hitting for brother dan . . .

Well, Bob admitted, his brother Dan had an interest in the team. The Bronxite promptly demanded to know why certain changes weren't being made in the team's line-up. Bob, who had been out of touch with the Yankees for months, confessed as much, and asked the committee what changes *they* thought would do good. For a half hour they went into the matter, analyzing every player on the team. When it was over Bob frankly declared he had learned more about baseball in that half hour than he'd been able to pick up all his life before.

Lana beat her sickness but was so weakened that the Army doctor refused to sanction a continuation of the trip. Army schedule or not, he insisted, Lana must take an extended rest or he would refuse to accept any responsibility for the case. Not until then did Bob insist that we all head for the south of France and a change from the cold and rain that had run Lana down.

It was now almost six weeks since Lana had started out from Hollywood on her "honeymoon." During that time she had been attacked by the press for acting like a true wife and partner of her husband, had spent soggy weeks traveling from one camp show to another, and had cheerfully worked herself into a serious illness.

How did she feel now about the jaunt? When I went to tell her goodbye (I was returning to Hollywood—to my wife, Peggy Ryan, and our new son) I said cautiously, "It's too bad the trip turned out to be such a rugged one."

She laughed. "Why, it was a lovely trip," she said. "I enjoyed all of it."

"But—but, England and all the things that happened there?"

"Oh," she replied with a wave of her hand, "that was nothing. Too many wonderful things happened in England to let something like that make any difference. It's a great country, they're swell people, and . . ."

"And what?" I prompted.

She laughed again. "And they have the greenest grass in the world!" THE END

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Woodbury Cold Cream

THE FEAR I'VE HIDDEN

(Continued from page 43)

that load of he-man charm; or to Gene Kelly, who can make music with his feet; or to Humphrey Bogart—speaking of movie toughies—who had years on the stage behind him and knew what he was doing every second. I was just Alan Ladd, a kid raised around Hollywood, always busy and always broke, scrapping and struggling for something better, but not prepared for a stiff jolt of fortune and fame, the way I swallowed it, without a chaser.

What am I doing up there?

I've just finished making F. Scott Fitzgerald's fine novel, *The Great Gatsby*, at Paramount. Am I happy about it? No, I'm miserable. As usual, I'm scared stiff, only this time a little more so. "Now you've gone and done it, Ladd," I keep telling myself. "You've stepped out over your depth. You're trying to make a character live on celluloid who's more complex than you ever were."

Checking back on myself, it's been that way with everything I've done.

I can remember to this day the agony I went through fastening onto that first acting chance I had in *This Gun For Hire*. I thought I was awful all the way through, thought every scene I played was wrong. The first rushes I saw of myself made me actively sick. I lived for months with a nest of butterflies in my belly. I'd sit up half the night in the kitchen over a coffee pot reading my next-day lines until my eyes went polka-dot on me. Sue and I were married half-way through that, and she must have thought she'd taken on a crazy man. She worried too—because she couldn't make me eat. Finally, I stewed myself into a swell case of pneumonia. I wound up a nervous wreck—and abysmally certain I'd ruined my golden opportunity.

I can't remember a word of any of the good reviews the papers printed about *This Gun For Hire*—but I sure remember the bad ones. One I can still recite by heart. It began, "Alan Ladd should go back to wherever he came from..."

Where I'd come from was the other side of the tracks in the Hollywood caste sys-

tem, and I've never been exactly convinced that I've crossed over. I'd been around studios almost all my life, climbing their high walls for the fun of it when I was a kid out in the San Fernando Valley. I'd been an acting "cadet," a bit player—and I do mean "bit"—a roustabout, a carpenter, a grip on a camera crew.

Sometimes, even today, I forget myself and hustle props when the foreman barks. The other day on *Gatsby* he yelled, "Okay, you guys, let's shift this table!" Without thinking, I grabbed one end and heaved it up. A friend of mine in the crew cracked, "Hey, Ladd—where's your union card?" I've got my union card at home, all right, but maybe it's expired—although the suspicion that I belong back with the work gang certainly hasn't.

It was tough for me to get adjusted to a star's status. A basic sense of fear—fear that I wasn't acting like a movie star—led me into some mighty foolish behavior.

Such as buying all those tailor-made suits and expensive ties I felt I had to have along with my first few movie bucks in the bank. I thought I had to show I was really in the chips at last. So I had far too many suits made—and today they just hang in my closet at the ranch, never seeing daylight unless I wear them in a picture or have to dress up to go into town. I'm in shorts or Levis the rest of the time.

And those ties!

I had a well-heeled acquaintance who started me off on that madness. He loved to show off his costly cravats. He'd blossom out with a new neckpiece every day, it seemed. "Look at this material, kid," he'd say. "Real quality! You ought to get yourself some good ties." And I'd feel I had an old dishrag around my neck.

So I tumbled—and the way I began buying ten-dollar ties you'd have thought I was planning to upholster a sofa with them. Then he came at me sporting ones that cost \$15. Hand-painted Sulkas and things. And he tried to make me feel my own ten-dollar jobs were mere ribbons off a Christmas package.

All of a sudden I came to—and saw how absurd my fancy-priced tie collection was!

little red tie . . .

One night I went to a party where I knew he'd be. I wore a bright red tie. I'd bought it for one buck. But this guy couldn't keep his eyes off it. He came over to me, almost drooling. "Where did you get that?" he asked admiringly.

"This?" I said. "Oh, I picked it up in New York last time I was there." I named a super-swank store and let him have the kicker. "Twenty dollars." I pretended to be disgusted with myself. "Can you see twenty bucks in this tie?"

"I sure can!" he exclaimed, fingering the fabric. "That's real quality!"

I gave him a smile I'm sure he didn't understand and walked away.

And I very nearly made a fool of myself by returning to my old hometown haunts, after I'd made a name for myself, to strut my success before the home folks. I'd had a fairly rough time in my early years. I made some mistakes, some big ones, and in certain North Hollywood quarters it had been freely predicted, I'm sure, that Alan Ladd would come to no good end.

So I decided to show 'em. I put on one of my new suits and custom accessories and drove over to my home town's main street. I planned to stroll down it casually. I knew I'd meet plenty of people I'd grown up with.

It seemed like a wonderful idea for the first few steps down the sidewalk. Then my feet faltered. I saw a fellow I knew—one I'd have liked to have impressed, too—coming my way. Suddenly I crossed the street and ducked inside a gas station.

That was the end of my private *Arch of Triumph*. I climbed into my car and went back home. I realized how silly I'd been in looking forward to a kid adventure that was, after all, designed to sooth a feeling of inadequacy I should have outgrown.

That feeling of inadequacy nursed along a yearning for revenge on a certain director that lasted until the opportunity to "get even" finally arrived. Then, thank God, I saw what the score was before I made myself ridiculous.

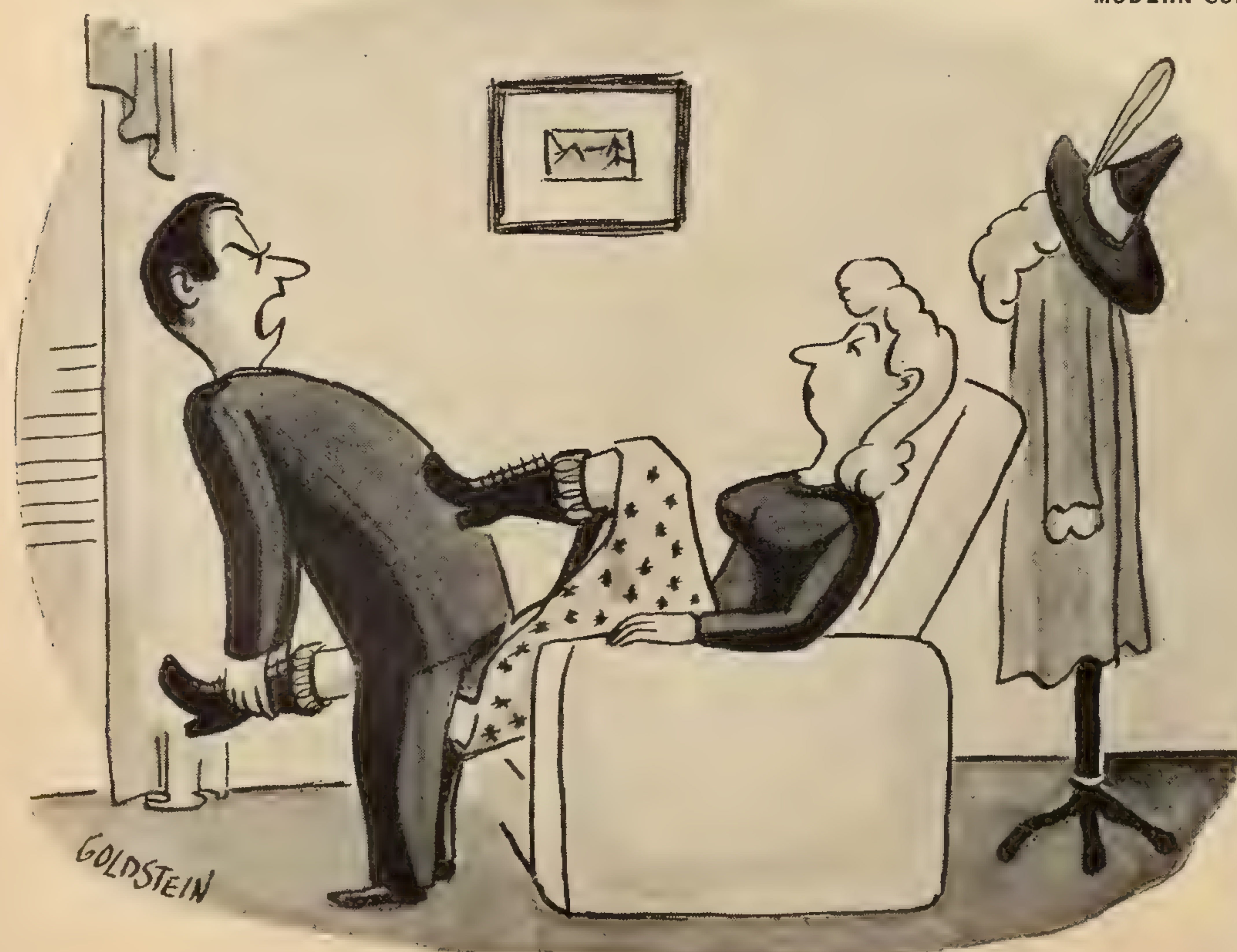
During my struggling early days in Hollywood, this director seemed to go out of his way to make things tough for me. A casting director friend of mine at his studio had faith in me but time and again, when my friend chose me for a part, I'd come up against my enemy and get tossed out on my ear. And in those days, this was a very painful, life-and-death matter.

One time when I was sent over and he said "No!" my casting pal persuaded him to give me a test after all. "All right," he grumbled, "be here Monday." But my stepfather had just died. This was Saturday and the funeral was Monday. I explained and asked if the test couldn't be postponed until Tuesday. "I said Monday," he snapped. That kind of guy.

I was there Monday—at 7:30. He kept me waiting all day. At last he got around to making the test. And when he did he was so short-tempered and mean about it that, busted and desperate though I was, I walked out on it.

And he used to tell my agent, when my agent flipped open his clients' book and my picture showed, "I'd advise you to get rid of this guy Ladd. He's no good."

"If I ever get in a position to tell that heel off," I swore to myself, "it'll be the



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SHADE SIZE

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greatest day of my life."

Well, the great day came. It was years later, after several pictures had made me well known. Sue and I were in a restaurant when he came in with his family. When I saw him I almost choked with anger.

Then he was walking over to our table, all smiles. "Al," he said with great cordiality, "it's wonderful to see you again!"

"Yeah?" I ground out, sounding like one of my picture roles. I rose with my fists doubled.

But he was saying, "My little girl thinks you're terrific. She's dying to meet you. May I bring her over?"

Did I let him have it? I did not. I heard myself saying, "Of course. Bring her over." For all at once I'd realized—though I didn't figure this out clearly until later—that my wanting to slug him was not really because of the way he'd treated me in the old days. It was really because of my early inferiority complex—I simply wanted to assert my "superiority" over him and had been about to do so in the most childish way possible.

I was pretty startled, not long after I made the grade, to have another director ask me seriously, "Al, why do you pal around with the production crew so much? They can't do anything for you."

I was too amazed to answer back for a minute, but when I did I said what I thought. "I don't want them to do anything for me. I just like them." I've moved what Heaven and earth I could to keep the same crew on my pictures, because they're my friends. I've had the same bunch for nine straight. I don't expect them to do anything for me, outside of their jobs.

I've found that all the frantic bugaboos I'd heard and believed about Hollywood are just that—bugaboos. You don't have to cultivate the "right" people. You don't have to play politics and shoot angles. You don't have to live high, wide and handsome.

But what you do have to do is a good and honest job.

live and learn . . .

Of course, I've learned plenty in my six years about the job I do. I've learned to loosen up, for instance, when I work—I'm no longer trying to spill out my lines as fast as a machine gun. I'm more relaxed and deliberate in my movements and reactions. I've learned that making a movie is (if I may be so corny) a team job, and I'm just something like a halfback on the squad. I've learned that practically any actor—meaning me—is the world's worst self-critic.

I know by now the public is always right, too, and that if they like me as a toughie, that's for me. I want to do better things, of course, but I'm not fretting to play *Hamlet*. I know that fans are not the howling wolves some stars paint them, ready to rip a screen personality to pieces—they're friends, usually a star's sincerest admirers. Among the warmest thrills Sue and I have had out of our Hollywood life are the contacts, in person and through the mail, with people who follow me on the screen. There hasn't been an event in our lives—our children, our new home, our special sentimental occasions—when the heartening response of those world-wide friends hasn't touched us down deep. We've had them in our home and we've been taken under their wings in their home towns.

The other day a horn honked at the gate of my Hidden Valley ranch, and I moseyed down to see who it was. A grinning, sunburned guy leaned on the wheel of his dusty car, his wife and kids peering out behind him. He was a tourist and his face was frank, bold and good-humored. America stuck out all over him. I didn't

know him from Adam but he seemed to know me.

"You're Alan Ladd, aren't you?"

I allowed as how that was right.

inspection tour . . .

He piled out of the car along with the whole family. He tipped back his hat and stuck out his hand. "Glad to meet you!" he said. "We thought we'd stop and see what kind of a place you've got here. Hate to intrude on your privacy, but we don't figure you rate much privacy. We pay money to see your pictures, and—well, we'd like to look around."

That's the frankest I'd ever had my Hollywood status put to me, and for a second my jaw dropped. "Why—" I began. Then I stopped short and a grin cracked my face. The guy had a point.

So I said, "I think maybe you're right. You pay the way, don't you? That's why I've got this place. Come on in." I meant it sincerely.

I didn't know for a long time how nice most everyone is ready to be to me. I thought I was on the defensive, a target, because I'd struck it in Hollywood—and I was a wise, tough guy on the screen. I was sure, for instance, that when I entered the service the GI's would be just waiting to take me apart. I was never treated more warmly or understandingly in my life. I was accepted as just a Joe, like them. I never had an unpleasant moment. I never met a friendlier bunch of guys.

In fact, it was those GI's—ones in beds—who cured me of a self-consciousness before people that has made my row plenty easier ever since. Sue and I both wanted to do whatever we could to entertain the GI's before and after I was in uniform. And we wanted to try the toughest circuit of all, the hospitals. But I faced one of my complexes. I said, "I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't tell funny stories. I'm a flop as an entertainer. They'll be bored and I'll die. Look—if I can just sit down by every bed and just talk with them—"

"You're crazy," scoffed the entertainment officer. "Don't you know how many soldiers there are in an Army hospital?"

"I don't care how much time it takes," I said. "Let me try." So Sue and I went from bed to bed and we never missed a one, whether the place had 200 or 2000 patients. I was nervous and embarrassed to death at the start, but they were all so nice to me that before my tour was over I felt perfectly at ease—and those boys did it. They didn't hand me the movie-star treatment; we just chewed the fat like the human beings we were.

One of the greatest thrills I've ever had came my way last September in Madison Square Garden, where I was invited to line up with a flock of much greater celebrities than myself and take a bow at a mammoth gathering. As usual, I had my moment of panic about what to do, what to say, how I'd be received. (Guess I'll never be completely cured of that.) It was my birthday, September 3rd, and as far as I knew I was the only one there who knew it.

When I stepped forward on the stand, to my surprise, a roar smacked my blushing ears. It was that whole crowd, thousands, filling the Garden to the rafters, singing "Happy Birthday" to me!

Things like that keep a guy—or at least this guy—constantly on the debtor's end to the public that has made him.

Maybe that's why I've packed an inferiority complex ever since the lightning struck me. Maybe I still feel a little guilty at the gifts I've received by the grace of the movie-going public.

Maybe trying to live up to them is what's made me the greatest worry-wart since *Hamlet*. THE END

SHE FOOLED US ALL

(Continued from page 44)

over a book. And like all real dreamers she had the power of unusual imagination—the kind that can step in and replace actual life. Even as a tot, if she happened to play at eating just before supper, it was impossible for her to take a bite when the actual meal was served!

"Whatever is the matter with you, Jeanne?" Mother would ask, looking at her untouched plate. "Aren't you going to eat anything?"

"I *have* eaten," Jeanne would reply grandly. And then she would proceed to recite a list of the dishes on her make-believe dinner.

Father would argue with her as persuasively as he could. He would point out that she hadn't really eaten; no substances that could be felt or weighed, or could be bought at the market, had passed her lips.

"So," he would finish triumphantly, "how can you say you have eaten?"

Jeanne would look straight in his eyes. "If you think a thing . . . it is," she would reply. And that was that.

I was the practical one. It was to me, even though I was younger than Jeanne, that Mother gave the pennies to hold when we went out to buy candy as children. It was I who knew my way around the house, domestically. Jeanne wasn't interested.

on her way . . .

But Jeanne was on her way somewhere. I didn't know it, but I got hints of it every now and then in our life together.

We took up music, for instance, yet Jeanne told me she was quite sure she wasn't going to become a musician. She took up drawing, with no idea of being an artist. She took dancing and languages—French and Spanish—with no thought of making direct use of them in her life. This was certainly a most hazy program for anyone. I used to question her about it.

"If you don't know what you are going to be, isn't all this stuff a waste?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!"

"But look!" I argued. "What could you possibly do that would require a mixture of music, dancing, drawing, languages and all those other things mixed up in it?"

She wouldn't know. She would just say she *felt* there was something. And I would hoot at this "something." But one day she had an answer. I asked the same question and she came back with—"Acting!"

I knew right away that she was right. But I wasn't going to surrender so quickly. So I inquired loftily, "Then why don't you practice acting if you want to be an actress, rather than all that other stuff?"

"I do," Jeanne replied.

"How?" I asked. "If you're not at the piano, or dancing, then you're reading."

"That's how," she said. "Reading."

I began to understand her meaning. She was *living* the story and acting it out in her mind—being a gypsy, a queen, or a ragamuffin girl meeting a prince. And I can remember feeling a great wonder at all the glorious experiences Jeanne had been having in those books when I had wanted her to come outdoors for a trip around the block with our dog, Terry, pulling us, or to take part in a game of hide-and-seek or cops-and-robbers with neighborhood kids.

So there you have one contradiction to Jeanne's character—she's the practical kind of dreamer. And there are others. Girls who huddle over books a lot are sometimes shy and retiring. Well, Jeanne was shy—but absolutely in her own unique way. She wasn't so shy, for instance, that she couldn't overcome her timidity long enough to be elected president of the

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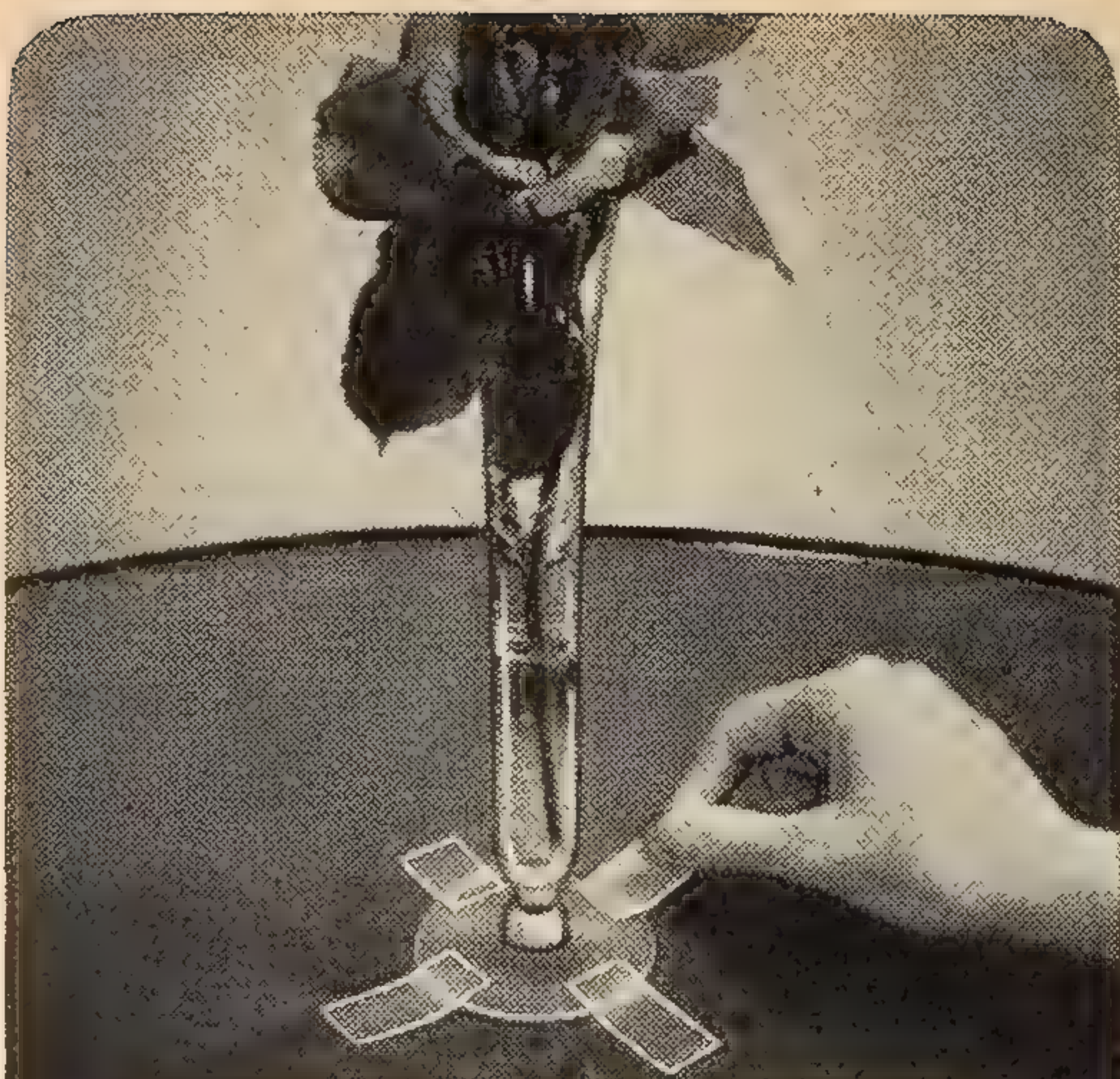


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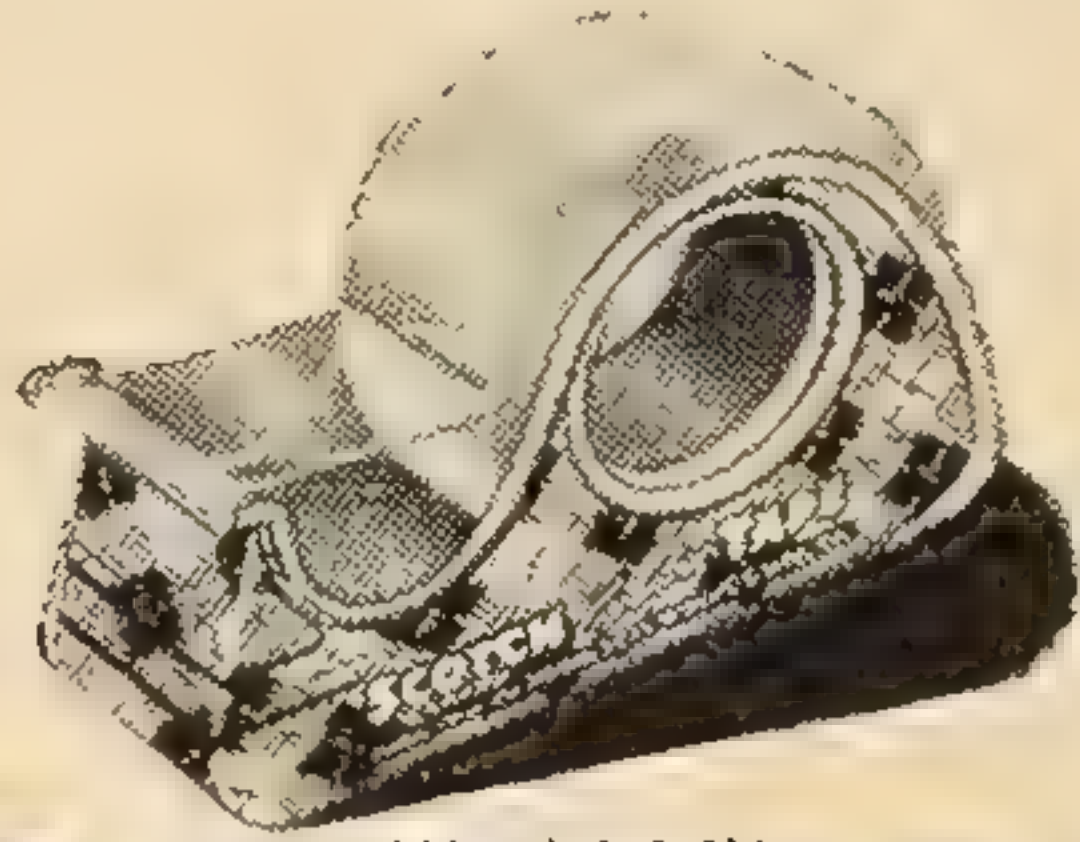
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student body at our school, St. Mary's Academy. Yet, once she was president, the shyness took hold again and she found it painfully embarrassing to get up and run meetings and make talks.

But when she got the lead in the school play, all shyness dropped from her at once!

Playing another character was different; it was like imagining yourself the heroine of the book you were reading, she said, and that was something she had been doing for years—an answer that may make sense to you and you, but sends me thumbing through my psychology books.

Perhaps, if I had known a tiny bit of psychology when I was six, I might have guessed that Jeanne wanted to be an actress even before she was aware of the desire herself. At six I broke both my arms after a fall while roller-skating. Naturally, with both arms in casts, I was one of the most handicapped little girls in the world; people had to do things for me constantly. Once in a while, out of sheer boredom, I would try to get things for myself, picking them up in my teeth, and even trying to use my toes as hands. Time and again Jeanne would do the same. I thought she was just mimicking me but she explained, "I want to know how you feel when you can't use your hands." She was unconsciously learning to "live the part you play."

curtains! . . .

Shortly after this (after my bones had knitted), Jeanne and I were climbing a fence one afternoon when the whole world started to go to pieces. The fence started to shake in the strangest way. Mother called us in and right after that the whole family ran over to our grandmother's next door. I heard everyone talk about "the earthquake" but couldn't understand why we all had to go to grandmother's. Jeanne told me—feeling, no doubt, that it was time for a good curtain line. She whispered dramatically into my ear, "It's so we can all die together!"

But we lived; we lived so that the following Easter I could catch scarlet fever and make Jeanne so envious of my spotted "makeup" that she wasn't satisfied until she caught it as well. Then we both lay in our beds waiting for the Easter Bunny to show up—so we could give it to him too!

One of the periods in Jeanne's life that is going to puzzle me when I really get down to analyzing her (if ever!) concerns her graduation from St. Mary's. Her mark was the highest in the history of the school and easily won her a scholarship at the high-school division of the Academy. Naturally we were all delighted, but Jeanne had found something about it that she didn't like.

She thought her excellent scholastic record was hurting her socially with the other girls. She thought they were looking on her as a kind of oddity. But she wasn't sure.

I volunteered to find out and I cautiously quizzed one of the girls in Jeanne's class—not disclosing that Jeanne wanted to know. The girl flared up immediately. "Of course not!" she said. "That's like saying we would like to have just dopes for friends."

But Jeanne was still doubtful and decided to experiment. She deliberately tried for lower grades. However, instead of making more friends, this seemed to make the ones she had delight in kidding her, telling her she wasn't as smart as she thought she was. Jeanne quit the experiment, deciding that people have to be what they are.

What I didn't understand—and still don't—is why she went to this trouble at all, since she never seemed to care about being a social butterfly. I was the gay one when we went to parties; Jeanne would sit quietly while I mingled and made friends.

I worked at it; she didn't. I was careful about my social obligations. Any boy who came to visit me at our home, or to take me out, found me dressed and ready, bright and entertaining. Any boy who called on Jeanne found . . . me again, again striving to be bright and entertaining, so he wouldn't get peeved because Jeanne was not ready yet!

Sometimes it seemed to me the boy was getting restless and I would run back to our room and warn Jeanne about her caller becoming annoyed at her tardiness. "Oh, he won't be mad at me," she would say. "You'll see."

I would warn her that she was wrong and hurry back to her fuming young man, who by this time might be stalking around the living room irritably. Then, finally, Jeanne would enter. I would look at the boy nervously and then at Jeanne, wondering how she would handle the situation. It was simple. She just walked in, his eyes would fall on her, and all the grouchiness would disappear to be replaced by one of those big, goofy smiles . . . something like the kind you see on the face of Pluto, the Walt Disney dog, when he melts into bashfulness.

Now, incidents like this should help me classify Jeanne as far as her romantic pattern is concerned. But no. There was that time when she saw a tall, Gregory Peck type of boy seated not far from her at a football game. Gone was her reserve! She practically smiled him out of his seat and into the one next to her . . . even though that one was already occupied and it took a near fight to get the fellow in it to move!

It should be clear by this time that fitting Jeanne into a personality niche is no easy task.

The other day when I was visiting Jeanne I decided that analyzing my sister was too complicated—I would give her 16-month-old baby, Paul Brinkman, Jr., an aptitude test instead. I had brought along some Binet test blocks; one was square, one round and the third diamond-shaped. We gave Baby Paul the round one and on the floor in front of him we placed a board containing holes cut to the three shapes. Then we gathered around to see which hole he would put the round block in.

He held the block for a while and seemed to be concentrating hard. We held our breath so as not to disturb the deep mental processes that were going on within him. Then he made a move. He lifted the block and put it into his mouth!

Jeanne looked at me anxiously. "What does that mean?" she asked.

"Don't know, exactly," I replied. "It's hard to analyze—but it's absolutely normal."

Which also sums up my sister Jeanne.

THE END

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DOUBLE OR NOTHING

(Continued from page 28)

"WHAT THE BLAZES ARE ALL YOU PEOPLE DOIN' DOWN THERE? PUT OUT THOSE FIRES!"

"Oh, no!" said Shirley.

"It's persecution!" said Jack. "How can a fire hurt anything here? Are we taxpayers or aren't we? Are we going to stand for this—this persecution? Are we going—"

"Yes, darling," said Shirley, "we're going!"

They reached Point Zuma, 18 miles away. This was it. No kidding, this was it. No restrictions, no cops, no interruptions.

"Incidentally, Shirl," said Jack as they were driving home, "what was it you were trying to say tonight when that guardian of the law kept interrupting you?"

"Oh," said Shirley, "it was just a simple little observation. I've made it to you a few times before. A few hundred times."

"What's that?"

"Well, I was just trying to say—'What a nice husband I have to have fun with.'"

"Come, come!" said Jack. "It's the other way about."

"You mean I should say, 'What fun I have to have a nice husband with?'"

"You know very well what I mean, Mrs. Agar."

* * *

With the Agars, it's double or nothing. Happy marriage is happy sharing—and Jack and Shirley are having a wonderful time sharing, in equal parts, a life together. Fun, responsibilities, the problem of making little adjustments—these to the Agars are very much double undertakings.

A mutual undertaking in the fun department (besides intimate weenie roasts) that they report they're looking forward to, is traveling abroad. They're just waiting till Linda Susan is old enough to go along and appreciate it. (She already gurgles happily when you show her the colors in the Atlas.)

parlez-vous français? . . .

As a long-range preparation, Jack has been brushing up on his Spanish while Shirley exercises her French. One useful way she exercised it for a while was by calling Jack names in French when a little riled at him. This was originally designed to allow her to satisfy her feelings harmlessly—it was merely sort of talking to herself, for Jack's knowledge of the Gallic tongue is vague, at best. Then he began reaching for the French-English dictionary when Shirley would softly refer to him as a *detrache* and things. "So, my love!" he'd say, after brisk turning of the pages. "I'm a fiend and an assassin and a clod, am I? Well, you know what you are? You're a . . ." And he'd mentally run over a few choice Spanish nouns. "You're—you're a *mal-hechores* and an *idiota*." "Where's that Spanish dictionary, kid?" Shirley would inquire. (Shirley's Spanish is on a par with Jack's French.) There was a time when they'd never think of going to the dinner table unarmed with glossaries.

All in fun, naturally. Just the light banterings of a normal young couple. But, like everyone else, they sometimes have a real tiff. And in the fashion of many young couples, Shirley wins half of the arguments while John wins the other half. Their techniques of protest differ but the sum result is the same: no one stays mad.

When Shirley gets downright peeved, she usually doesn't come right out with it, but employs two simple means of blowing off steam: slamming doors and listen-

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ing to classical music. "Going home to Mother" is out. The Temples live within a hundred yards of the Agars. As Shirley points out, "the short distance would kind of restrict the dramatic effect of the gesture."

When Jack gets mad—and this happens infrequently, since he holds it to be a waste of energy—he says he's mad. And he lets her know just why. Then he forgets it. You can hardly ever win, so hardly ever argue with a woman, is his motto.

One thing that annoys Shirley about Jack is the fact that when he reads or listens to music he's completely shut off from the rest of the world. Including his lovely young bride. He just can't help it. "The other day," she says, "I came into the living room and found him reading 'Of Time and the River,' by Thomas Wolfe. All wrapped up in it. I sat there a minute. He didn't give a flicker of a sign of knowing I was there. A woman doesn't like to be left out in the cold, even for Thomas Wolfe. I had to do something. 'Jack,' I said. No answer. 'How about a peppermint, Jack?' Nary a sound. 'An apple?' Not a peep. 'Jack!' I shouted, and threw a cushion at him.

"This brought him to the surface. 'You're behaving childishly, Red,' he said. That, of course, is about the worst thing you can say to the mother of a six-month-old baby. I assumed an elaborately pained expression.

"'You're still being childish,' he said. 'Of course he was right. I stopped looking pained. In fact, I had to laugh. Why do men always win?'"

Another little victory for Jack was in the only difference of opinion they've ever had over Linda Susan. When she was five months old, Jack stood her on her feet.

"Don't do that!" cried Shirley, rushing up.

"Why on earth not? Susie likes it." "You want your daughter to grow up to look like Gabby Hayes?"

"Is doing this going to give her a beard? A crazed notion. What'll you be telling me next?"

"No! But it'll make her bow-legged!" "Of course it won't."

"I'm the mother. I should know." Jack was unimpressed. Shirley called up the family doctor. "You'd better come right over and tell this husband of mine to stop ruining our baby! . . . What's he been doing? Why, he stood her up on her feet, that's what! . . . You—you mean it's good for her? A few minutes every day?"

Shirley turned red. Jack gave Linda Susan a superior smile. She gave it right back to her daddy.

how to be a lady . . .

"Almost always, though," says Shirley, "Jack lets me handle Linda Susan my way. And I'm going to teach her to dance, play the piano, to knit and sew—all the things a proper young lady should know. But Jack will have his share of parental instructing. When we have a boy—and I hope it won't be long before we do—he'll be Jack's responsibility. Jack can teach him football, baseball, boxing, and stuff."

Shirley denies that she's functioned as a teacher in another direction—that is, in helping Jack in his acting career. "I have made some technical suggestions from time to time," she admits. "Suggestions familiar to every experienced player and so important to a newcomer. But aside from that, I haven't really done anything. Jack has great talent and he's coming along fine. He doesn't need any help from me."

When they're in a film together, they occasionally rehearse their next-day's

lines before going to sleep. They do it casually, for Shirley long ago learned that you get best results before the camera when relaxed, and beating the brains out all night stewing about a part is no contribution toward that.

Sometimes their ideas of roles differ from the director's. As in *Fort Apache*, Shirley and Jack provide the love interest in *Baltimore Escapade*. But this time, it's a different kind of love. Purely platonic. No kisses. No caresses.

"Ridiculous," said Jack. "Disgusting," said Shirley. "Let's add a love scene. Even though it's only one big bear-hug."

"At least one big bear-hug." Sadly enough, Director Richard Wallace wouldn't see it their way. The beautiful scene was lost to Shirley, Jack, and posterity.

gotta get up . . .

There's one scene that Jack never seems to be able to do easily no matter how many times he's been over it before—the real-life scene of getting up early in the morning. The man who invented the alarm clock was wasting his time as far as Jack is concerned.

So it's up to Shirley—just as it is to millions of other wives. When Jack's working, even though Shirley has no scenes that morning, she has to rise early in order to rouse her unconscious mate—generally by a thorough shaking.

Not, Shirley will tell you, that Jack likes to sleep late. Matter of fact, he likes to get up early. But not too early. It's simply that it's a herculean task to wake him before he wakes himself through natural processes. Shirley, on the other hand, loves to stay in bed till noon when she—and Jack—aren't working.

On such days, breakfast for Shirley is a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee. Hours before, six-foot-three Jack will have stowed away a somewhat less delicate repast: orange juice, cereal, four fried eggs, bacon, toast and coffee.

When they were first married, Shirley used to fix all the meals herself. Jack made it a joint endeavor by doing the dishes. That wasn't so good when they were both working—dinner was never ready until eight-thirty, and by the time the dishes were put away and the sink scrubbed and the kitchen straightened, they'd be two sleepy people. Nowadays there's a housekeeper to look after things. (And there's Mrs. Halverson to help look after Linda Susan.)

Shirley still plans the menus and places the orders with the groceryman, like every other housewife. "Jack's a cinch to satisfy," says Shirley. "He'd be perfectly happy to have just meat and potatoes seven times a week. But I like to be fancy and I often give him things like *crepes Suzette*, or *shashlik*, or *caneton aux pêches*—that's duck with peaches, to Jack. If I were to ask him first before having such exotic foods, he'd look unhappy. So I don't tell him, and when he gets 'em, he loves 'em."

The Agars' social life is relaxed, simple and shared. Their idea of a good time is to have a few close friends in for a dessert party (coffee and pastries only) or for bridge or a game of badminton or a musicale (phonograph).

But the last musicale discouraged Shirley a bit. "Three of my guests fell sound asleep! Don't know if it was the hour, the music, or the hosts."

It couldn't have been the hosts. They're as attractive a couple as could be found.

It's nice to know they found each other. Before, from all reports, Shirley and Jack were happy individuals. But now—that goes double. THE END

THE PASSING LOVES OF PETER LAWFORD

(Continued from page 37)

three hours straight—not, we must hasten to add, counting intermissions. Then, seeing Peter alone for a moment, a columnist asked him if it were true that he and Lana were engaged.

"Well," Peter said, "if ever there was a girl I . . ."

"Yes? Yes?" said the columnist eagerly.

But Peter didn't finish. He looked as if something else had crossed his mind. The next evening he was seen out with a different girl, a statuesque blonde from M-G-M—not a star, just one of the messenger girls.

Which brings to mind that, while Peter has gone out with the Ava's and the Lana's, with Rita Hayworth and "Slim" Hawks and Hedy Lamarr, he has also gone out with many girls whose names are scarcely by-words. When he first came to Hollywood, he was much too shy to ask a star out for an evening.

During his early days at M-G-M, it was the unanimous opinion of the messenger girls at the studio (there were 38 of the pretty creatures there at the time) that Peter was a "quiet and refined type." But one of these girls changed her mind somewhat one Christmas Eve. It happened that this was also her birthday. In the midst of an informal celebration in the message room, Peter walked in. He was informed that it was Doris' birthday. Whereupon he walked over to her, put a quiet right hand behind her waist, a refined left hand behind her neck, bent her down adagio-style and, amid happy shrieks from her colleagues, kissed her a warm and lingering "Happy Birthday."

Since then, Doris still considers him refined—but not, perhaps, quite so quiet.

And from that day on Peter has progressed. It seems almost as if he'd said to himself in that pleasant British voice of his, "Look here, old boy, no good to be too reserved. Shall we circulate?"

After that, one would see Peter in a huddled conversation with Anita Colby, or attending a festive event with Marilyn Maxwell, or smiling intimately with Greer Garson, or squiring Cyd Charisse or Judy Clark. There was Beverly Tyler (where was Tom Drake?) whom Peter found chatty but a little hard to follow—as he complained to friends later. So Peter followed others. After he had announced that meeting Rita Hayworth was his deep desire, he met the lady. Having achieved it, he was grateful to Rita—but soon was

Earl's Pearls

■ Crooner Jack Lawrence relates the sad story of a child in Hollywood who's very poor: Only has one mother and father . . .

■ Nancy Donovan says that times change; nowadays a girl who brags that she's a domestic type usually means she doesn't insist on imported champagne . . .

■ My own new definition of Hollywood: "Where the men are all cads and the women are all pads."

—Earl Wilson

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again on his merry way with other gals.

It was along about this time that Peter took on some friendships that were looked upon dimly by his studio. The feeling was that Peter was possibly progressing a bit too fast—since some of the new attachments happened to be wives at odds with their husbands and reported considering divorces. Although there had been no complaints from the husbands concerned, one of the studio executives thought it high time that the ethics involved be explained to the young man.

"The bachelor who comes between a married couple is always looked upon as something of a snake-in-the-grass," he advised Peter. "I'm sure you don't want a reputation like *that*."

Peter was bewildered. One of his outstanding characteristics is his capacity for sympathy. He has one of the most cried-on shoulders in Hollywood. His instinct to comfort is quick. He modestly tried to explain this—but had to admit that maybe the outside world might not see it in its proper light.

(Perhaps he had this in mind the other night at the Mocambo. Peter was seen in the company of a very attractive brunette whose name he refused to divulge on the grounds that her divorce proceedings were still under way.

"But can we have her picture?" asked a news photographer, getting ready to take it anyway.

"Oh, no!" cried Peter, and promptly pulled her face down against his shoulder to hide it.)

pete's a pal . . .

Yet men—even husbands—like Peter. Ask any of the married set. The men like him because he wears well. He's a good companion, equally adept at sports or banter, and few manifest jealousy of him.

One male star declared, "Peter Lawford is the one fellow in Hollywood who can throw his arms around your wife as a greeting without your minding it at all, somehow. He makes you feel he just has to be affectionate with his friends, men or women. You can't resent him."

"He's just a big, friendly cub," said another.

This probably accounts for the fact that Peter's status as a bachelor in Hollywood is unique in more ways than one. For instance, if a married feminine star is seen with any man other than her husband, it is sure to make talk—unless that man happens to be Peter Lawford. In that case there is just good-natured acceptance, on the part of the husband as well as the rest of the movie colony.

In other words, the fact that Peter is a great friend of Evie Johnson, Greer Garson, Nancy Sinatra, June Allyson, June Horne, and Jane Wyman, does not mean that Messrs. Johnson (or Wynn before him), Ney, Sinatra, Powell, Cooper, and Reagan, the husbands (and in a few cases, ex-husbands) of these ladies are not great friends of Peter. They are. At least, only one of these gentlemen has ever been reported as having voiced strong objections, and later, it is said, his friends succeeded in reasoning with him and convincing him that his suspicions were baseless.

It is not unusual for Peter to escort divorcees. In fact, at times it seems to some observers that he is making a specialty of them. But it is definitely not like him to come between any couple. Hollywood is satisfied about that.

No, the girl you see with Peter is more than likely to be the latest "find." It is a sort of a mark of acceptance for her, and, once obtained, she can feel free to go on with her career knowing she has been officially stamped and approved. And it is typical of Peter's nature that he holds

himself available for this duty at all times. Studios wishing to launch a new girl know they can rely on his co-operation. She will be wined, dined and danced, all where the public will hear about it and come to know about her. Currently, Peter is being seen with Susan Perry (who used to be called Candy Toxton) and Shirley Ballard. The latter, one of the Goldwyn counting the brunette divorcee, of course). Girls, is the newest of his interests (not

There have been so many girls in Peter's life that in the past year a number of magazines have come to regard him as a sort of authority on girls generally; they have had him write articles on the subject.

Thus he has put himself on record as considering Lana Turner gifted with a "magnetic force," Anita Colby as "beautiful and brainy," Hedy Lamarr as "spontaneous . . . unaffected . . . infectious," and Gene Tierney as "exquisite." But that isn't all. The fact that he was never out with Joan Caulfield and Katharine Hepburn didn't prevent him from analyzing these ladies as well! He loved Joan, he wrote, because she was "so healthy and fresh." Katharine? Well, she was just "sensational," he said.

So, like Don Juan, Peter dwells a great deal over the various points of beauty he notes in the girls he knows. But, unlike Don Juan, he belies the strength of their charms by never succumbing himself. Lana Turner's "magnetic force," for instance. It bounced right off Peter, as did Anita Colby's "beauty and brains," Hedy Lamarr's "spontaneity," and so on.

What does a girl have to have to put the full "whammy" on this boy? It is pretty well agreed that if ever a girl does succeed in this little accomplishment, her fame and fortune is assured on the strength of it. She will not only be Mrs. Peter Lawford; together they will be the greatest romantic box-office team in the land. And, as has been pointed out above, Peter is no recluse. He is available.

the answer . . .

If you talk to friends of Peter they will supply you with a good theory concerning his dilettante ways with girls. They say he fell into them when he arrived in Hollywood and his future was uncertain. British-bred, educated by private tutors, twice around the world, he had a combination of boyish appeal and continental manners that could go far. But in his first association at M-G-M he wasn't making enough money even to go out in public. Then his studio is said to have come to his rescue. It offered to foot the bills so that he could be seen in the right places by the news columnists who, as everyone knows, always go to the right places to cover whatever wrong things they happen to spy.

"When a fellow is sponsored by his studio like that he has to circulate to give them their money's worth," one of his pals pointed out. "Not only from spot to spot, but from girl to girl. After all, the studio is paying off and they want him to remain an eligible—not get to romancing and get married off on their time."

Of course this is not a new system in Hollywood. Any number of youngsters, just starting in movies, make it a policy to pair off in different couples—boys and girls—and make the rounds. The idea is to buy one drink at The Mocambo, a second at the Beverly Hills Tropics, and perhaps a third at The Beachcomber's, rather than stay in one place. It sort of makes the pattern of success spiral-shaped; you keep going around and around in order to go up.

A few years ago Peter, himself, was quoted along the same lines as his friend's explanation. He is reported to have commented: "Why don't I go steady? Look. I refuse to take up a girl's time if I can't be serious with her. Time is very valuable

to her—and to me. We've got to use it to go places, and I don't mean just places . . . if you know what I mean."

All this makes sense with those close to Peter's career—including the money angle, if *that* must be mentioned. There are many who remember that during his earlier days Peter used to have to stand for a lot of kidding because, look, he had to be very careful with a dollar.

"Brother, he was a reluctant payoff," sighed one of his friends.

The same man recalled, in connection with this, that one of the most elaborately planned gags ever played on a screen star was staged for Peter's benefit—if not discomfiture. It happened at a New Year's Eve party at Frank Sinatra's home. When Peter arrived he was told he was going to take part in a sketch to be presented on an improvised stage at one end of the Sinatra living room. Two of the other players were Sinatra and Phil Silvers. The scene was supposed to be a table at a night club and they all had lines to speak.

The thing went along in only a mildly amusing manner until, at a certain point, one of the guests playing a waiter's part approached with the check. Peter, following the directions of the script, reached for it saying loudly, "Here! I'll take the check!" That was the end of the play. While Peter gawked in surprise, actors and audience alike fell to the floor rolling in laughter at his words—words, they all claimed, they had never heard him utter before in his life!

Nevertheless, they were all fond of him, they understood his situation, and that is all over today. He enjoys a different status and the pinch is gone.

In his position today Peter can hardly talk about "wasting a girl's time." When it comes to security he can buy her as big a home, set on as high a Hollywood crag, and amidst as many artificially planted palm trees, as the next man. He may have to learn what a girl looks like by fireside light instead of night-club neon—but after that, his most intimate friends are convinced, he will like the change.

More than that, they are firm in the belief that when he does marry he will make a wonderful husband; one who will keep romance alive. Any girl seeking such assurance can apply to Frank Sinatra, Phil Silvers and Jack Cooper, who are convinced of it.

When he does take the fateful step, listen for a great, collective sigh to rise from those girls who have been his passing loves and from those others who had a reasonable expectancy to become such. They will all miss the most colorful master of the romantic runaround since . . . well, there never has been anyone *just* like Peter!

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



At a golf benefit for the late Ben Coltrin in San Francisco, Bing Crosby was playing in a foursome which included the 14-year-old Marlene Bauer. When Miss Bauer was putting at one of the holes

Bing said, "If you make that shot I'll introduce you to my oldest son." The putt wasn't good so Bing gave an encouraging smile and said, "Well, then, I'll introduce you to my youngest son."

June Hilson
San Francisco, Calif.

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TO MARY WITH LOVE

(Continued from page 39)

"No, but we're getting married next November."

"Does he know it?"

"Of course! It was his idea."

"And you know what you're doing?"

"Naturally."

Dorothy picked up a brush and began working on her abundant red hair, covertly eyeing Mary in the mirror.

"Nevertheless," she said, "I'm sure that if you are as smart as I think you are, you'll tell Dana tomorrow that you'd like to think the whole thing over for about five years."

"If I did that," replied Mary, "I should have my head examined."

Dorothy snorted. "I'll do that for nothing. I don't have anything against Dana. They don't come better in the male department. But look what you're getting into. Right now he earns \$35 a week—sometimes. Some day he'll be a professional actor. Maybe he'll even get a job in the movies. So what? When he does he'll have to pay his backers 35% right off the top of his salary."

Mary didn't say a word.

"I know, honey, I'm talking like your worst enemy," Dorothy went on, "but let's be frank. How is Dana doing? The woods are full of handsome guys here at the Playhouse. Who's getting the best leads? Not Dana. Take his friends—Bob Preston, Hersh Daugherty, Vic Mature, Tommy Skinner—they're going somewhere. But Dana? Shucks, it's not in the cards for a long time. Besides, what about your own career? What about that Warner test?"

Mary lifted herself carefully from the wreckage of her studio couch. "Here," she said, "give me that brush—you're not getting it combed right in the back."

She went to work briskly. Dorothy winced as the brush punctuated Mary's rebuttal.

"My career? Poof! As for how much money Dana earns, who cares? Go ahead, call me a dreamer, but he's going places too, that boy—and I'm going with him."

Mary Andrews can remember that conversation as though it took place yesterday. Matter of fact, it happened nine years, four contracts, three children, a mansion in Toluca Lake, and about a half-million dollars ago. That's for the record.

dark horse . . .

Dorothy had to admit that she was spectacularly wrong about Dana. She was accurate about the future of Dana's buddies at the Playhouse—Bob, Hersh, Vic and Tommy. In one way or another they all did fine, but it was Dana who rushed from behind down the home stretch, the long-odds dark horse.

Today Dana tops all Pasadena graduates in box-office popularity and salary earned—something better than a quarter of a million gross each year. No *Minor Vices*, his gamble—and a successful one—in the field of comedy, gives him as part producer one-third of the profits. Now he's just back from England after completing *Britannia Mews*, and is knee-deep in scripts. And heart-deep in a happy marriage.

The date they cemented this monument to matrimony was November 17, 1939. There weren't any cameramen or reporters around when the ceremony took place at the home of Mary's parents in Santa Monica, even though Dana was already a movie actor.

"I had finished my first part," Dana remembers. "One line in a Western for Sam Goldwyn. I can't remember it, but it must have been something like 'They went

thataway, sheriff.' But I was big stuff—under contract at \$150 a week. I was paying off the fellows who'd backed me ever since I worked in a gas station and drove a school bus out in Van Nuys. Back then, I was studying for opera at \$20 a lesson. Now I was a movie actor. The backers took a well-deserved 35% to get back their investment, and I had a net of \$97.50 a week.

"No question about it. I had arrived, and still I was far from being discovered. For the first time in my life I asked myself, 'Am I going to make a go of this?' Then I remembered Texas, had a talk with Mary, and knew that there was nothing in the future to be afraid of."

What Dana remembered about Texas was his decision to quit high school in his Junior year, take a job with the Gulf Oil Company and spend two years working his way to the point that he was almost a certified public accountant at a neat \$200 a month. Then one day he returned to his desk after lunch, looked at the miles of figures and said, "This I don't like." He quit his job that day, spent all but \$16 on a rousing farewell party and hitch-hiked his way to the Coast.

feller needs a girl . . .

Now he was miles from that comfortable job, a married man with responsibilities. He didn't have to worry too much. Mary took over.

"I don't care how much we have to skimp," she said. "We're going to build a house right now. There's the lot the family has given us out in Sherman Woods. Now all we need is \$2,000."

Somehow, after first option time, the money was there. In a miraculously short time, so was the house. The Andrews family now hit a vein of pure luck. When the last shrub was planted to landscape the place, their home was worth \$19,000. Then, just before costs began to skyrocket, a flush buyer just had to take it off their hands for \$35,000.

Together, they found the place in Toluca Lake—a modified English mansion on an acre and a half. (Today the place is worth better than \$100,000.)

"Frankly," says Dana, "when we moved in I couldn't believe it—to a place like this from a rooming house in Pasadena in six years. Fantastic!"

At first, Dana wanted to take out the electric gates which opened out of the high front wall. "Shucks," he said, "we're not hiding from anyone."

"Maybe not," Mary retorted, "but the electric gate ought to stay. After all, think how safe the dogs are going to be."

And David, Dana's 14-year-old son by his first marriage, spoke up. "Besides that," he declared, "I can be the keeper of the gate, and nobody can get by unless I say so."

How true that was, Dana found out every time he returned from the studio. He'd get out of his car, press the button, and hear David ask fuzzily over the loud-speaker system, "Who is it, please?"

"It's your Dad!"

"Who?"

"Andrews—Mr. Dana Andrews."

Then he'd hear David ask, "Do we know a Mr. Andrews?"

This was too much. "Open up!" Dana would roar, "or I'll smash the blasted thing down!"

Eventually, they worked out a system. Every time Dana gave the horn two longs and a short, the gates swung open. The gates are still there and operating, and it

never fails that whenever they swing open for no particular reason the happy visitor always is a persistent salesman or someone Dana would rather not have drop in.

Those gates, however, really aren't symbolic of the retiring life the Andrews family leads. Mary and Dana aren't anti-social. It's just that since Dana was a boy, living back in Texas with brothers Wilton, Harlan, Charles, Ralph, David, Bill, John and sister Mary, he's never had to search for friends. He had them right in his own family, and habit clings.

Too, the Andrews tribe began to multiply. An only child, Mary wanted lots of family. First came Kathy, now six, then Stephen, who is three and a half, and finally the toddler, Michael, now 10 months.

When Dana would hit home at night there'd be no prying him loose. Then the thing about the boats happened. One day, while Dana was loafing around between pictures, his stand-in called up and said, "I'm going down to the harbor for a little sailing. Come on along."

Dana took one look at the hundreds of little boats scooting around the harbor and beyond the breakwater. He stepped aboard the stand-in's little 20-footer, discovered he was immune to sea sickness, and was promptly lost.

all aboard . . .

For days, he haunted the docks at Balboa until he found his boat, a trim little cutter, the *Katherine*. "She's a beauty," he told Mary that night. "A little over 50 feet. We can spend weekends on her—the whole family. Charles and Bill can be part of the crew, and we'll never notice the cost."

"Hmmm," Mary murmured. "How much?"

"Well, around \$25,000, but we can make a deal."

"I have a hunch you will," Mary replied, and to her credit let it be said that she never once mentioned a mink coat, a new car, or redecorating the house.

An independent company wanted Dana to do a picture.

"It's a deal," he said, "except that I sure need a boat." And there was his financing, and the *Katherine*, just like that.

Months later, Dana spotted another boat, the beautiful *Vileehigh*. It was just at dusk as the family was returning from Catalina. "Look at that," Dana exclaimed to Mary. "Now, *that's* the sort of boat we should really have!"

"Sure," Mary agreed, "and maybe in another 20 years when we're millionaires, we'll have it."

For once, she underestimated her husband.

It seems that another independent company wanted Dana to do a picture. "Hmmm," Dana said. "I'd sure like to. Thing is, I've got a boat on my hands. Can't use the darn thing. Maybe the studio needs a good boat—might come in handy for yachting scenes."

There were some conferences. The studio discovered it needed a boat—if it wanted Dana for the picture. The *Katherine* changed hands at a nice profit and all of a sudden Dana was master of the 80-foot *Vileehigh*, as fine a ketch as has ever sailed the Pacific.

"Teakwood deck," Dana explains as he eases her out toward the end of the breakwater under motor power. "You won't find that on any other boat like this on the Coast. Man, the *Vileehigh* has been through storms in the Orient that have smashed everything else in sight. She's indestructible."

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Son Stevie walks down along the deck from the bow, tiny face screwed up in deep thought. He sticks his head in the wheel house, says to Dana, "Good wind. Gus says to run up the sail."

"Okay, matey," Dana agrees.

Stevie goes forward.

"Look at that," Dana enthuses. "Nothing like a boat for a kid! And the first few times out I nearly lost my mind every time I couldn't see him for a second or two."

Stevie was back.

"Gus is going to put out the fishing lines."

"Okay, matey."

Kathy comes in with a plate of cookies. She looks at Dana with lovelight in her eyes. He takes a cookie, glances up and sees an ocean liner dead ahead.

"What do you think, Kathy?" he asks.

Kathy considers the distance, peers over the side, calculating the boat's speed.

"Better wheel over, Daddy," she says, "we're on a collision course!"

"See what I mean?" he asks. "Some crew!"

Kathy interrupts. "Daddy, please sing that song."

Dana grins. "Can't. Got to pay attention to the wheel. You sing it, Kathy."

Kathy sings, almost carrying a tune. "Carry me back to Hohokus, New Jersey," she warbles, "because that's the only way you'll get me there."

She is interrupted.

Stevie's in again, his face lit up like a beacon. "Fish ahoy!" he shouts.

Now everything moves like clock-work. Brother Charlie takes over the wheel. Dana goes on deck, hauls in the line.

Stevie peers down into the churning water. "Barracuda," he exclaims. "Big one!"

"Swell—fish for dinner tonight, Steve," Dana says, working the struggling 'cuda in closer. "Go on—tell Mother—she's downstairs!"

Stevie glares at his dad. "Downstairs—huh, you mean below!"

And having established again his nautical knowledge, Stevie scurries off with frying-pan news for his mom.

The run from San Pedro to the Isthmus at Catalina is about two and a half hours with a fair wind. By the time Ray and Gus are dropping anchor in the harbor,

the sun is down and lights from shore are twinkling in the deepening dusk. From the galley below comes the teasing aroma of barracuda turning into steaks. Stevie and Kathy are already at the table, satisfying miniature but powerful appetites and chattering away with Brother Charlie's offspring, Dana and Jean. Mary Andrews, who cooks in shifts for the children and adults, comes up laughing.

"Stevie," she explains, "wants to catch a barracuda to put in his Christmas stocking. He's got it figured out that if he gives Santa Claus such an elegant fish he'll get more presents!"

Later, much later, when the dishes are washed, Dana takes off for the Isthmus in the shore boat, just to prow around, and maybe drop in at the bar for a Horse's Neck (ginger ale, soda and lemon peel).

"I'm not worried about being a boat wife," Mary declares as she tunes in a symphony over the ship's radio. "You know, Dana used to go into what I call a 'Dark One' now and then. I guess every man does, and a woman just sort of waits it out. Dana is different, though, in one way: He never takes it out on his family."

"I think that what gets him down sometimes is trying to keep an impersonal attitude about everything. Movie stars are made out to be such important people. You can almost see Dana, like a lot of others, going through the struggle to remain normal."

"And he takes his work very seriously. For instance, not long ago, he had quite an argument with a director about the way to play a scene. Now, I think he throws his weight around as seldom as any man in pictures, but when he's sure he's right, he won't budge. Anyway, this director insisted that they'd only have one take on a particular scene and they'd play it his way. Dana didn't feel the mood that was being called for and politely said so. The director was having an off day and hit the ceiling. He said no actor was going to tell him how to run the picture—why, he'd just sit down until Dana made up his mind to behave. 'Fine,' said Dana, and set his jaw."

"So they sat. And they sat. Finally Dana said, 'Look—I can sit just as long as you can.' They sat for a while longer."



"I've stopped reading books altogether. I found they were just spoiling the movies for me."

Then Dana suggested that if they sat for the rest of the day they'd lose the studio about \$20,000, but it would only cost a few hundred to do the scene *both* ways. The director gave in. Next day, after the rushes, he came around to Dana and admitted that an actor could be right. Not that Dana considers himself anything of a genius, but he studies hard what he's doing and one day he'll be in the producing business himself. Even so, the argument was enough to send him into a dark mood for a couple of days."

Off shore came the putt-putt of an out-board motor.

"That's Dana coming back," Mary said. "It's time to prepare the Love Nest."

She disappeared momentarily to return with sheets, pillows and blankets and take them to the cupola on deck. This is a wide, hut-like arrangement about three times the size of a double bed. Here, forsaking the beautiful master's stateroom below, the Andrews' like to sleep on starlit nights.

shore party . . .

As Gus and Ray hauled the shore boat to its stanchions, Dana came up over the side.

"Some party on shore," he said. "Three couples dancing to the juke box. It's just as well we didn't find any visitors to keep us up late, because we've got a long hike ahead of us tomorrow."

Some hike!

The sun beat Steve and Kathy getting up by a split second. After bacon and eggs everyone went ashore. The kids stayed behind to frolic on the beach while the senior Andrews' strode out ahead of their guests and up over the mountain-side toward Fourth of July Bay.

From the mountainside they could look down on almost a hundred boats of all sizes and descriptions, from home-built skiffs to \$50,000 power launches. Music and voices drifted upward.

"Some fun," Dana said. "And if I hadn't gone sailing that day a couple of years back I never would have discovered all this. Look!" He gestured toward the mainland. In a shimmering path of sunlight as far as could be seen were boats of all types. "Here they come," Dana continued, "the gas-station attendants, society loafers and bank presidents. How's that for perspective?"

It was pretty good. More people should see it.

When the aching bones reached the beach again, Kathy was still splashing in the water. A large-stomached, cigar-smoking tycoon was talking to Stevie.

"Fine boy! Fine boy!" he growled, patting the youngest Andrews on the head.

Stevie turned, saw his dad and came running over. His tummy pushed out, he patted his parent condescendingly on the knee.

"Fine boy!" he said. "Fine boy!"

Dana scooped his son up in his arms. "Hah!" he chortled, "I never know whether to hug you or wallop you, so I'll do both." He did.

That's life as it is lived by the Merry Andrews'. Perhaps that's not hot-off-the-wire news for gossip commentators, but it's not a bad bulletin for a lot of young folk who are wondering how a marriage makes out that starts with a wealth of loving hope and a dearth of dear old ready cash.

Flash! The Dana Andrews' will celebrate their ninth wedding anniversary almost any time now . . . Dana is giving Mary a diamond bracelet from which a little gold tag hangs, bearing the inscription, "To Mary, With Love" . . . And Mary is giving Dana an elegant seaman's watch, on the back of which is etched one word: DITTO!

THE END

Are you in the know?



When a gal's not "one of the gang"—why?

- ☐ She's shy ☐ She's a glow worm ☐ She's a vacuum cleaner

Shyness is only one reason. She may be a glow worm (self-centered). Or a vacuum cleaner (picks up all the dirt). Any answer above can be right. The cure? Learn to get along with others. Good way's to join a dramatic club. Be a good trouper, *what-*

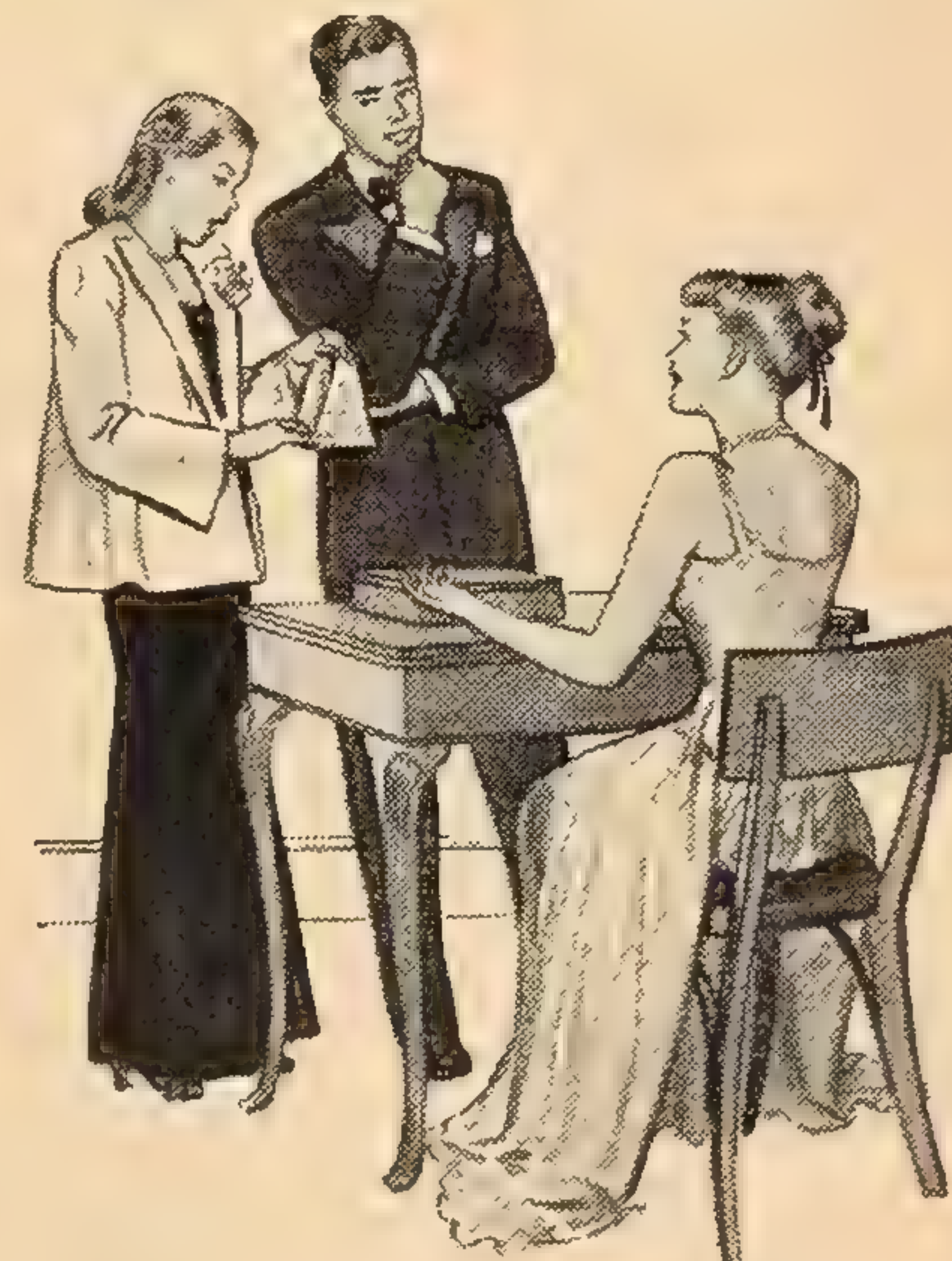
ever the day—for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Yes, *new* Kotex has wonder-softness that *holds its shape*. Add the new Kotex Sanitary Belt that's adjustable, all-elastic—and, come hours of rehearsals—you're *doubly* comfortable!



Do you open bobby pins with —

- ☐ Your fingernails
☐ Your front teeth
☐ Your left thumb

Why fight "bobbies" tooth and nail? Either approach wrecks enamel. Instead, hold curl with left fingers, bringing up pin with right hand. Open pin with ball of left thumb; keep apart with flesh of right finger . . . the rest is easy. And by the way, why don't *you* rest easy, concerning certain stubborn worries? Let Kotex rout those poise-wreckers! —with the *extra* protection you get with Kotex' exclusive safety center. It's accident insurance! (*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



If he's your guest, what about tickets?

- ☐ Buy them at the door
☐ Buy them in advance
☐ The boy should buy them

Could be he goes to a different school; or lives in another town. In any case, when gal invites guy, the shindig tickets are *her* problem. Buy and hand 'em over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way *you* can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. It's simply a matter of choosing Kotex, knowing those *flat pressed ends* prevent revealing outlines. So, relax. And skylark through the dance in confidence!

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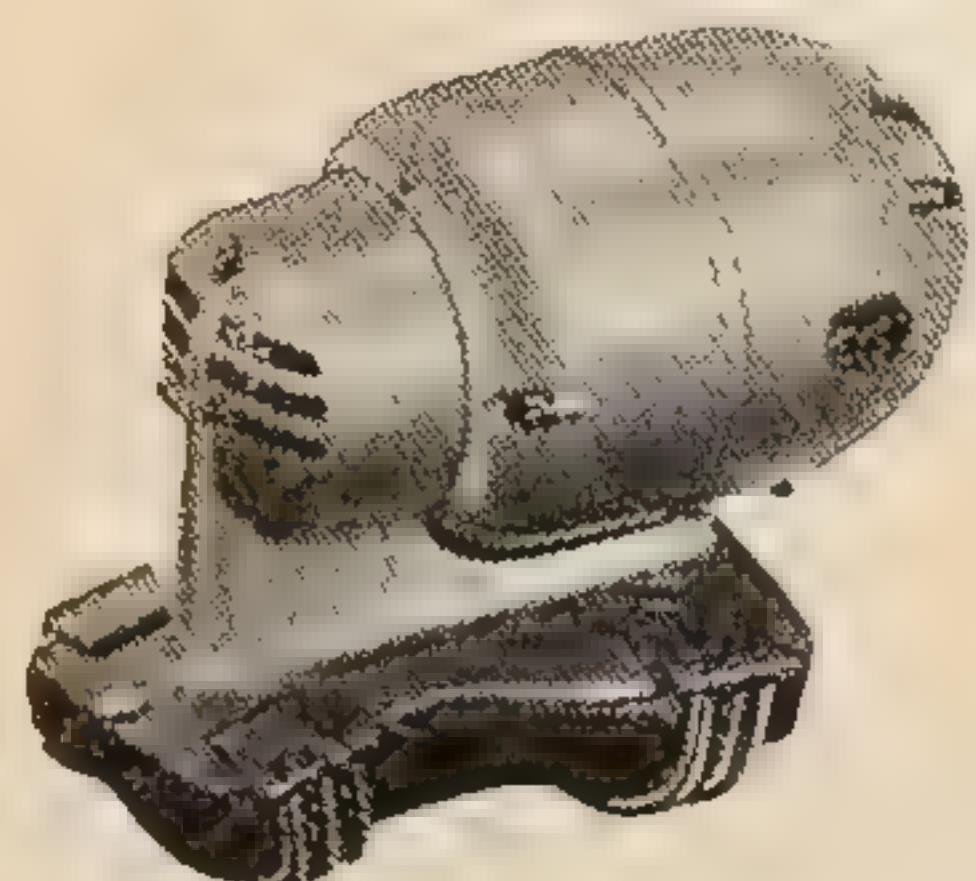


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CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-PLAYGIRL

(Continued from page 41)

back on my heels at the time—and opened my eyes.

I had it coming. It was simply a case of my sins catching up with me at last. Sins of omission, that is.

Looking back, I can't honestly see how Clark Gable or anyone around M-G-M could have thought anything very different about the acting abilities of one Ava Gardner, perennially "promising" starlet.

I'd been "promising" somebody for six long years—promising just whom I wasn't quite sure—that I'd do something one of these days about being an actress. I'd had success of a sort off the lot in *The Killers* but that wasn't really such a much of a Gardner triumph and not everyone had seen it, including Clark. There wasn't much reason for anyone to think otherwise than he did—that I was the laziest, most disinterested, most lackadaisical "starlet" who ever crossed the lot.

Confidentially, I think I was, too!

"you oughta be in pictures..."

If you're looking for Object Lesson A to hold up before any green girl whom people keep telling she's pretty and "ought to be in the movies," any girl who finds herself with a lucky ticket to Hollywood, any girl who thinks a studio stock contract is a sure pass to good times and a perpetual paradise of doing nothing while waiting for fame to shower golden favors on her silly head—that's me! Correction: That was me. I'm reformed—that is, I think I am.

So here goes a confession: I've never been half as interested in any kind of career as I am in what happens to my own life, to me, to Ava Gardner. If it's real life versus reel life, the real life wins, every time. Maybe I'm just funny that way. Maybe there've been some changes made lately, though—maybe, I said. I couldn't say for sure.

I was 18 when I first traveled to Hollywood with my older sister to chaperone me. And I was as green as the Pullman seat I sat on—about acting, about Hollywood, about most everything in show business. I know that at that age plenty of ambitious girls are well along the road to fame, some are already stars, some are straining every nerve to become one. That's where I was different. To me the whole idea was a nice joy-ride, an intriguing personal experience, an excursion. I had no more real acting plans or ambition than a flea.

Most career girls I've known contract the acting bug when they're in their teens. The reasons: They're either so good-looking that everyone around them keeps hammering, "You ought to be in pictures, you ought to go on the stage," or they're just natural show-offs, which helps a lot if you're planning an acting career, believe me. Or, again, a few rare ones have a genuine feeling for drama, a real, deep talent that has to be expressed, or they'll bust.

At 18, all I had was the face. When I dreamed, it was of bridal veils and orange blossoms, getting married and having my own home and kids. I came from a family of seven and today, when I count up my nieces and nephews, I run out of fingers. I'm old-fashioned. My idea of heaven is settling down to just plain family living. It's really quite a joke on me that I finally broke out of that "promising" never-never land as a sexy siren. But maybe glamor desires had been suppressed in me all along.

If so, I certainly kept them well concealed when I first arrived in Hollywood. If I was a dark horse, I was well under wraps. But honestly, I never thought of myself in any race. I wasn't in training for anything. I was just hanging around, having myself a nice lazy time. How busy, important people could have been so persistently interested in me and my career future, I still wonder. I didn't repay their interest with much effort. Yet I had the gates to everything most girls yearn for in Hollywood wide open before my innocent eyes.

I had the highly-skilled training staff of the biggest studio in Hollywood at my disposal. I had a potential acting education dropped in my lap, absolutely free, that would cost me heaven knows how many hundreds a week anywhere else. It was all right there for me.

But it was more pleasant just to draw my check.

Hollywood is perfect fun country and I liked my fun. I liked people, I met plenty right away, and I wanted to play. The sunshine was wonderful, the beach enchanting. My mind was on tennis or swimming or buzzing around in a car in the daytime. At night it was strictly on dates, dancing, who was doing what and where and with whom. If I wasn't at *Ciro's*, *Mocambo* or somewhere, I was afraid they might blow away.

Why any kind soul around the M-G-M lot bothered giving me fight talks about taking advantage of my opportunities is impossible to figure out. Maybe to them I was an irritating spectacle, sand in an oyster that could come up a pearl, a good girl going to waste. Maybe they just liked my home-town friendliness. But their pep talks were lost on my silly head. Fun came first.

just so far...

People who see something in you will encourage you just so long. Then they stop. They know, from experience, that it's up to you. Besides, they haven't the time—even if they have the largeness of heart—to push dead weight up the ladder. They're too busy themselves. I never thought of that then. I was perfectly happy being Ava Gardner, a person, instead of Ava Gardner up in lights.

When I fell in love I got married, not giving my career a thought. I stopped even the little bit parts for a year while Mickey Rooney and I were married. When that broke up I came back. Soon I fell in love with Artie Shaw and again I married, again I didn't consider my "career."

I don't regret anything that's happened to me in my private life. I never do. You live and learn from every experience and I learned from both marriages much that has become a part of my life—much home-keeping, much of music, books, business, interests of many kinds. If I fall in love again I'll marry again, too, just as quickly, just as hopefully.

The only regrets that perch like black-birds on my shoulder are the years I wasted being content to be atmosphere. I only feel guilt when I realize it was nothing but pure luck that snapped me out of it.

You make your own chances. Oddly enough, that's what I did, absolutely unconsciously of course, even against my will. The things that bored me most, the things I ducked and dodged—publicity glamor stills—paved the way for something that

finally woke up the first career crocus of spring, the first faint tingling of Ava's interest. And paved the way, is right. You could have carpeted Hollywood Boulevard with Ava Gardner from curb to curb.

I don't remember how many swim suits I wore out—without getting near the water. I shot enough sultry looks around the M-G-M photo gallery to melt the North Pole.

"Beauteous Ava Gardner, promising M-G-M starlet . . ."

Well, a reputation can get around—even when it's dressed in a bathing suit. Another studio was hunting an inexpensive young actress to play a small town bad girl in *Whistlestop*. They called my studio and asked about this Ava Gardner, she looked the type—was she busy? No. Her price? Nothing to break the bank at Monte Carlo. I was loaned out.

My performance in *Whistlestop* wasn't exactly nominated for an Academy Award but for the first time I had a few lines and I was supposed to do something other than stand around and provide atmosphere. I can't remember vibrating to any artistic challenge or anything but I did try seriously to look and talk and act like the tank-town tootsie I was supposed to be. And that was progress.

I found myself anxious about what I had done after it was over. I sneaked inside theaters to see the picture, where I hadn't bothered before. A minor upheaval was stirring inside me. Something new had been added. At long last—one touch of ambition.

That tiny touch was promptly nursed by the most fantastic good-luck formula anybody ever had.

guardian angel . . .

Walter Wanger, a producer I barely knew, was the man who suggested me for *The Killers* to another great movie maker, the late Mark Hellinger. I had never met him. Yet my horseshoe went rolling merrily along. Mr. Hellinger listened to Mr. Wanger, saw *Whistlestop*, asked for my test from M-G-M—and in no time at all I was on one of the most coveted sets in Hollywood. My guardian angel must have been working overtime.

It shouldn't be necessary to point out what it meant to work with Mark Hellinger. Before he died so shockingly young, just when he was setting a fast, new pace for Hollywood, everyone who ever knew him loved him. Before I had finished *The Killers*, I did too. In this rather dizzy career confession of mine he holds a special place. It was under his guidance that I first really felt the thrill of playing a movie role. And it was different than anything I'd ever experienced—from many angles. For one, Mark Hellinger's sets were electric with enthusiasm (I could use some of that). They were hard-working, fast-shooting, trigger-sharp.

There was something else—a psychological something that worked strong medicine with me. For the first time in my life I was acting on a par with everyone else. All the actors of *The Killers* were unestablished then. Burt Lancaster was almost as obscure as I was. Me, I'd always lived in awe of the great stars on my home lot—Katharine Hepburn, Lana Turner, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy. There might have been just a touch of that "what's the use?" about me when I was in the glittering orbit of that galaxy. I could never, never act along in that league, my subconscious assured me. On *The Killers* it was different. Besides being the only girl in the cast with a part of consequence, I was the queen bee.

My acting job—I'm not kidding myself



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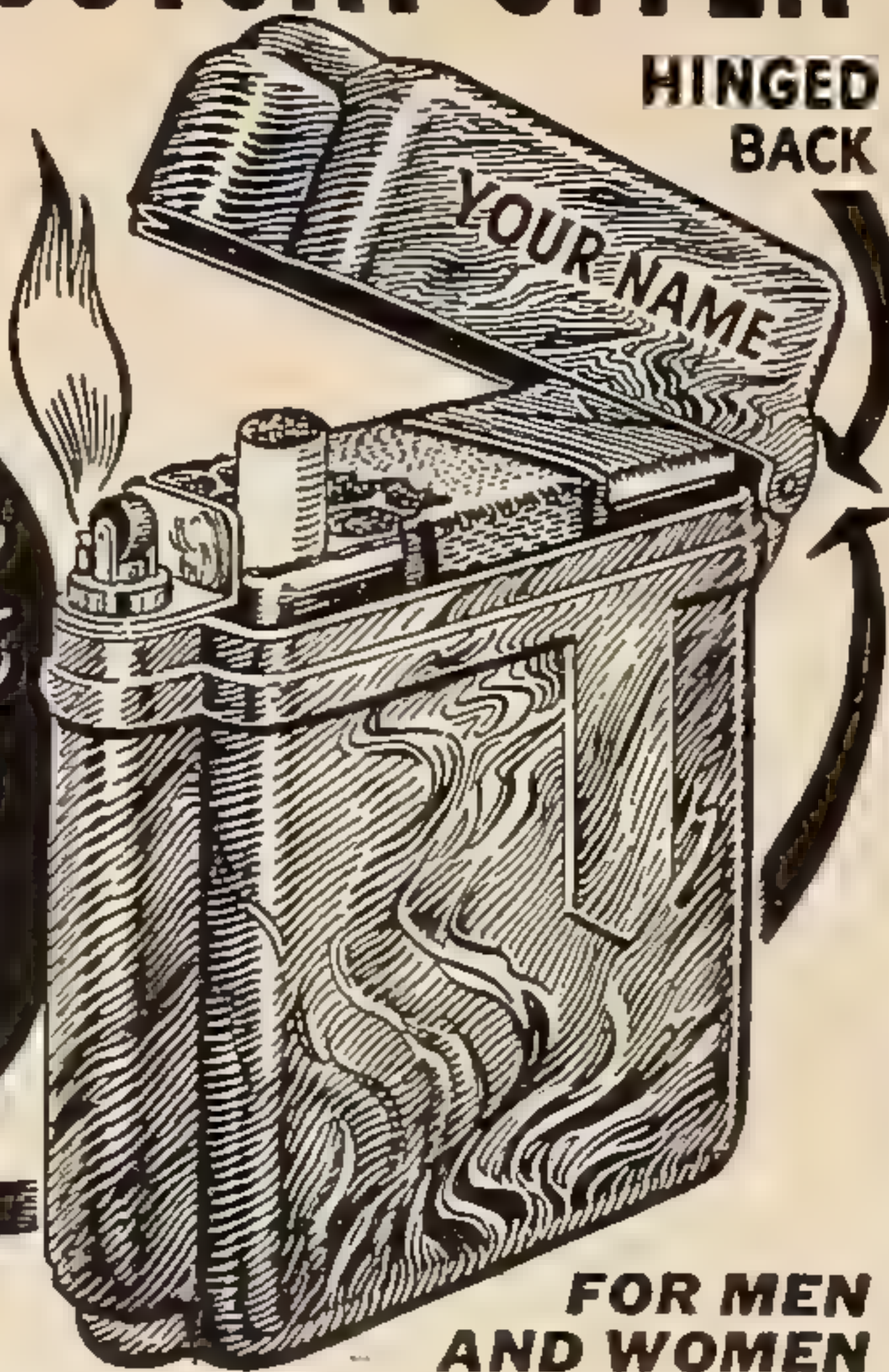
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—was just so-so. But in my book, my part in *The Killers* was a very, very important role. It gave me more confidence than I've had since I turned down the Smithfield High School football captain for the senior prom! When I tackled *The Hucksters* next, I had something more than a vague notion of what I was up to. In fact, I had a darned good idea.

I didn't want to play that part in *The Hucksters*—and do you know why? I thought it was bad for me! I was getting typed as a siren. Imagine that easy-going Gardner girl worrying about the dangers and pitfalls of type-casting! I'd never given a fig before. It was a good sign—that worrying. It proved even to me that I was—well, growing up, professionally speaking.

But it was also challenging. I was to sing at the piano, a solo night club act, featured with that merciless camera bearing down on me, all alone by the microphone. The challenge got me extremely bothered. Imagine again! My general estimate of myself (and I suppose everyone else's too) was that I was too lazy to roll out of bed! I suddenly had to prove I was wrong.

I worked. I went to singing coach Harriet Lee and said, "Please, Harriet, will you teach me? I know I'm a dope—I could have had my voice trained before, I know. Now I have to, and fast. Can you?"

She worked days and into the night. So did I. We made it.

I went on my knees, so to speak, to dramatic coach, Lillian Burns. My face flamed at the memories of the hundred times she'd wanted me to work and I'd had something silly that seemed more important. "Please, Lillian, will you?" She would. We made it. At least, enough to convince Clark Gable.

this time for keeps...

Besides, I won the Look Magazine award as—that's right—the "most promising young actress of 1947." Only this time maybe they weren't kidding. This time, I was promising a character named Ava Gardner, for one.

It's a funny thing, how success feeds on success. Pure, unadulterated good luck set a firecracker under me. But once I stirred my stumps, a certain momentum developed. And when it came to *One Touch of Venus*, I actually suffered agonies. Because it looked for a while as if I couldn't make it. Me—worrying over not making a picture! You can see how the wheel had turned full circle.

It wasn't all because for the first time in my life they tagged that really thrilling term "star" on me. It wasn't all the lure of a charming script, gay music, a crack at comedy—I'm only human, and female, I never said I was immune to flattery, and who wouldn't like to be picked to play Venus?

It was mainly because it was another challenge to make good.

So when they asked, I didn't say maybe. I yelled "Yes!" Then's when I discovered the agonies of suspense. Up came a situation. It's a funny world. I was dying to do it. And my studio said "No."

One Touch was planned by another studio—Universal. M-G-M had offered every possible opportunity to me for years, risked me in *The Hucksters*. Now that I was reformed, they had plans themselves.

"We know you want to make *Venus* and it's a wonderful idea," they said. "But after all you're an M-G-M player and charity begins at home." Or words to that effect. They had a picture set to start and a part for me.

I actually wept. My disappointment was that keen. Then one of those crazy

Hollywood things happened. The M-G-M picture was put off. "You can do *Venus*." But there was a deadline—I'd have only a very short time before the home folks would want me back. And I had a million and one things to learn.

Followed the most exciting days of my life—so far, that is. Billy Daniel, the dance director, had scores of tricky steps. (Why hadn't I taken dancing when I had nothing but spare hours?) There was voice training and songs to learn. (Oh, my misspent youth again!) Costumes, beautiful—but oh, how awkward I was at fittings! (Why the heck hadn't I spent more time getting used to these things, preparing for a time like this?)

I posed for a sculptor two hours every day while he chiseled out a statue of Venus. As I posed I thought of a thousand things I ought to be doing, watched the clock hands race around, ticking off precious hours. What a whirl!

I worked like a dog and loved it. I was certainly one changed gal. I worked against time—and made it. *One Touch of Venus* was filmed and I was back to M-G-M in time and life was wonderful.

When it was finally over, I paced around my apartment like a caged cat. I was suddenly bored silly. I wasn't working. It's amazing what happens when you once get going. I hope it keeps on this way with me. But I don't know. Being a star is a responsibility. It means I have to go forward or go back; I can't stand still. Sometimes I shiver and shake at the idea. Me, who never had a nerve in her body!

But frankly, I'm not so worried about my abilities. I've just finished an exciting starring part on my home lot with Robert Taylor (*The Bribe*) and now I'm doing another with Gregory Peck (*Great Sinner*). I know now I can do whatever I have to—that it's not only possible, but thrilling fun!

What puckers my alabaster brow is whether or not I'll keep up full steam ahead or revert to type. Because, as I said, I'm an old-fashioned girl. Hoot all you like, but what I really want is a home and kids—just as I keep telling anyone who asks me. I'm not completely sure yet whether I'm going to be Forever Ambitious or not.

One thing is a cinch, though. I won't be Forever Promising anymore. THE END



that's hollywood!

Dane Clark: "Immorality in Hollywood is just a lot of columnists' talk. I don't say that people here wouldn't like to be immoral, but they're too tired."... Vincent Price: "The trouble with Hollywood is that it ain't got culture."... Harry Armstrong (who wrote "Sweet Adeline" in 1896, commenting on a report that it is losing favor as a barroom ballad): "It don't bother me. I don't care if 'Adeline' ain't Number 1 on the drunks' hit parade. To tell you the truth, I'm kinda glad the old girl is growing up to be a lady."... Joan Crawford: "I will play Wally Beery's grandmother, if it's a good acting part."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

Your letters...

SENSE—OR STENCH?

Dear Editor: Your editorial, "Challenge to Hollywood," made more sense than the daily papers. At a time when the ordinary citizen is afraid to speak his mind, those in the arts, sciences and professions must not hide behind the curtain of fear. After all, actors are also citizens, and as such, are not immune to the economic, political or social trends of our times. As the editor of a local professional group, I have tried to put the same idea, embraced in your editorial, before my colleagues. Whether one supports Truman, Dewey or Wallace—one must fulfill the duties of citizenship if our democracy is to grow.

More power to those in Hollywood who have the courage to speak up for the things they believe. And more power to you, for challenging them to do so and for your understanding of the problem in times that are filled with hysteria and fear.

Dr. M. Teitelbaum, Newark, N. J.

Dear Editor: I think your editorial, "Challenge to Hollywood" stinks. If you don't like this country, you know where you can go back to.

Mrs. R. E. Blackton, Chicago, Ill.

GINGER-SNAPPING

Dear Editor: With reference to your criticism of Ginger Rogers in the story, "How Long Can You Stay Great?" we take pleasure in telling you that you are incompetent.

We have admired Ginger since the first time we saw her in a picture, about twelve years ago, and we believe that she is what she claims to be.

Pierrette Paquin, Madeleine Cloutier, Maurice Belanger, Ottawa, Can.

NONE OF OUR BUSINESS?

Dear Editor: In your September issue, you have a story on the romance of Gail Russell and Guy Madison. I think the article is terrible! As if it were any of your business whether or not Gail and Guy are married! You should not be allowed to use such flimsy evidence as "the look in a person's eyes." I should think you'd take Guy's word for it, if he says he isn't married.

Jessica Murphy, Beacon, N. Y.
(We'd be very happy to take Guy's word—if he'd only say it.—Ed.)



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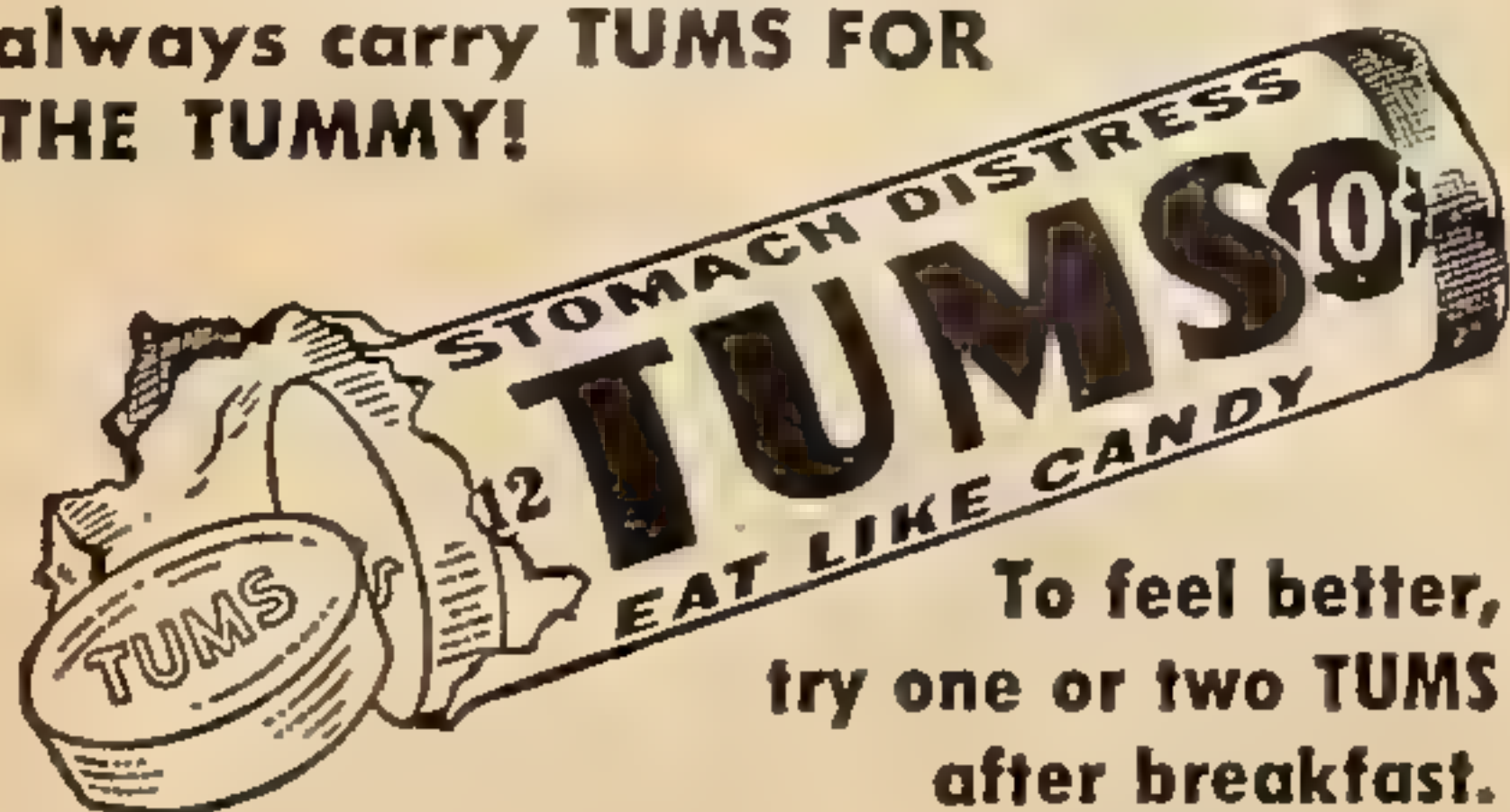
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QUICK RELIEF FOR ACID INDIGESTION

people tend to remember me in them, despite all the comedies I've done. After all, everybody has something he likes to do more than anything else. And it's generally what he's best at. I'm sure, for example, Cary Grant enjoys his type of part the way I enjoy mine. We both do what interests us.

Another thing of great interest to me is taking a chance. I'm a gambler at heart. The new thing, the unusual idea, the role that's never been done before—it's always out there as a kind of personal challenge, directed at me, just me. It's like what the mountain-climber said of Mt. Everest. He'd tried twice before unsuccessfully to climb it. Now he was preparing for his third, and as it happened fatal, try. Someone came up to him, pointed at the vast, dangerous mountain and asked, "Why do it? Why risk your life to climb a mountain?"

The answer was classic. "Because it's there," the mountain-climber said.

That's the way it's been with me. A lot of things have been there.

When I started out in pictures I had a theory that it was absurd to try always to appear smooth and glamorous on the screen, no matter what the character called for. If a scene called for you to look tired and wrinkled, why not look tired and wrinkled? If you were supposed to be waked up in the middle of the night, why on earth should you be freshly lipsticked and have perfectly dressed hair?

davis could take it . . .

I remember when we started to make *Of Human Bondage*, Director John Cromwell and I discussed Mildred, my big role—what made her tick and what she looked like. She was evil and very unattractive. John said, thinking of my vanity, "Maybe you'd better not see the daily rushes." But I did, and I didn't mind a bit.

After that, I was able to take all sorts of challenges. What it amounted to is that I followed my own tendency and fulfilled my obligations to myself. That's just a five-dollar way of saying that I began doing what I really liked to do. And in the process I gave the mimics and gagsters and comedians and cartoonists a very obvious and, I might say, a very willing target.

But really, all the parts weren't alike. They didn't all go, "Mama! Mama! MAMA! MAMA!!!" Some you hated, some you were sorry for; some were mean and some were good.

Every so often a friend will come up to me and say, "Why don't you do something different?"

"Like what?" I ask. "Sing or dance?" (Incidentally, I've done even *that*. In the wartime *Thank Your Lucky Stars*, I sang "They're Either Too Young or Too Old" and jitterbugged. But the friend never remembers that.)

Anyway, what I tell the friend goes something like this: "You don't go up to Fred Astaire and ask him to do something different, like not dancing. You don't criticize him because he 'only' dances. Well all right, he dances. Someone else makes them laugh. I make them cry."

Sometimes the question is asked of me: Do you really *like* making them cry? Do you really enjoy playing such parts? Or do they leave you feeling depressed and sorry for yourself? In other words, wouldn't it be much easier for you to play comedy?

Before I tell you how I feel, I have to begin by saying that the dourest, saddest people I know are the professional co-

medians. They are always chomping their cigars and biting their fingernails for worry of how their gags will go over. The professional laugh-provoker is always nervous about himself. Is his material funny? Will they laugh?

Think how much better off I am. After I've accepted a part, studied it, understood it, and (I hope) worked it into shape, I just go ahead and do it, like a carpenter following his plans.

That's the way I feel. I don't go in for Stanislavski breathing exercises before I go into a big scene. I don't stretch out on the floor and pretend I'm a tiny lamb being swooped up by some angry eagle. Some actors do this kind of thing to "get ready." Maybe I'm missing something, but I've never had to.

I remember once I played one of those long scenes in which I had to throw myself at someone's feet. The camera found me sitting on a chair, sewing. The scene began. I rose. We talked. I threw myself at his feet. I was spurned. I pleaded. I was roughly pushed aside. And then I was alone, weeping bitterly. (Ah, there, Mr. Allen.)

Anyway, an interviewer was on the set. "Maybe you don't feel like talking," she offered, "after a session like that?"

"Why not?" I said. "I'm quite all right."

"But that bitter, tragic scene. What were you thinking of while that poor, heart-broken girl was being so rudely pushed aside?"

I couldn't help smiling. "Well, to be perfectly frank, when I threw myself at his feet, I was hoping my wig hadn't slipped and praying it wouldn't fall down into my eyes."

I must confess that like the moviegoer who had such a wonderful time because she cried so much, I always manage to have a good time when the part calls for tears.

I've always enjoyed playing neurotics. At the moment, though, I don't think I shall be playing any more of 'em soon. It's gotten so that just about every other movie is a "psychological" drama. I've decided it's time to get away from the works of Freud for a while.

like the movies . . .

All of which reminds me of still another Bette Davis gag. This time, a cartoon. A lady is sitting across the desk from a grave and bespectacled psychoanalyst. "This is a very interesting case, Madame," the doctor is saying. "I haven't seen one like it since the last Bette Davis picture."

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't mean I'm not going to do serious things any more ever. After *June Bride* I'm going to do Edith Wharton's *Ethan Frome*, a long-time favorite of mine, with the distinguished British actor, David Farrar.

To wind this up, let me point out that, obviously, everybody has a style. It's true of painters and writers as well as actors. And you can't change your style successfully any more than you can change your height. I'd rather just be myself and take that barrage of radio gags.

Like the one I heard last week. A little girl was bawling and bawling and nothing her mother could say stopped the girl's tears.

"You'd better stop crying," the mother finally said with great irritation. "Do you want to grow up to be like Bette Davis?"

It sounds like a dreadful fate, to be sure. But underneath her tears, she'd be having a lot of fun. I can assure her of that. And I guess I ought to know. THE END



RETURN ENGAGEMENT

(Continued from page 59)

withdrawn from the rest of the town and yet are the happiest pair in it.

They spent February and March getting to know each other as they knew each other before; April and May regaining lost ground and discussing plans; June quarreling and making up after some bad moments; July and August in necessary preparations for their future. And this time, though it's quite a trick to put your finger on a mercurial couple of individuals like Tom and Gloria, everyone is sure it is going to take.

It was Gloria's father, Jack Haley, who introduced Gloria to Tom Drake—almost nine years ago when Tom was getting started in his Broadway stage career. They took to each other with a breathless zip. New York was their oyster and the oyster was full of pearls. Somewhere, the story goes—perhaps lurching along on an open-top Fifth Avenue bus, or scrooched together at a small table in a jive-jumping, Greenwich Village night spot—somewhere they fell in love. They were happy, Tom looking forward to a long stage career and Gloria—well, Gloria just looking forward to Tom. And then something made an entrance into their lives that was not in the script at all as they had planned it. That something was Hollywood.

Hollywood, and a string of successes like *Two Girls and a Sailor*, *The White Cliffs of Dover*, *Meet Me in St. Louis* and *Mrs. Parkington*, made a change in Tom. And the change in Tom made a change in Gloria. Tom's marriage to Chris Dunne in Las Vegas followed soon after.

c'est la guerre . . .

In the meanwhile, Jack Haley introduced another boy to his daughter. Louis Porchia was a musician of promise but already in the armed forces when he met Gloria. They liked each other but Gloria's friends say that their marriage might never have occurred had he not received sudden overseas orders. They were wed before he reported back to his port of embarkation.

Seven months after his marriage, Tom separated from Chris. A reconciliation followed but again they parted, and a divorce was granted in April, 1946. A year ago, the news broke that Gloria and her husband were ending their marriage.

Through all this, as their lives were being shifted and re-shifted about, Tom and Gloria had remained friendly. And it was only natural that with Gloria's divorce the friendship took on a deeper, easier tone.

But there was one question that Gloria had for Tom when they got together again this time. It concerned in-laws—something that Gloria had stumbled up against in her first marriage.

"Buddy," she said, "you know my relatives—my mother and father. But I don't know a thing about yours, even though we used to be engaged."

It wasn't until then that she learned that Tom is an orphan, with only a sister as a close relative. And almost immediately they had a visit from that sister—Clair Kennedy, one of the best-known designers of women's bags in the country. (Life Magazine had a four-page article on her designs less than a year ago.)

Of course, if Tom and Gloria are not married, or on the point of getting married, when you read this, it won't set any new record for uncertainties (not in Hollywood, anyway). After all, as his best friends will tell you, Tom, despite his quiet grey eyes and generally well-contained demeanor, is far from being one of your placid boys.

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There is always a great deal going on within him that can always burst out of him, which makes for elements of surprise in his life—and the life of anyone associated with him. And since Gloria has always been known to stand up staunchly for her rights—even if, by so standing, her blonde head is still hardly on a level with tall Tom's chin!—there is no loss of ginger when their personalities come within clashing distance.

Gloria and Tom happen to know this themselves. They both were given something to think about by a good illustration the other day when, with everything going smoothly, they were listening to the radio together. Jimmie Fidler came on the air and reported them as having quarreled. They chortled derisively at the report and Gloria cried out gleefully, "Boy! Is he wrong!"

Gloria had a mind to phone Jimmy and correct him. But she hadn't done it yet when, an hour or so later, they happened to hear the re-broadcast of the very same program. This time when Jimmy's voice repeated the same item, Tom and Gloria didn't laugh. This time Jimmie was right. They were quarreling! Jimmie had just been a little early with the news. (Of course, Jimmie hadn't been peeking into the future. He had been talking about a previous tiff they had had, but both Tom and Gloria had long forgotten about that one!)

There may have been another reason why Gloria didn't phone Jimmy at the time. She may have been beginning to acquire a reporter's point of view. Several months ago she opened discussions with the editors of the Valley Times, the top paper in the San Fernando Valley to become a columnist for them. The deal was closed later and by now Gloria's stuff has seen print.

With her marriage to Tom, Gloria will have one of the most rounded careers of any girl in Hollywood. She will be wife, business woman and journalist. Her business, of course, is her beauty shop on Wilshire Boulevard, which bears her mother's name—"Flo Haley's"—but which belongs to Gloria.

eternal triangle . . .

It was not long ago that there was a bit of "gossip" that had the revived romance on the skids again. Jimmie Fidler reported them quarreling because Gloria had gone out with Mickey Rooney after Tom had introduced her to him. What has never been told—in its proper sequence and relationship, at least—is the odd series of aftermaths to this incident.

In the first place, Tom and Gloria made up this difference quickly. Then they flew to New York and told her father, co-starring on Broadway with Beatrice Lillie in *Inside U. S. A.*, all about their plans for the future. They got Jack Haley's beaming blessing and returned in good order to Hollywood.

All this time, Gloria had been living alone in the big Haley home in Hollywood. Now, on his first vacation from his show in New York, Jack followed her back to the film capital to close it up while Gloria moved into an apartment not far from her beauty shop. Tom gave up his expensive apartment in the Sunset Towers and moved to another one which was nearer to Gloria's.

While Tom had made up with Gloria, he hadn't patched up things with Mickey Rooney. It remained for the latter to start a reconciliation when he put up that now-famous battle to have Tom given co-star billing with him in *Words and Music*, the M-G-M musical on the lives of Rodgers and Hart, instead of Judy Garland, who has only a comparatively short sequence in the film.

Tom appreciated this deeply—and he and Mickey were soon pals again. But do you think that Gloria, or any other girl, got in the big reconciliation celebration held by the two old friends? No sir! Tom and Mickey, who had quarreled over a girl, observed the end of their feud by tagging it to one of the late Earl Carroll's big girlie shows!

There hasn't been an announcement of the marriage because Gloria's divorce was not due to be final until late fall. There could just be a sort of idea—and the ruby ring, the one, of course, Gloria says is not an engagement ring. The idea, too, was born in a sort of secrecy. It happened some time after St. Valentine's Day last February because it has been established that Tom let this day pass without any word or gift from him to her; no card, no phone call no heart-shaped candy box. Yet, only a few days later, they were seen together and the word about them got around. It wasn't just their being together, it was their manner toward each other. There seemed to be an understanding that shone from their faces and was revealed in their every other gesture. And there was even more than this.

a new start . . .

They stayed away from the prominent places because, as Gloria unwittingly divulged, "We're saving our money for a new start. Tom's doing swell in his campaign to clean up his debts so our marriage won't start off under any financial handicap."

A few weeks ago, Tom left for Laguna Beach where, in his first play of the company's repertory, he co-starred with Nancy Coleman in *The Voice of the Turtle*.

That was on the stage. In real life he co-starred with Gloria in two little dramas—one funny, the other not so funny (and as much MODERN SCREEN'S fault as anyone's!).

At Laguna, Tom shared a room at the hotel with Gerald Mayer, a test director at M-G-M. Gloria—who came down for a ten-day vacation—lived with some friends who have a home there. A few days after the two men checked into the hotel, a mix-up in reservations was discovered which resulted in Tom being moved into a single room and Gerry Mayer being checked out of the hotel altogether.

But Gerry was also a friend of the people with whom Gloria was staying. He told them of his unhappy plight, and they put him up at once. So thereafter, nightly, he, Tom and Gloria would get together for a snack after the show. Then Tom would kiss Gloria goodnight, and she'd go on home with Gerry!

The sad incident took place when MODERN SCREEN came down to take its pictures of Tom and Gloria. They did their best to cooperate with the photographer. They cooperated so well, in fact, that during the course of some beach shots, the tide came sneaking in and washed away (1) a brand-new Dunhill lighter of Tom's, (2) Gloria's new beach shoes and (3) various other items of Gloria's summer wardrobe.

And after all this, it was decided that the beach photographs hadn't turned out well enough to use!

But none of this got Gloria or Tom down. For Gloria it was to be her last vacation before starting to work on the paper, and she concentrated on making the most of it.

When she got back to town, she went right to her desk and pounded out her first column. What she wrote was not the best story she knows.

The best story is one she is living, not writing—her return engagement with Tom in Hollywood.

THE END

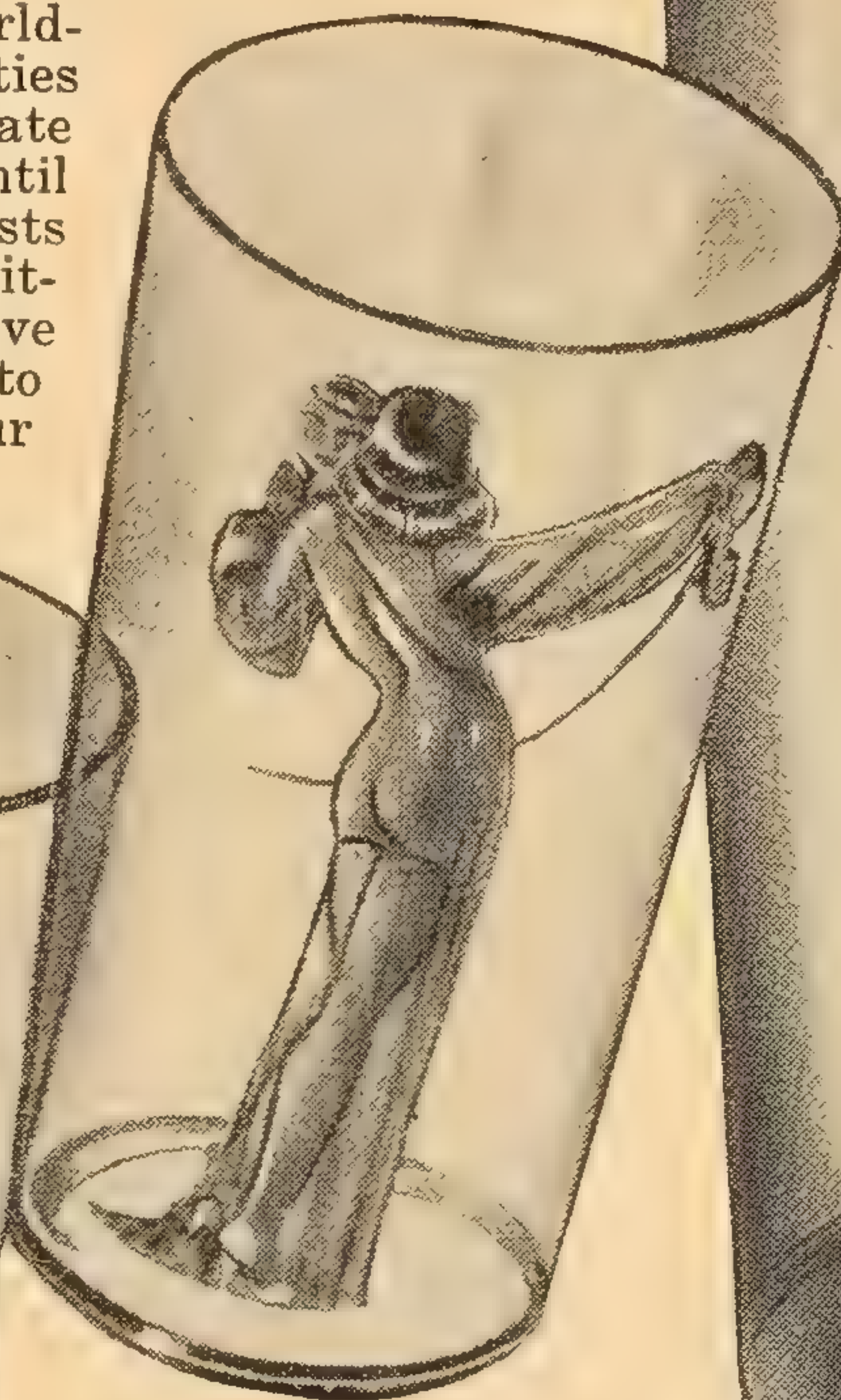
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MY LOVE AFFAIR WITH ANN SHERIDAN

(Continued from page 47)

difficulty getting into the tack room to deliver the silks. Nobody seemed to know us. But we got in, just in time, and hurried to the betting windows to lay down our wagers on our certain winner, On Trust, the California horse.

But due to circumstances beyond the control of science and the best brains, On Trust did not win. The winner was Jet Pilot, Miss Elizabeth Arden's entry, running under the colors we had fetched from New York. It seemed to Mr. Roach and myself that the world was a bleak and gloomy place, that the gods were against us. We required a friend on whose shoulder we could bawl.

At this moment we were greeted by a cheerful: "Hiya, fellers!" a warm smile, and a sight for sore eyes. This was Annie, accompanied by a large, vigorous Irishman she calls "O'Toole." His real name, as I suppose everybody knows, is Steve Han-nagan.

They offered their shoulders and we wept copiously on them. And I was struck for the nine-hundredth time with what a smick-smack, forthright, clear-eyed, red-headed, realistic gal this Annie Sheridan is. Annie and O'Toole took us on to dinner, gave us fair words, good sense, and a minimum of ribbing, and our anguish began to abate. It is impossible to be sad very long in the presence of such good humors as Miss Sheridan and Mr. O'Toole know how to exert. All this inspired me to do a little thinking about motion pictures, a subject which, at the moment, it appeared I knew more about than horse racing.

"Make a picture for me, Annie?" I said.

"Sure," said Annie.

"When?"

"Well, as you well know, I am under contract to Warner Brothers up until the last two minutes of my life. But pry me loose, and I'll work for you."

And that, so help me, is precisely how I happened to get Ann Sheridan for *Good Sam*, with Gary Cooper.

fair exchange . . .

When she read the script she offered to work for nothing. She gave Warner Bros. an extra picture in return for a release. And she turned in far and away the finest performance of her life. As her director, it may be immodest for me to say that, but she did it, as you shall see. And we had an immense amount of fun getting that wonderful performance.

But I'll confess something, seriously. I was bothered about Ann. I had heard she was tough. Hard to get along with. Difficult to direct. She took an 18-months suspension at Warners, you know, when they didn't give her the pictures she wanted. She's a big star, and in the past 15 years she has made 39 pictures. A gal who knows her way around—from Hollywood to New York, from Texas to Palm Beach. I wondered if I hadn't let myself in for trouble in setting out to direct this temperamental actress in an extremely difficult part.

My doubts were quickly confirmed.

Before Annie herself appeared, her entourage arrived. Now, I am a director who is accustomed to having his own way. The people around me are the ones I like to work with. But ahead of Annie came a little army of seven. They were Jesse Hibbs, her assistant director; Martha Giddings Bunch, her close friend, who also looks after her wardrobe; Edward (Mecca) Graham, another assistant director; Myrl Sholz, hairdresser; Marveen Tehner, stand-in; Eddie Allen, makeup, and a very

talented fashion designer named Travilla.

This got my Irish up—and I *am* Irish. I said to myself, "Hmmm, who does she think *she* is?"

But every last one of those people found a quiet opportunity to come up and say: "We hope we're not in your way. Just tell us what you want us to do."

Within half a day they were part of the gang. Or I was part of theirs. I'd set it down as a characteristic thing, a typical thing, that Annie surrounds herself with good Joes. From now on, I know that if a person is with Sheridan, that person is all right—and probably full of fun. It's typical of Annie that there is always a faithful gang around her. It grows in size every day, apparently. Enlistments are voluntary.

annie on the job . . .

Annie finished her Warner Bros. picture one night and reported to work on my set the next morning, ready for work.

"Okay," she said, "tell me what to say."

That's all there is to it, when you're directing Sheridan. Tell her what to say.

She did a tremendous job of work for *Good Sam*. She came over to Pathé at night for wardrobe fittings while she was still making a Warner Bros. picture. She toiled 60 days, a long schedule for me, without a day off. I believe I have never known a gal who revelled so much in the luxury of sleep, but I have never seen Annie look sleepy.

There were days when we seemed to waste a certain amount of time during the shooting of this picture. There were afternoons when Coop and I found it a good deal more fun to talk with Annie spinning yarns than to work with the camera. Actually, we wasted no time. After a session like that, we invariably knocked off more scenes in the next few hours than we could have made in days of steady work.

There was the afternoon we lost because of my birthday.

When I came on the set after lunch, there was the hush of conspiracy about the place. There were tables set up and somebody hurried by with a handful of candles.

"We're having a birthday party for you," they told me.

Now, believe me, I was considerably touched. My birthday adds up to a few more than I wish they did, and have never been matters of general celebration. I was led over to the table with the enormous cake. I cleared my throat.

"Fellers," I said, "I am deeply touched. This is really swell of you—"

"Read the inscription!" they yelled.

I leaned over and read it. This is what it said:

"FORTY-SEVEN THE HELL YOU SAY."

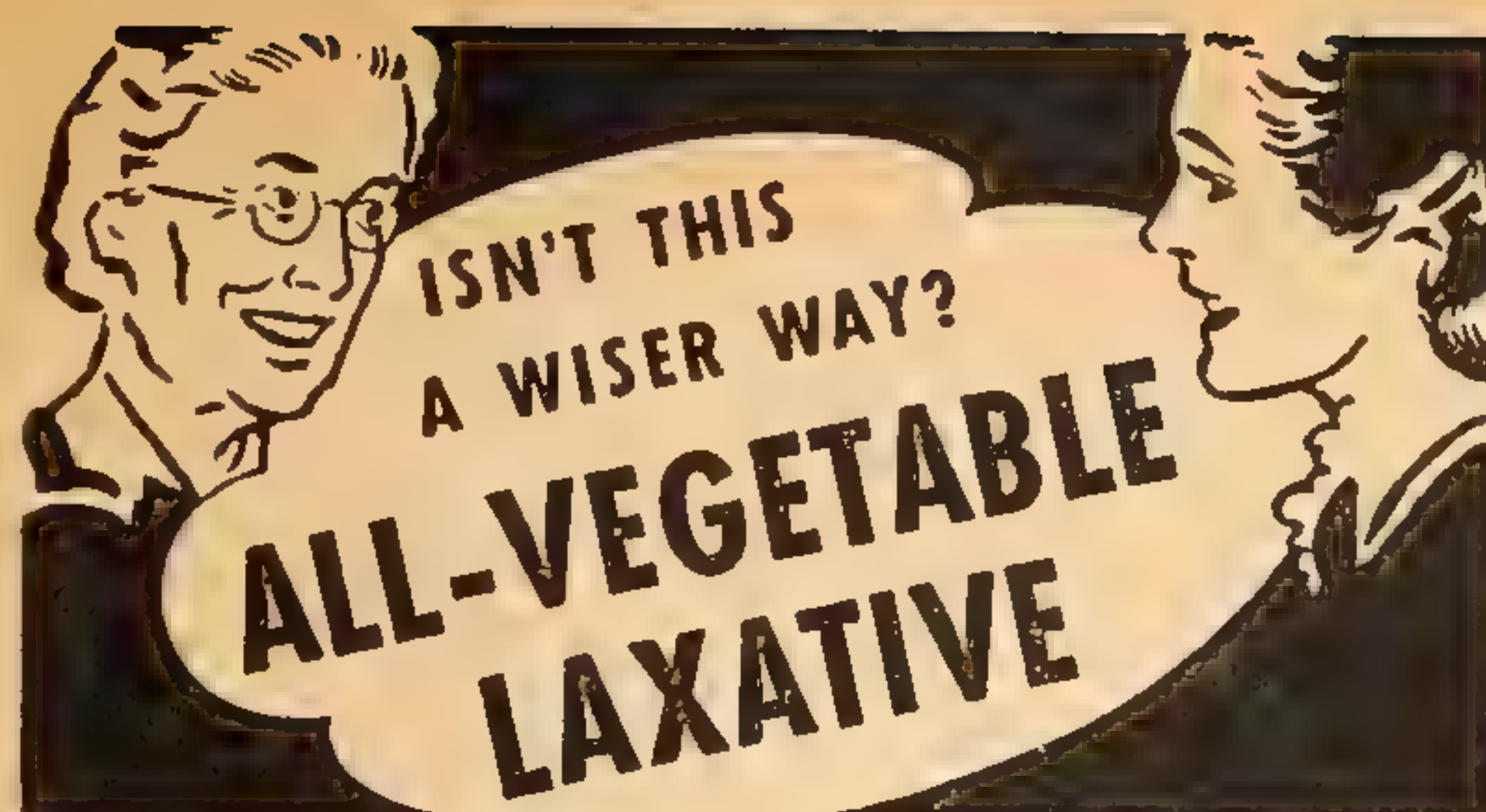
That, my friends, was the Sheridan touch.

Let me tell you what Annie had to do in *Good Sam*.

This is a story about a man who took being good seriously and literally. For my part, you'll understand, I have been on the spot ever since *Going My Way* and *The Bells of St. Mary's*—two priest pictures. What could I do next?

I'll tell you how I tried to work it out. I open with a minister, but this one is an Episcopalian. The "Good Sam" in this Sam Clayton, a department store manager, who is such a good guy that he will give you the shirt off his back. In the picture he does just that.

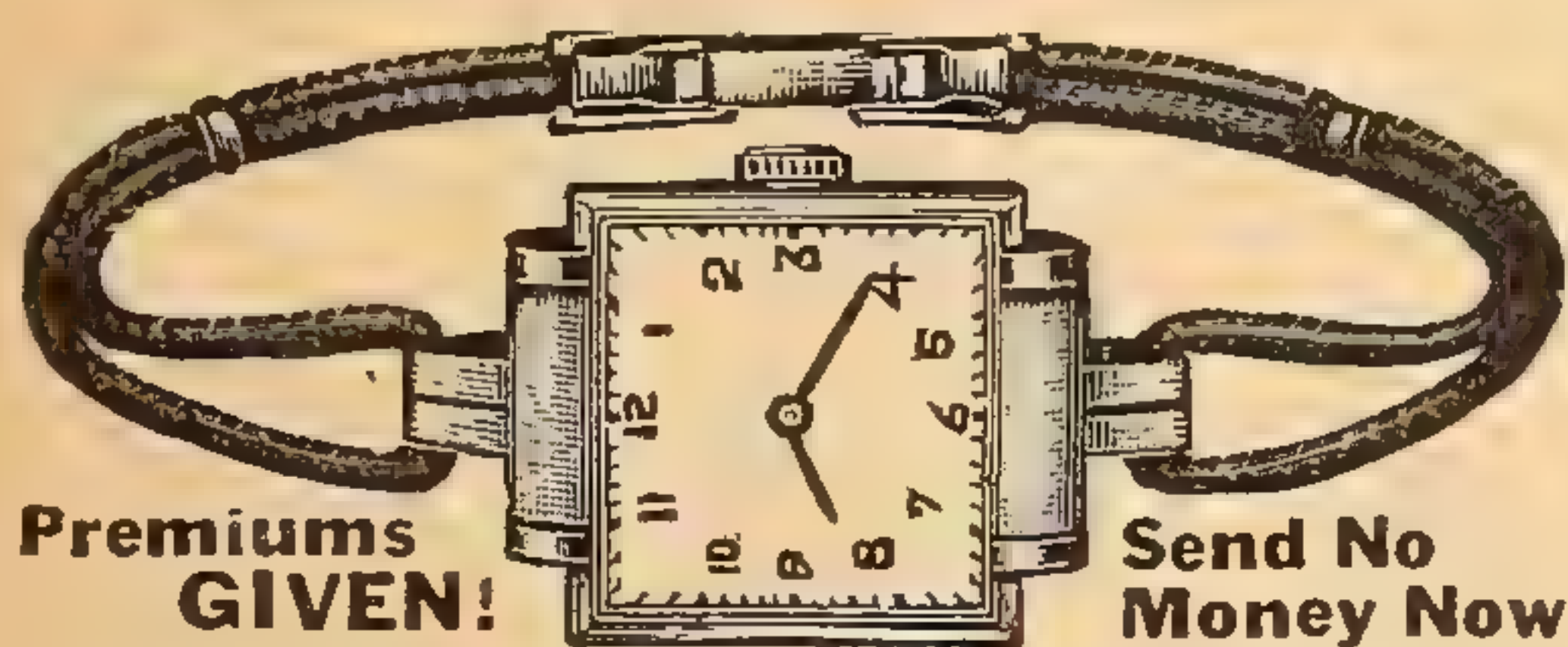
Annie is his wife. A most unsympathetic role, believe me, because it is her task to point out from time to time that



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charity begins at home. Cooper is literally practicing the precepts of Christianity—and Annie seems to be holding him back.

You could hate a woman like that. But you can't hate Annie. She is the catalyst, the common sense, the good-humored cynic in this piece, and what she does with this part is—did I mention before that Miss Sheridan is one wonderful actress? Have I made all the proper gestures about modesty forbidding, and have I been diffident about being her director? I hope so. Because I think that our Annie has come a long, long way. She has had experience, trouble, battles, two husbands and 15 years of training. I think these things obviously have helped mature her skill. You would never learn it from Annie herself. She is still the girl from Texas, the redhead, who likes space and parties and travel and fun. But Sheridan is a serious actress today. I have abundant proof of that on thousands of feet of film.

Her philosophy, apparently, is derived from *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. She believes in "whistle while you work." She is one of the few actresses I know who can summon tears for a sad scene at will. I complimented her about this.

"Nothing to it," she scoffed. "All I do is think about how bad it would feel to have that menthol in my eyes. Then I cry tears."

She is also one of the few who doesn't claim to be able to sketch, draw, paint, write, compose music, cook a seven-course dinner and milk a cow. It is remarkable, isn't it, how many unusual talents most motion picture stars seem to have—but never exercise? The forthright Miss S hoots at these things and tells the truth. She can't do any of them.

She did try to milk a cow. She has one on her five-acre ranch in Encino.

"Didn't work," she reported. "Spoiled my red fingernails, spoiled the milk, and doggone near spoiled the cow. Never again."

I asked her one day how old she was. Now, I knew how old Annie is. I asked her merely to start some foolishness on the set.

"Thirty-two," she said matter-of-factly.

"You tell your age," I said, surprised. "You're a remarkable woman."

"Why not?" she said, levelling those big eyes. "Why not? Lying about your age is an apology, as if you'd had a wasted life. Me, I haven't wasted a minute."

"Take the great ones," said Annie. "Take Ethel Barrymore, who has never tried to

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Some time ago, during a visit to a Hollywood studio I asked a man for some directions and while I was talking to him a girl went by. "How was the test?" he asked her. She smiled and held up crossed fingers. I remember that she was attractive in a nice, unaffected way and that she wore a kerchief tied under her chin. "There's a girl who's going places," the man told me. Later that day, I was in a drug store a few blocks from the studio when the same girl walked in. She remembered me and said hello. I thought she was much too natural and wholesome to succeed in Hollywood. But I was very wrong, for that girl was Elizabeth Scott.

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fool anybody that she isn't past 60. She's never been called old, or, Allah forbid, thought of as old.

"People catch you anyway. You know how old I am, you churl."

As the ladies will recall, Ann has twice been named among the ten best-dressed women in America. I wouldn't know about these fashion items, but I'll venture an observation which may, in a measure, explain this remarkable girl's impact: *she looks like the kind of woman for whom luxury was invented.* Furs were made for Annie. So was jewelry. She's the kind of girl any man in his right mind, with good eyesight, wants to take to the football game, to the Stork Club, to Ciro's, and home. As the world knows, the lucky and aggressive Mr. Steve (O'Toole) Hannagan has taken those chores to himself recently and from all accounts seems to be performing them a good deal more than adequately.

I can't answer the \$64 question there. Steve visited the set frequently while we were working. As soon as the picture was completed, Annie hurried to New York to see O'Toole. I don't know why they don't get married. I can't imagine why not. They're a grand pair.

We finished up some boogie-woogie on the set one morning and Annie came as near to stating her philosophy, I guess, as she ever does. She told me:

"I want to enjoy what I do. I don't care what kind of parts or what kind of picture I make but I do want good stories. Let's face a fact: all of us here are better off than most people. You are. I am. The carpenters who work on the sets are. Well, as for me, I've learned what I enjoy and I've learned to like the way I live. That took a little time, of course. But even when I'm working, I'm working at what I want to do. Sure, feller, I like having a mink coat, and I like being able to afford

to travel, and I like the other luxuries this kind of work makes possible, but I like sitting in the sun, too. And that doesn't cost a cent."

She didn't have a mink coat of her own, though you saw her wear many of them in films and in publicity stills, until 1941. She drives a Cadillac, same date.

Annie drove this car on the lot one morning and parked it near the stage. As I leaned on the door to talk to her I got a large smudge of dust on my sleeves.

"Don't you ever wash your car?" I complained.

"Nope," she said. "Hardly ever. Once a year, maybe."

"Why not?"

"Simple. When I drive home in the evening the sun is awful. You know, right in your eyes. If the car is shiny, it makes it worse. So I just keep a coat of dust on it. Saves paint."

For all her fun and foolishness and her train-hopping between New York and Hollywood, I guess Annie is pretty practical.

We wound up the picture in a blaze of jewelry. It was like the old days. Watches, bracelets, clips and rings adorned everybody—presents from Miss Sheridan. She gave me a beautiful money-clip designed in the shape of a director's chair. I examined this studiously. It did not explode and it had no insulting message inscribed on it.

Come to think of it, after Sheridan pays the bills for all those gifts and then pays her income taxes, I don't know what the poor gal is going to have left to eat on.

One more thing. Annie is sincerely happy to be rid of that tag which labelled her for so long. "The Oomph Girl." It served its purpose but it always embarrassed Annie. She has deserved a better title for many years—as I hope you'll agree with me when you see *Good Sam*.

THE END

NOTORIOUS GENTLEMAN

(Continued from page 52)

being Mrs. Rex Harrison.

From what she tells me, she has her life mapped out for the next year so she and Rex will be constantly together. She's temporarily shelving her screen career in Hollywood so that this plan will work.

When I talked with her, she was packing for a three-week trip to Paris, where she was set to do English and French versions of a picture for the Safia Film Company. Of course Rex would be with her. They were looking forward to 21 days and nights in gay Paree and she was so happy about it all I didn't have the heart to ask whether she was keeping her fingers crossed.

After Paris they will settle down in New York, where Rex will star in Maxwell Anderson's *Anne of a Thousand Days*, on Broadway. Just to keep busy, she was planning to star in Herman Mankiewicz' *The Man With a Load of Mischief*, also opening in New York (and there are those who think she'll have a fine understanding of such a man as this play describes).

If Rex's play is a success, they'll stay in New York for at least six months—and after that they'll probably go to England, where they'll both be busy working in Fox-British films. Rex will be in *Inside Scotland Yard*, a documentary-type film about the famous British crime-busters, to be produced by Sam Engel for 20th-Fox. It will be similar in treatment to *Street With No Name*, which was an FBI story of real criminals at work. Lilli doesn't know what she'll do, but whatever it is she'll be home every night to

see that Rex takes his vitamins and doesn't get lonesome.

She's probably thought often enough that if she had been hanging around their Mandeville Canyon home late last June, Rex wouldn't have been driving over to have lunch and dinner with lovely Miss Landis and thereby getting himself involved in a sensational front-page story. It all happened while Lilli took a short trip to visit her family in New York State. When she left, Rex was slated to follow in a few days on his way to London, where he was going to do a picture for Alexander Korda. The Korda deal fell through because of some mix-up in the tax situation between England and America and the handsome British actor was left with nothing to do but get lonesome and go wandering around for two weeks seeking amusement. And where could he have found it better than in the company of the vivacious Landis girl?

Lilli really should have been alerted to this danger, because while she and Rex were in London last year she went to Switzerland and left her ever-loving mate at loose ends in the big city and living in the same hotel where Carole also had lodging. It was during this time that word filtered back to Hollywood that Rex and Carole were having a high old time and that Lilli had gone off to Switzerland in a pique because her Rex was letting his eyes rove.

Back in Hollywood last spring, Lilli pooh-poohed that rumor, telling me she went to Switzerland for the skiing and

that Miss Landis was a close friend to them both.

"That rumor is just silly," she said. "My husband loves me very much. See these beautiful roses he sent me? Does that look as if I were a neglected wife?"

Her dressing room at the Enterprise Studio was bedecked with big bouquets of red roses and she seemed radiantly happy. Rex, working at 20th-Fox in *Unfaithfully Yours*, also laughed at the idea that he was once again playing the role of *Notorious Gentleman*.

"Miss Landis is a very charming girl—but believe me, I am a happily married man," he said at the time.

And no doubt he was telling the truth as he saw it. But Carole didn't seem to think so.

When she suddenly walked out on a picture she was supposed to make in London and arrived back in Hollywood in the early spring, she announced she was going to ask for a divorce from Horace Schmidlapp, to whom she had been married in 1946. By her own admission, Carole was on a never-ending quest for true love. So perhaps she thought her dreams had been at long last realized when she met Rex.

If that was the case, Carole was reckoning without Lilli. Perhaps she didn't know that the second Mrs. Harrison had weathered an ordeal only a few months before that would have sent many wives flying off to the divorce courts.

That exhibition of fortitude was shown when the first Mrs. Harrison arrived in Hollywood for a visit. She was accompanied by her 12-year-old son, Noel, child of her marriage to Rex. At first Mrs. Collette Harrison and Noel put up at the Beverly Hills Hotel. But that was expensive, and since Rex was paying the bills and Collette and Noel were over at Lilli's and Rex's home all day anyway—arriving each morning in bathing suits—the imperturbable Rex invited them to move in. They did, and for weeks Lilli and Rex and Collette went to parties together—and there was plenty of feeling shown when Collette wasn't included in the invitations.

blithe spirits . . .

Tongues wagged incessantly while Lilli went calmly about her affairs, rising above the tension that was inevitable under the circumstances. Both women answered when anyone spoke to "Mrs. Harrison," and Rex appeared uncomfortable and ready to fly off the handle any minute. This unusual design-for-living gave Hollywood a pretty clear idea that Lilli was a girl who knew what she wanted and was going to keep it against all odds.

This was the kind of competition Carole was meeting. If she ever had the idea she was going to be the third Mrs. Harrison, someone should have been kind enough to give her a quick run-down on the character of the girl who manages the home life of the handsome film star.

Rex is no misunderstood husband. His little wife gives every indication that she knows him better than anyone else ever will. She undoubtedly knows that, like many actors, he is apt to become enamored with a role he has played and that he keeps on actually living that role from time to time when the mood overcomes him.

Actors are highly sensitive people and often don't themselves know when the acting ends and the real living begins. This strange obsession was illustrated in the picture, *A Double Life*, wherein the hero, played by Ronald Colman, became so affected by appearing as Othello on the stage for a long run that he began to live the role and wound up strangling a pretty waitress he met in a cheap café.

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As Othello, he had strangled his wife in a jealous rage night after night.

It is conceivable, then, that Rex might have found himself occasionally slipping back into the role of a cavalier gent who takes love lightly.

Noel Marjorie Collette Thomas, daughter of a retired Army officer to whom the actor was wed when he was 26, didn't seem to have as much understanding of such things as Lilli has. Collette had a decidedly unpleasant reaction to Rex's sudden interest in the vivacious Miss Palmer, whom he met one evening while dining opposite her in a café in Birmingham, England, where they were both appearing in different stage plays.

Rex's eyes rested long and intently on Lilli, the lovely Viennese-born girl; then they both smiled and bowed and ended by finishing their dinner together. It was during the war and all of time seemed too short for those who lived where sudden death might be just around the corner. Rex was very conscious of the frenzied world around him because he had been serving as an intelligence officer in the Royal Air Force. Lilli told Rex she was planning to visit the zoo the next day and that he could come along if he "liked snakes." He swore he liked nothing better and off they went for a few hours of make-believe.

This was the beginning of a love that has held them together ever since. Collette didn't stand patiently by waiting for this romance to cool down. In July, 1942, she sued for divorce, naming Lilli co-respondent.

Lilli didn't mind, for she yearned to marry the handsome actor who had captivated her. The next January he slipped a wedding ring on her finger. By that time he had given up acting and was devoting all his time to his country in a radar unit that guided planes to the Continent and back home again.

a little boy . . .

I think that Rex's great fascination for women lies in his appealing little-boy manner of doing something very naughty and then being very sorry for it all. They idealize him—and want to mother him at the same time.

He is irresponsible about material things and careless to a maddening degree about money. When he wants something, he doesn't haggle over the price—and if he has to pay more than it's worth that's okay just as long as he gets it. For instance, he saw the home in which he and Lilli are now living in the very swank section close to exclusive Bel Air—and because it provided him with what he thought would be the surroundings of an English country gentleman, he bought it without a question. The real-estate dealer asked \$90,000 for the place. He well knew that was more than it was worth, and expected to have to cut the price quite a little. But Rex took it without a protest. Then Lilli stepped in and saved a goodly sum by decorating the house herself.

Rex carries money around in his pocket wadded up like a spitball and he never knows whether he has a \$5- or a \$50-bill. I've seen him pull out the bills and put them on the table in a café and Lilli straightens them out and counts them up. Quite often he is surprised to find he has so much.

In 1945, Rex and Lilli did *The Notorious Gentleman* together and it was this picture that brought them both to the attention of talent scouts from Hollywood. Rex was offered the starring role in *Anna and the King of Siam* by 20th-Fox. Later, Lilli was signed by the United States Picture Corporation but she insisted on a clause in her contract that allowed her to go wherever her husband went if she

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gave her studio two months' notice. She invoked this clause in August, 1947, so she could accompany Rex to England—and it was on this trip that Carole Landis came importantly into their lives.

Lilli announced she was going with him to Hollywood. "Of course you are, darling," he told her.

To friends who kidded them about the shoals their marital bark might hit in glamorous Hollywood, they both laughed and said nothing like that would happen to them—although Lilli did say she quite understood why there were so many divorces in the fabulous film capital.

"Hollywood stars are in contact with the most attractive people in the world," she said, shaking her pretty little head wisely. "There's obviously much more temptation for a man who works in pictures than for one who works in an office."

Subsequent events proved that the smart Mrs. Harrison was so right. This philosophy she expounded before she ever came in contact with those "most attractive people" seems to be the clue to her amazing forbearance when Rex got himself involved in a scandal that would have wrecked most marriages. I do not know of another film star—and Lilli is a star in her own right, we must never forget—who would have taken it on the chin as this cute freckle-faced girl did when the father of her little boy was ineptly trying to explain to coldly inquisitive police officers just why he had been visiting so often at Carole's home, how he had happened to find her body in the bathroom, what had happened to a second suicide note that was supposed to have existed and then mysteriously disappeared. (This, the story goes, was the note in which Carole gave last instructions about what she wanted done for the injured foot of her cat.)

Lilli's wifely pride was surely torn to shreds every time she saw the screaming headlines, but she stood solidly by the side of her man when he ran into the barrage from reporters and photographers. She must have been pretty bewildered by it all, because as a Britisher she had never met the kind of press people found in the United States. The newspaper guys and gals she'd known "at home" are journalists; they question their "victims" in a very dignified manner. In Britain, reporters don't initiate official investigations which make good stories, or prompt police officers to ask the sort of questions that make good reading.

I watched Lilli walking arm-in-arm with Rex into the chapel at Carole's funeral. I marveled at her courage. This was the kind of heroism for which medals are given.

And I couldn't help hoping for her sake that Rex will forget he ever played *The Notorious Gentleman* role—and will go back to that old film he did in 1937. It was called *School For Husbands*. THE END

ROSALIND, I LOVE YOU

(Continued from page 63)

of the effect of Rosalind's enormous faith in people. It sets them up with a conquering spirit. I agreed. It was one of the best decisions I ever made.

Her faith in people isn't a blind one, it is backed up by a recognition of talent when she sees it and a great desire to give everyone who deserves it a crack at glory. Which puts me right back to the night of the Academy Awards last spring when Loretta Young won after the press, polls, straw vote and everybody predicted Rosalind would be selected. Yet I am almost grateful that Rosalind lost—because of what it taught me about her.

She was the one person who didn't think she was going to win, until the actual night of the Awards. Then, because the polls had placed her way ahead of everyone else, and because all the earlier Awards, including Ronald Colman's, had gone exactly the way the polls predicted, she finally admitted that maybe she was going to get the Oscar. But when Fredric March started to make the announcement, she couldn't help crossing her fingers and then stuffing them into her ears. She actually didn't hear what March said, and not until she saw Loretta walking toward the stage did she know she had lost again—for the third time.

She sat back in her seat without a word and listened to the presentation. She had on a beautiful white creation that had been designed for her by Travis Banton. She fingered it, looked at me and shook her head in regret. I leaned toward her.

"Feel bad?" I asked.

"Yeah, for poor Travis," she said.

"What?" I couldn't help ask, dumbly.

"Well, you know how hard he worked on this dress," she said. "And now he's lost his chance to show it off here. He had his heart set on it."

dudley, she loves you . . .

Afterward, when we were seating ourselves in our car outside, Rosalind looked out the window and saw Dudley Nichols, the man who made *Mourning Becomes Electra*, on which she had won her Academy Award nomination. He was trying to make his way through the crowd. She called to him and he, thinking that she wanted to give him a lift, waved and yelled back that he had his own car. He was right and wrong. Rosalind wanted to give him a lift all right, but not in the car. She wanted to tell him that she loved him and that she thought he was the best writer and producer she had ever known—no matter which way the Awards went.

I told the chauffeur to drive straight to the Mocambo where Peter N. Rathvon, head of RKO, was giving a party for the winner—whom he, as had most everyone else, thought would be Rosalind. But she asked to be driven home instead.

I thought she couldn't face the party now and she guessed what was in my mind.

"Don't be silly," she said. "We're going home and we're going to stay there an hour before we go to the Mocambo. It's Loretta's night and I want her to get the most out of it when she makes her entrance. It's *her* moment, I don't want to force people to divide their attention between congratulations for her and sympathy for me. Besides, we're close enough friends so that she'd feel sorry for me, and when you win an Oscar I think you're entitled to a full round of joy with no regrets for anything."

Whether it's Loretta Young, or an unknown writer or director, if anyone rates

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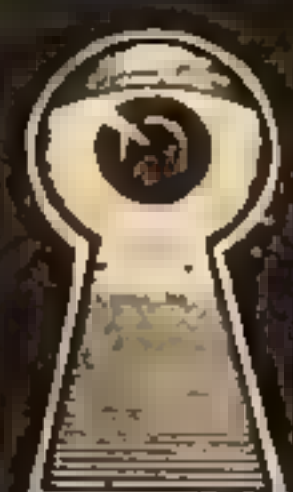


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a chance for glory Rosalind is for his having it. And that's why I, for one person, am not disappointed because Ros didn't get her Award. Anyone with her outlook on life, her courage and inherent talent not only for acting, but for plain, everyday living, already is well rewarded.

I got a sense of this one night when we saw a preview of *The Velvet Touch* at a downtown Los Angeles theater. A middle-aged woman came up to Rosalind in the lobby and said, "Oh, Miss Russell, I must thank you. I must thank you!"

"Thank you," said Rosalind. "I'm glad you liked the picture."

"Oh, it wasn't the picture," replied the woman. "I liked the picture. But I want to thank you just for being honestly you."

I've never said it better myself—and don't think I haven't tried!

It's pretty much a fetish with Rosalind to be liked for herself. Perhaps you've heard the story of how our four-and-a-half-year-old son, Lance, scared her one day when he came up and told her he knew who she was. It's my favorite yarn.

Rosalind paled. "What do you mean, Lance?" she asked. "Who am I?"

"You're a movie star," he replied.

She took a deep breath and asked, "And what is a movie star, Lance?"

He looked at her dumbly. "I dunno," he said. She was so overjoyed she had to gather him into her arms right then and there. Of course you know why she felt anxious. She didn't want to gain one more fan—and lose a son!

life with father . . .

Ros learned about not being a quitter from her father, the late James E. Russell. He, by not quitting, went from semi-pro baseball to Yale and a career as a corporation lawyer. He spoke to her on the subject once when she was in her 'teens and had failed to win a diving contest at a summer resort on Long Island Sound.

She had worked up to the finals and was ahead on points but an odd factor was starting to bother her. She was a skinny kid; she had the most boyish figure that ever set a girl to biting her nails in secret worry. By contrast, Ros's rival was "all-girl." Every time she posed up there on the diving board she was a most appealing silhouette and an appreciative murmur would go through the audience. Every time Ros stepped up there she felt the crowd was just waiting for her to get off so the other girl could get back on again.

She was just preparing to make her last and most important dive when one of the shoulder buttons holding up her bathing suit gave away. With a little shriek Roz grabbed at the loose strap and just flopped into the water—making no attempt to dive. She didn't have to go back to the float to know that the other girl had won. She just headed ashore for the clubhouse.

But her father, who was in a boat, beat her to it and was waiting when she started to climb out of the water. She began to explain but he shook his head.

"You were ahead," he pointed out. "Now remember this, Rosalind. A winner never quits, a quitter never wins."

Eugene O'Neill, who wrote *Mourning Becomes Electra*, thinks everyone's life is controlled by little accidents of fate. So does Rosalind. Her whole career, she believes, can be traced back to when she was a skinny fifteen, sitting in Marymount School in New York, trying to figure how to duck math class. Rosalind didn't like math because she was never able to pierce the disguise of X; it always remained the unknown quantity to her.

"What to do?" she was moaning to herself, when the voice of the sister in charge came to her, announcing that the school was planning a play in connection with an expected visit of the late Cardinal Hayes.

On impulse Rosalind put up her hand to volunteer for it, thinking to herself that a play meant rehearsals and, who knows, she might be able to skip the dreaded math that way.

She was accepted—later given the lead part in the play. It turned out to be a dramatization of the life of St. Francis of Xavier. Rosalind played St. Francis with beard and cassock. And she was not only excused from a number of math sessions, but from other irksome classes too.

That was pretty good. From then on she ran around volunteering for one amateur play after another, telling herself that the business of being a professional actress deserved looking into.

I guess everyone knows that, to start with, she had to fight her family to go on the stage. Her mother turned down the first offer, which was made by a representative of a dance troupe.

"What!" cried Mrs. Russell. "My daughter in the theater? Living a life of gas jets, gin bottles and swearing women? Never!"

Incidentally, Rosalind's mother was waiting for us when we got home the night of the Academy Awards. "I guess you were right all the time, Mother," said Rosalind. "I lost. And now you're disappointed."

Mrs. Russell snorted. "I have yet to be disappointed in you, Rosalind," she declared. "I have been surprised by you many times—but disappointed? Never!"

No. She has never disappointed anyone. When, through Cary Grant, I first met Rosalind—he had told me he was sure that Rosalind and I would like each other—I wasn't disappointed. When we talked about riding, golfing and swimming and then went riding, golfing and swimming—I wasn't disappointed. She was my equal in all three, and maybe even a bit better; that is still to be settled.

You know, when I was a boy my life happened to be such that I could not gain a very high impression of women. That was because my father, Carl Brisson, one of Europe's favorite musical comedy stars, traveled the world over and I went along with him—seeing women only when they thronged the stations, or the theater entrances when he arrived, to greet and even gush over him. I was an impressionable youth and thought women were always like that. I didn't realize that these same women had another side of their life—that they were homemakers and mothers and teachers of their children.

the big wait . . .

That may be why, unlike my father, who married very young, I waited. And a very good thing it was! I knew it had been the minute I saw Rosalind.

And now I want to marry her all over again. I will give you one more reason.

While it is true that I didn't get ulcers in my first attempt at producing, or any of the trade ailments I named, I did pick up a siege of insomnia. I could do everything connected with sleeping; yawn, droop, close my eyes—but I couldn't sleep. In the midst of all this I had to leave for New York, after which my plans called for me to go to Europe, with Rosalind following a few weeks later.

There were several business matters in connection with *The Velvet Touch* that were hanging fire until I could settle them in New York. The minute I arrived I went into a series of meetings, after which I sent a long telegram to Rosalind telling her what the results had been. I waited for her answer, wondering what comments she would make about the decisions that were voted at the meetings. I soon found out. Her wire came the next morning and didn't contain any comments! In fact it had only four words—and those were, "But did you sleep?"

Rosalind, I love you.

THE END

WHY STARS FIGHT THEIR BOSSES

(Continued from page 57)

hadn't had time to, before. After a quick look, he agrees with me. I'm right—it's not a great story. It'll have to be re-written.

"If the re-write's good, I'll do it—I'll be anxious to do it. I'm going to have a baby and if I can finish another picture first, I'll be the luckiest girl in the world. But," she grinned, "even if I am right, I'm not necessarily back on salary. I'm still on suspension, you see, until it's all cleaned up."

I'm bringing up Betty Bacall's case of suspensionitis first, because it's so very typical in one way, so unique in another. As she says, Lauren's lucky. For one thing, because nobody's really red-faced mad about anything—and it won't last long. For another, because she's married to Humphrey Bogart, who's a wise and seasoned studio diplomat.

Bogie got his biggest break—and he knows it—from the walkout of another star, Paul Muni, when Paul turned down *High Sierra* and opened the way for Humphrey to get the part which set his screen course straight after a let-down. Yep, Lauren can thank her lucky stars she's got Bogie to guide her.

But Betty Bacall Bogart is speaking purest gospel when she says she'll be the luckiest gal in the world to make *Blowing Wild* before Bogie, Junior, arrives. Very few "expecting" stars get that chance. What brings suspensions? Well, having a baby will usually work.

Because in Hollywood, if you're a star, motherhood adds up as a studio sin. Nothing can slap a layoff on a glamor star quicker than the tiniest whispered tidings of a blessed event. Babies are expensive in Hollywood—expensive to stars. Not studios—not on your life.

What do you suppose it cost Bette Davis to have her darling little daughter, Barbara? Well, Bette was off the screen and off salary over a year, and counting up on my fingers, that makes around \$250,000 in mere money.

Because the price comes so high, not all stars take time off deliberately to start a family. But sometimes they do—and fool their bosses, too.

Joan Fontaine can thank Christian Dior, the "New Look" man, for the price of an extra Fontaine picture (not under \$200,000, you can bet) when she played cover-up with full skirts all through *You've Got to Stay Happy*—acting, incidentally, a young debutante when her baby was only four months away.

I think the smartest little apple at that sort of disguise, though, is Veronica Lake,

a tiny lady who, almost any time she tries, can have a family without the cold eye of the camera giving her away.

I remember that when Veronica made *Sullivan's Travels*, I asked her point-blank to confirm a family rumor I'd heard and she denied it. Three weeks later, I checked with her dress designer and got the wonderful truth. But even then I didn't print it—and I'm glad I didn't. It might have been a very costly item for Veronica. As it was, she coasted through the picture in good time and saved herself a stork suspension. Then darned if she didn't repeat the deception, not once but twice—in both *The Hour Before Dawn* and *Isn't It Romantic?*

standard time . . .

It takes nine months to have a baby (in Hollywood as well as anywhere else). But there are stars who have stuck out their strikes far longer than that and for far less tender reasons—although it has cost them plenty, too. Ann Sheridan, for instance.

Ann has been out more than she's been in at Warners' ever since she turned down *Strawberry Blonde* and yelled, "Unfair to Oomph!" letting Rita Hayworth play the part and launch her big-time career. Whether Ann was right or wrong didn't make the payoff any different. She started a feud and put a crimp in her own career that's never quite been ironed out. I'm not sure she'd ever have got back on the screen, in fact, if she hadn't had a mighty influential boy friend, ace press-agent Steve Hannagan.

When Steve thought Annie's close-out had lasted long enough, he brought Thurman Arnold, the lawyer, straight from Washington and government prestige to scare Ann's bosses into reason. Sheridan did it again, though, rather than make *Serenade*. Since *Good Sam* for Leo McCarey, she hasn't made a picture.

Strikes have hurt Ann Sheridan—no doubt about it—but, well, she's red-headed. Yet a star you'd never suspect packed any fighting moxie voluntarily excluded herself from the screen for over two long years, scrapping stubbornly for—not money, a baby, or even a good script—but for a principle.

Who in the world would ever tag doe-eyed, demure Olivia DeHavilland the heaviest puncher of them all when it came to standing up for her rights? "Sweet" was the word for Olivia for years and years and you'd get that syrupy description every time you mentioned her pretty name.

Well, defenseless DeHavilland was the gal who stuck out her studio walkout for two-and-a-half years—fought through the courts and won not only her own freedom from a contract she thought was outworn, but achieved practically a Proclamation of Emancipation for all Hollywood stars!

Before Livvy buckled on her armor, studios had been tacking time spent in layoffs, suspensions and just such off-salary penalty periods as I'm talking about, onto the end of a star's contract to stretch out the period of servitude (if the star was still box-office, that is). But Livvy claimed her seven-year contract at Warners was void because on the calendar seven years had rolled by, suspensions and such not counting a whit. She claimed it and she proved it for the first time in court.

In so doing she set not only herself free but a double dozen other stars too, proving to be a lady Lincoln, more or less. But what did that cost? Olivia can collect

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\$200,000 every time she makes a picture and she could have made at least four or five in that two-year period. Livvy came back to win her Academy Oscar with a terrific performance in *To Each His Own*. What's more, while she was swearing off pictures, she met the man she'd been waiting for, Marcus Goodrich—and found herself that long overdue husband!

But Olivia DeHavilland's self-imposed strike was a Hollywood exception—that's why it's a classic. Very few are so single-purposed and so Simon pure. And you can count on your fingers the times stars have won. Usually, they take it where it hurts—not only in the courts, but in the pocketbook and popularity.

Joan Leslie has dragged her contract complaints through three courts—she's in the Supreme one now—and she hasn't been on her studio's lot all that time. Mostly because she trained and danced and worked to play Marilyn Miller in *Look For the Silver Lining* and then June Haver got the part. She'd be better off to have looked for the silver lining herself.

Look at Larry Parks, last season's Hollywood wonder boy: Larry spent most of his time and money since he zoomed to greatness in *The Jolson Story* fighting Columbia, the studio that made that picture. And by feuding, he seriously dimmed his own brilliant shooting star.

two for one . . .

The trouble with Larry Parks is two contracts at one studio—and two is too many. His first was for five years, and it wasn't such a much of a ticket when it came to making Larry famous or rich. But he made *The Jolson Story* on that one, then Columbia ripped it up and wrote him a brand new deal, with more money, star billing and everything. He made *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman* on that one, as an official star. Was he happy? Uh-uh, he was not. Larry longed for his first contract. It was shorter, would soon run out, and he knew where he could get some very attractive other ones around Hollywood the minute he was free. So he saw his lawyer. They both told their sad story to a judge.

It's interesting, that story, and how the judge puzzled it. Columbia, as you know, won—and Larry lost—and to show you how even though hot words fly back and forth, the boys can get together for business reasons: While they were still calling names legally, Larry and Harry got together to make *The Gallant Blade*. Columbia didn't want to wreck the star property it had in Larry, you see. Larry didn't want to wither off the screen forever. But Larry refused to draw money on his new contract; he insisted on getting paid off via the old and cheaper one!

Now, about the judge:

Said he, somewhat like this, busting Larry's dream: "Sure, the studio obtained your new contract under duress. They said you'd have to sign it or you wouldn't make any more star pictures. But—you waited too long to complain. You benefited, made *Down to Earth*, *The Swordsman* and *Gallant Blade*, and cashed in on star rating. You're no dope, but an intelligent, well-educated guy. You had access to good legal advice. But you waited for three pictures and therefore forfeited your right to squawk!"

Well, I won't go Gladstone on you. I'm no lawyer. I'm interested in what Larry lost, besides his case. He should be rueing his suing because by now Parks could have had possibly the couple of hit pictures he needs, reams of publicity he's lost, less of the bad he's got. But to show you again how in Hollywood the hottest tempers cool when money-making show business warms up—here's a happy ending to the cockeyed court case of

Larry Parks versus Columbia pictures.

Nobody but Larry can play Al Jolson. A second Jolson story is in the works. So Larry will be right back on the lot this winter mammy-mugging in the *Jolson Story* sequel—and he'll have what terms he wants, he'll be glad to get back, and all this fuss and feathers and furor will be forgotten and forgiven—because it's good business.

Yep, it's a screwy-Looney poker game—these star-studio stand-offs—and the studios usually hold the aces. They've got full-time legal staffs, for one thing, on the alert for every tiny escape-hatch a star might find to make him sassy. They have even more potent trumps, too. A star strikes—okay—not only no publicity do you get, bub, but sometimes bad publicity. It's very chastening. You read the item about Lana Turner's "uncooperative star" didoes when M-G-M was mad at her? The troubles of Bob Walker that hit the pages when he was having studio troubles, too? Studios are not always above punching back when stars knock chips off their august shoulders. Maybe a little advice of mine saved Lana from getting fractured for keeps.

Sitting in New York waiting for Ty Power to come home to her, Lana refused to play Lady De Winter in M-G-M's *The Three Musketeers*. Nobody, least of all I, blamed her. It was no part for a star, a tame gal's side-dish in a meaty male epic. Lana knew she'd just be lending her box-office draw to prop up Gene Kelly, Van Heflin and Keenan Wynn. Besides, Lana desperately deserved a vacation; she'd made three pictures in a row—*Cass Timberlane*, *Green Dolphin Street*, *Homecoming*—and she'd been promised a rest. But the order came through: "Make *Musketeers*—or else."

I knew Lana was in a bad spot; she was smothered with unfavorable personal publicity then; she'd borrowed money from M-G-M and spent it; she was practically broke. Hollywood was having its big slump panic and if she stuck and struck—well, Turner was wide open for M-G-M to make an example of her. So I called her and gave her my strongest advice. "Swallow your pride and do the job. It's your only out." I'm glad she did.

Do studios retaliate when stars tread their toes? Sure they do. There's a fellow in this town coming back the hard way for his second career, and this time on his own. He was going great guns once before as a contract star—then he was dropped—and virtually blackballed. You didn't hear of him for quite a time. Eddie Albert's his name.



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger, said of her: "From the occasional remarks she lets fall, from the questions she asks, the only thing Ginger wants out of life is what every girl wants if she is thoroughly honest with herself—a home and babies."

—From a 1938 issue of *Modern Screen*

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What can a star sling from his or her corner when the suspension gong rings? If she's versatile like Betty Hutton, for instance, she could go right on making money unless her studio contract has her tied up too tight. Betty had her baby after *Perils of Pauline* and skipped suspension then. But if she turns down *Ruggles of Red Gap* as she's threatening to do, she'll be off for a tour of personal appearances in England that will earn her every bit as much—say \$5000 a week—wherever she goes. But Betty can sing and dance and slay 'em with comedy. She doesn't necessarily need Hollywood. What else can Lana Turner do or Ann Sheridan or Gene Tierney?

Gene turned down *Walls of Jericho* after her prestige role in *The Razor's Edge*. She turned down *Chicken Every Sunday*, too. But Darryl Zanuck held the winning hand and he knew it. When he decided to let Gene sit, she sat—for eight long months. Jeanne Crain was handy to step into *Chicken Every Sunday*. Anne Baxter was delighted to play *Walls of Jericho*. Finally Gene had to ask her friends to intercede for her and get her back on the screen—and she was happy to play a smaller part than either of those to do it. What else could she do?

Studios can always find more "cooperative" actors and actresses. Or, if they've just got to have that certain striking star, they can postpone the picture, go merrily on to making something else.

Yep, I ask again—what else can they do? They can't make pictures anywhere else—or they face court injunctions. Besides, no studio will hire them and face a lawsuit. Usually, they can't even do a stage play or radio, without their studio's okay—and, believe me, those contracts are ironclad. Some indignant stars hire press agents to ballyhoo their side of the fuss, others get lawyers to worry it out in court. Most just sit at home and wait for the telephone to ring or lightning to strike. Most, in the end, give up.

always two sides . . .

I'm not saying that's right, mind you. There are always two sides to a squabble. Stars can be right—and they can be so wrong. I think it was right—though costly—for Ann Sheridan to refuse to go back playing gun molls and musical girlie-girlies, after she'd proved herself a fine actress in *King's Row*. I was on Cornel Wilde's side when he lost his paycheck by turning down the schoolteacher part in *Margie*—even though *Margie* was a hit and gave the guy who stepped in, ex-movie usher Glenn Langan, his break. Cornel was not the schoolteacher type and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. In spite of Cornel's cagey career balks at Twentieth Century-Fox, he's the head star man there today; he's even passed Ty Power in popularity.

On the other hand—it's hard for me to squeeze out a tear for Ray Milland's suspension sulks at Paramount. Ray turned down *A Mask For Lucretia* with Paulette Goddard, a big expensive production, because, I suppose, it wasn't another *The Lost Weekend*. And in spite of the fact that Clemence Dane wrote a wonderful script. Ray wouldn't even read that, just pouted his "No" and walked out.

I'm afraid that's pure Oscar-itis, especially ironic when the studio he's snubbing shot the works for him on *The Lost Weekend* and was the most surprised picture-company in the world when it turned out to be a box-office success.

I think it's equally as silly for Joan Crawford to insist on making *Miss O'Brien*, the schoolteacher picture she wants to play—even to the point of buying the story herself when Warners wouldn't cast her in it. Joan Crawford playing a school-

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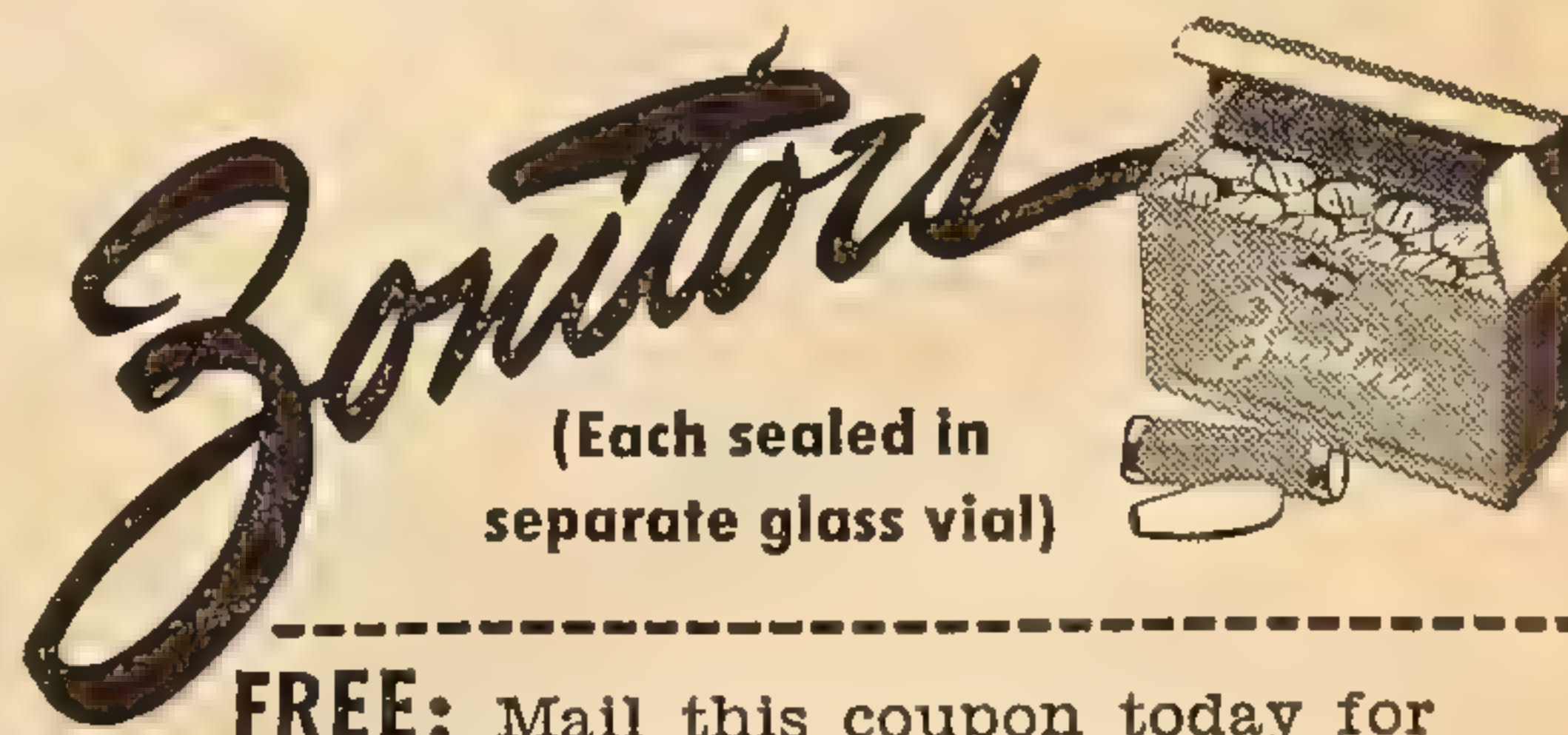
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teacher? But I know that gal and she'll probably do it.

After years at M-G-M, Joan started her new lease-on-life ticket at Warners by drawing a six months' suspension for turning down an Eddie Goulding-directed picture—he's tops on that lot. But (who said these things made sense?) she came right back from her outcast role to play *Mildred Pierce* and that first Warner picture gave her the dream of her life, an Academy Award. Recently, she took another walk-out by turning down *Flamingo Road*. Who knows who's right and who isn't in the never-ending tug of war? Certainly I don't and don't pretend to. But I know what I think isn't right.

I think it's unfair when it's studio policy to be trigger-happy shooting suspensions at stars. It makes Jack Warner mad to hear his film kingdom called "Suspension Manor" and it can rile Harry Cohn at Columbia, too, every time his regular star squabbles get a public airing. But what right has any studio to slam a star off salary the minute he utters a peep of protest about anything? All a Hollywood star has is his professional personality and standing. It's bread-and-butter. It's stock-in-trade, life-and-death. Think they're not going to try and protect it? Think they don't know that too many bad parts are a one-way ticket back to the hometown ribbon-counter? You'd be surprised, too, how many, with all the fancy salaries they've been earning for years, are flat busted, even in debt, with the amazing cost of carrying a Hollywood career.

I, for one, resent suspensions and forced "strikes" when they're used as weapons to murder careers, and I despise them when they're penny-pinching maneuvers to save a star's salary for a few days just because the letter of the contract makes it possible.

studio shenanigans...

I know where it's standard practice to hand a star a horrible script when his salary gets too high, or when he had an idle week or two, knowing he'll have to turn it down, in self defense, and take suspension. I hate to see a studio exploit a star who's paying their dividends for them without sharing some of the profits. I'm thinking of Alan Ladd, who was making most of Paramount's money for a time after his terrific hit, *This Gun For Hire*.

Alan made not more than \$1,500 a week then and he hit for a raise and bonus. The result was insignificant and he pointed out that Stirling Hayden had just been handed \$25,000 in bonus checks while he wasn't earning the studio a quarter as much.

"But," the bosses told him, "Stirling Hayden doesn't want to make pictures—and you do!" That didn't make sense to Laddie so out he walked to get a fair share of his earnings.

One of the cruelest things I ever heard was a producer's remark at a Hollywood dinner when a rising young star stood to take a bow. "Isn't she wonderful?" he beamed. "Give me five years of that girl's life and anyone can have the rest of it." Yeah—but who wants what's left, after that kind of exploiting gent gets through?

Above all, my blood boils when I see expectant mothers who happen to be stars penalized by suspensions long before it's necessary to lay them off. I'd gladly join a picket line before a studio packing an "Unfair" sign for that.

On the stars' side, I'm afraid I've just as many beefs to air, when they play up their temperament instead of talent. I think it's absurd, for instance, when Janet Blair sues Columbia for \$250,000—as she's doing now—because the ads of *The Fuller*

Brush Man printed Red Skelton's name a little bit bigger than hers! One of the funniest suspension stories I recall is when George Raft refused to play in *The Story of Temple Drake* because it was "immoral." Did he think his gangster and law-flaunting guys were wearing wings before?

But where there's a will there's a way—and although I've had my tussles with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and David O. Selznick, too, I admire them for their relations with their stars. You don't find many strikes or suspensions at M-G-M unless there's a case of last resort. And you don't see any of Selznick's stars getting beaten down with bad stories. On the contrary. They get top parts—whether he makes the pictures or loans them out. Has Ingrid Bergman ever had a bad part, a bad picture? I'll say she hasn't and DOS saw to that. His protection makes her the most valuable star, money and art combined, in Hollywood. Once Bette Davis had a value like that, too.

I'm very much afraid as long as there's a Hollywood there'll always be star strikes and studio suspensions—that's a cinch. But now and then comes a rift in the angry cloud, a sign that the toughest customers are human after all.

During the war, Barbara Stanwyck had time on her hands following Bob Taylor around to army camps. In Texas she read a book that she loved, Ayn Rand's "The Fountainhead," sent it to her boss, Jack Warner, saying, "Please, please buy this for me!" Jack did and promised her the job, but when he got around to producing it recently he put Gary Cooper in the picture—and that, he reasoned, made it come too high to use Barbara Stanwyck also. He slipped Pat Neal in Stanwyck's desperately desired dream part. Pat's a second-picture youngster who gets maybe \$300 a week.

Barbara is Irish and that broken promise made her see orange. She told me, "That does it. I'm going to demand my release if I have to sue in every state in the Union." I printed that in my column and Jack was furious. She had two more pictures to make for him.

A few days later she met Mr. Warner face-to-face and told him, "I think that was very unfair of you. And so I think if anybody deserves a contract release, I do."

"I think, Barbara," he replied honestly, "you're exactly right."

Everyone almost dropped dead—and Barbara got her contract release without a hitch or a holler. That scrap of paper was worth plenty of money to Warner Brothers, too.

So maybe there's hope after all for Hollywood peace in our time. When the head man of "Suspension Manor" weakens, believe me, things are looking up for sweet tranquility—it says here!

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



My friend and I were walking down Fifth Avenue when he recognized tall, good looking Cornel Wilde coming in our direction. My friend stopped him politely and said as he handed Cornel an autograph

book, "Would you sign To Milton, please?" Cornel took the book and wrote just that. "Milton Please, Sincerely, Cornel Wilde."

Sylvia Kantor
Brooklyn, N. Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 23)

is that the sisters' father, Major Euclid Cameron (Roland Culver) is a lovable old moron from the deep South who never got over the hideous outcome of the Civil War. For the last 28 years, he's been writing a book about the treachery of the North, and for as long as his daughters can remember, the family has been living in genteel poverty. Because if you're from the deep South, according to Paramount Pictures, it's pretty degrading to get yourself a job. Now the Major's daughters have problems. Rose (Mary Hatcher) is engaged to Benjamin Logan (Richard Webb) but his pop and hers don't see eye to eye (the Civil War comes between them). Candy (Veronica Lake) is a yearner after big cities, and sweet-talkin' men; she says "mais oui," and wears low-cut dresses. You can understand everybody's trying to calm her down, until you see Horace (Billy De Wolfe) the man her family's chosen for her. Then you begin to ask yourself, how bad could a traveling salesman be? As Candy says wistfully, "It's nice to have a man with a central nervous system." Susie (Mona Freeman) is the youngest sister, and everybody calls her "Gangrene." Well, that's the set-up when Patric Knowles comes along. He's a devil. He steals Candy's heart, and quite incidentally, \$3,500 of the townspeople's money.

But soon Candy's seen the error of her ways, and she's tricked the rotter she once cared for, and she's got the money back. Everybody's happy except her, then. She's stuck with Horace, until the next salesman hits town. Incidentally, the wonderful Pearl Bailey sings her way through the part of a housemaid, with fingernails an inch long, and hair as carefully coiffed as the Duchess of Windsor's. But that's okay; a girl like Pearl shouldn't be playing maids anyway.—*Para.*



that's hollywood!

Butch Jenkins' mother gave him a piece of rich chocolate cake. "Oh I just love this chocolate cake!" Butch exclaimed. "It's awfully nice."

"Now Butch," corrected Mama Doris Dudley, "it's wrong to say you 'love' cake, and you used 'just' incorrectly in that sentence. Besides 'awfully' is wrong; 'very' would be much more correct. Now why don't you repeat your remark?"

Butch obediently complied. "I like chocolate cake. It is very good."

"That's much better, dear," said his mother.

"But," protested Butch, "it sounds just like I was talking about bread."

*Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter*



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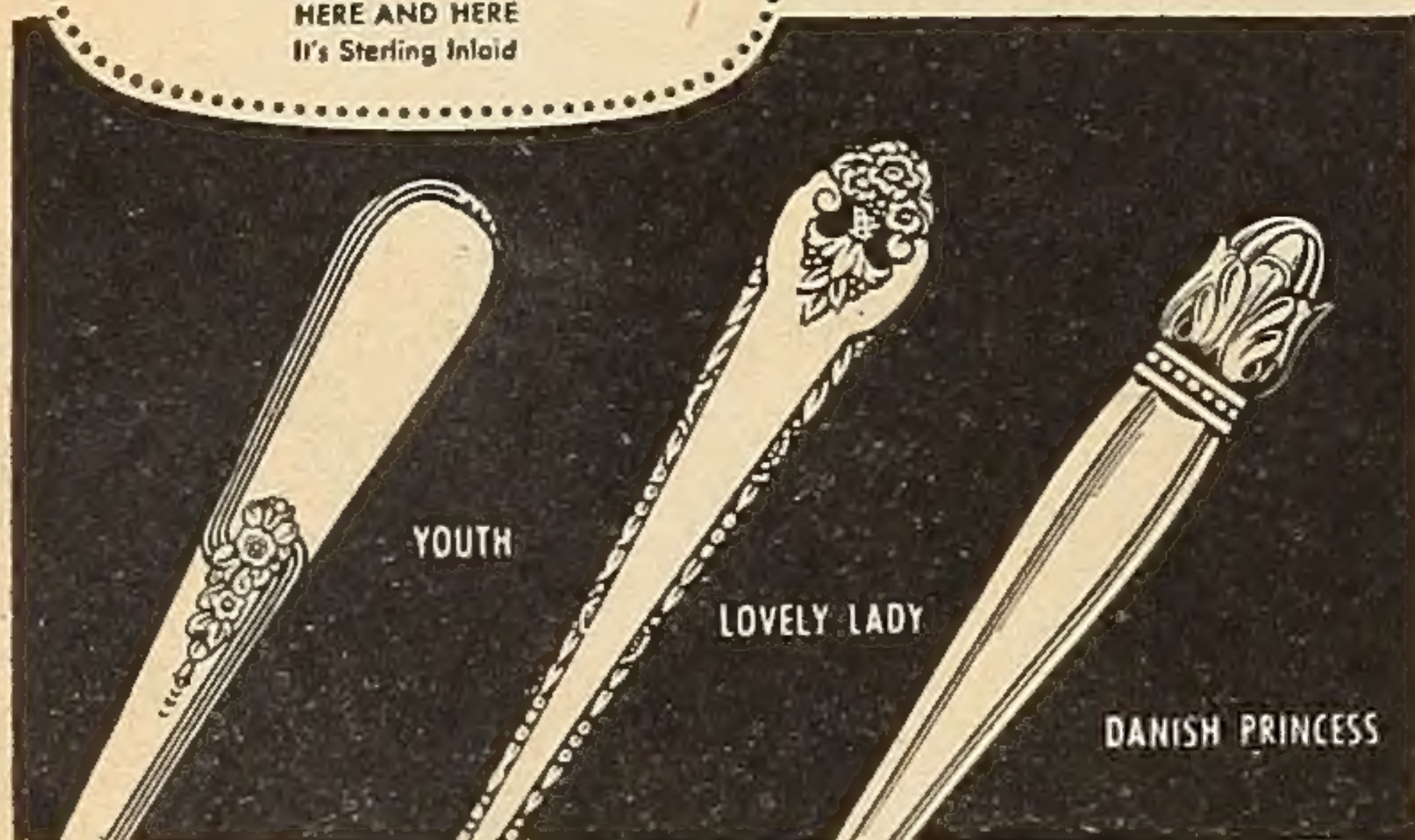
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A DATE WITH JUDY (M-G-M)—Another comedy about teen-agers and those intense but innocent problems. Elizabeth Taylor, June Powell, Robert Stack, Wallace Beery, Carmen Miranda, and Xavier Cugat and his band make it all very pleasant.

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (Para.)—Jean Arthur is wonderfully funny as a strong-minded Congresswoman who goes to Germany to look into moral conditions of U. S. occupation troops. John Lund and Marlene Dietrich also turn in smash performances. A brilliant, outspoken comedy you shouldn't miss.

BEYOND GLORY (Para.)—West Pointer Alan Ladd is charged with Tom Neal's wartime death before coming to the Academy. Alan is in love with Neal's widow, Donna Reed. Told mostly in flashbacks, this is pretty foolish stuff.

DEEP WATERS (20th-Fox)—Dana Andrews, a Maine fisherman, loves Jean Peters. Trouble is, she hates the sea. But things get worked out. Fairly fresh and entertaining, if not too believable. With Dean Stockwell, Anne Revere, Cesar Romero.

EASTER PARADE (M-G-M)—Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Peter Lawford, Ann Miller, Irving Berlin's tunes, lovely girls and witty lines make this a practically perfect musical. The story's amusing, too, the dancing superb and Charles Walters' direction is bright.

EMBRACEABLE YOU (Warners)—A tear-jerker about two young people, Dane Clark and Geraldine Brooks, living on borrowed time. At times it gets exciting, but mostly it's designed to make you borrow your date's handkerchief.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY (20th-Fox)—A nice little tale to please old-timers and bobby-sox admirers of Dan Dailey, as well. Barbara Lawrence, Nancy Guild, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter and a lot of old songs keep you smiling while you weep.

HAMLET (Univ.-Int.)—Laurence Olivier and some other talented folk have turned Shakespeare's masterpiece into a magnificent film, filled with excitement and thrillingly beautiful. Easily one of the great motion pictures of all time.

JOHNNY BELINDA (Warners)—Gentle country doctor Lew Ayres takes an interest in deaf-mute Jane Wyman, who is an object of ridicule in a small Nova Scotia town. She becomes pregnant and the scandalized townspeople blame Lew. A gripping story, superbly acted.

LULU BELLE (Col.)—Dorothy Lamour is a smouldering siren of horse-and-buggy days. She makes George Montgomery, Greg McClure, Albert Dekker and Otto Kruger playthings of passion. Avoid this.

MELODY TIME (RKO)—Seven excellent Disney shorts, strung together like a variety show. Dennis Day, Frances Langford, Freddie Martin, Ethel Smith and the Andrews Sisters take care of some fine off-screen music. Roy Rogers appears briefly and narrates a sequence. Delightful!

MICKEY (Eagle-Lion)—Lois Butler, an enchanting 16-year-old, debuts in this tale of a pretty tomboy who grows up despite herself. With John Sutton, Bill Goodwin, Irene Hervey, Skip Homeier, Leon Taylor.

MOONRISE (Rep.)—This concerns a cowardly young killer toward whom we're asked to be sympathetic. Dane Clark does none too well in the part but Gail Russell and Ethel Barrymore bolster things. Cheaply sensational.

MR. PEABODY AND THE MERMAID (Univ.-Int.)—William Powell, a proper Bostonian, meets a mermaid (Ann Blyth). A promising comedy situation—which, unhappily, quick-

ly peters out. Before it does, though, there are a number of laughs. And it is unusual.

PITFALL (Regal-U.A.)—Dick Powell, tired of his routine insurance job, longs for wild adventure—and gets mixed up in some terrifying underworld goings-on. A tense, sophisticated job. Powell, Elizabeth Scott, and Jane Wyatt are excellent and Raymond Burr will curdle your blood. A superior exciter.

ROPE (Warners)—Two rich young psychopaths deliberately murder to prove their superiority in this Alfred Hitchcock Technicolor chiller. James Stewart is a professor who solves the crime. New techniques and distinguished acting help make this horribly memorable.

SORRY, WRONG NUMBER (Para.)—Bed-ridden Barbara Stanwyck accidentally overhears a telephone conversation in which her murder is plotted. Terrific suspense develops while events leading up to the situation are told in flashbacks. Burt Lancaster and Ann Richards are featured. Don't miss it.

TAP ROOTS (Univ.-Int.)—A story of Mississippi in post-Civil War days. Some stirring fights and pretty Technicolor vistas, but not a lot more. Susan Hayward, Van Heflin and Boris Karloff work hard in miscast roles.

THAT LADY IN ERMINE (20th-Fox)—Directed by the late Ernst Lubitsch, performed by Betty Grable, Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Cesar Romero, lavishly produced in Technicolor, this is a disappointing and silly comedy. Wotta waste.

THE BABE RUTH STORY (Mono.)—A highly sentimentalized biography of the best ballplayer who ever lived. Entertaining enough, but a bit more realism would have helped. William Bendix plays the legendary Babe.

THE BLACK ARROW (Col.)—A costume adventure opus, based on the Robert Louis Stevenson book. Louis Hayward is the dashing hero, Janet Blair the sappy heroine. Fair.

THE DUDE GOES WEST (Mono.)—A dismal Western. Eddie Albert, Jimmy Gleason, Binnie Barnes, Gale Storm and Gilbert Roland are in it. They must hate themselves.

THE EYES OF TEXAS (Rep.)—Roy Rogers and the great Trigger once again pit their rugged virtues against the forces of evil. Filled with satisfactory violence, it won't disappoint addicts of the he-went-thataway school.

THE ILLEGALS (20th-Fox)—A dramatic semi-documentary film about displaced Jews on their perilous way to Palestine. Performed entirely by non-professionals, it is crude, frank, and heartbreaking. Unforgettable.

THE STREET WITH NO NAME (20th-Fox)—A documentary-style cops-and-robbers thriller taken from that lurid goldmine, the FBI files. Richard Widmark scores again as a gangster and Mark Stevens and Lloyd Nolan are realistic as G-Men. First-rate of its type.

THE VELVET TOUCH (RKO)—Rosalind Russell plays a hot-headed actress in this murder movie. Claire Trevor, Sydney Greenstreet, Leon Ames and Leo Genn are also involved. Excellent acting, slick entertainment.

THE WALLS OF JERICHO (20th-Fox)—Scene: Jericho, Kansas, 1908. A shrewish alcoholic, Ann Dvorak, is wed to Cornel Wilde, a bright lawyer. Linda Darnell, wife of his best friend, Kirk Douglas, makes a play for Cornel. Cornel falls for a lady lawyer, Anne Baxter. Result: solid drama, ace acting.

TWO GUYS FROM TEXAS (Warners)—Here we have comedy experts Dennis Morgan and Jack Carson as a pair of down-at-heels nightclub performers. Newcomer Dorothy Malone sparkles and there are some good songs. A bright, breezy, lightweight yarn.

Is your make-up fair to your EYES?

You use lipstick, of course—and for that very reason your eyes need added allure. Perhaps you've never realized (until just this moment) that neglected eyes appear pale and drab in contrast with made-up lips. Now see how easily *Maybelline* glorifies the eyes and restores color balance.

With a few simple brush strokes of *Maybelline* Mascara, lashes look naturally darker, longer and more luxuriant. The soft, smooth *Maybelline* Eyebrow Pencil accents brows gracefully, making them much more expressive.

What a thrilling difference! With *completely* flattering make-up, your entire face radiates charm! So never neglect to accent your eyes. Add *Maybelline* to your beauty routine and look your loveliest *always*.



MAYBELLINE
CAKE MASCARA
in beautiful gold-tone
metal vanity, \$1. Re-
fills, 50c. Black,
Brown, Blue. (Also
in 25c and 10c sizes.)



MAYBELLINE
CREAM MASCARA
(applied without
water) comes in handy
leatherette case, \$1
(Also in 25c and 10c
sizes.) Shades: Black,
Brown, Blue.



MAYBELLINE EYE-
BROW PENCIL, soft,
smooth quality, fine point—
so easy to use! Purse size, 10c.
Professional size, 25c. Black,
Dark Brown and Light Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYE
SHADOW in subtle
shades: Blue, Brown, Blue-
gray, Green, Violet, Gray.



Maybelline

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

ALWAYS BUY **ABC** CHESTERFIELD

ALWAYS Milder BETTER TASTING COOLER SMOKING

"They're Milder - that's
why I always
smoke Chesterfields"

Tyrone Power

STARRING IN "THE LUCK OF THE IRISH"
A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTION



AND TO KEEP PACE WITH
THE EVER-INCREASING DEMAND

Chesterfield is building another factory

— it's large — it's modern and in the very heart
of Tobaccoland where the Chesterfield Factory
group and tobacco-ageing warehouses
are already "A city within a city"



SO MILD *they Satisfy Millions* SO MILD *they'll Satisfy You*